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NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

BOB DYLAN
MARC ALMOND

ANARCHY IN THE ARCADES

ARE THE NATION'S VID KIDS LOSING THEIR MINDS OR JUST THEIR MONEY?

REPORT: TONY TYLER

BILL NELSON LOUIS JORDAN
THE COCONUTS THE REDSKINS

Nintendo's Radarscope Game Pic Toshi Yajima

EVERLYS REFORM FOR LONDON ● JOBBO'S NEW AMMO ● AU PAIRS A TRIO? ●

THE EVERLY BROTHERS' *long-awaited reunion concert will take place at London Royal Albert Hall on Friday, September 23. It hasn't been announced officially, and consequently tickets aren't yet on sale – but it's common knowledge in Nashville, where extra flights have been laid on to cater for the large number of musicians and fan club members travelling to London for the event.*

The show is being filmed for US Cable-TV, which was directly responsible for choosing the Albert Hall as the most appropriate venue, though it's not yet known if British viewers will subsequently have the opportunity of seeing it. But it's understood that Stuart Colman will be producing a live album of the concert.

The Everlys – who, at their peak, were second only to Elvis Presley in both popularity and record sales – registered 20 smash hits in the UK during the period 1957–65, and their contribution to rock history can't be over-estimated. But they parted company more than a decade ago after a violent disagreement, and have only got back on speaking terms this last year. It now seems likely that the reunion concert will be the forerunner of other appearances around the world.

THE ARMOURY SHOW — the new all-star band comprising Richard Jobson, John McGeogh, Russell Webb and John Doyle — play a major London date on Thursday, August 11, when they headline at The Venue in Victoria. They've been off the scene for some while, due to a filming commitment in Germany, where they were making a promotional film called *Jungle Of Cities* in the Ruhr Valley — but further live action can be expected now that they've returned.

WEMBLEY STADIUM, *England's largest soccer ground, will be back in business for rock shows next summer. Already names like Bruce Springsteen, Diana Ross, The Beach Boys and Elton John are being bandied around as possible headliners, plus a Genesis-Peter Gabriel double header. The Who could also choose this venue for their UK farewell, if they finally condescend to play one. And it would be a logical choice for the previously reported tour by Bob Dylan with Santana and/or The Band.*

The stadium has been unavailable for music events this summer, because it has been re-turfed – an operation which commenced immediately after the Cup Final replay. It's known that Rod Stewart would have liked to play there if it had been possible – and it's probable that David Bowie would also have done. Reservations are now being pencilled in for late spring and early summer next year – and one as far ahead as 1985.

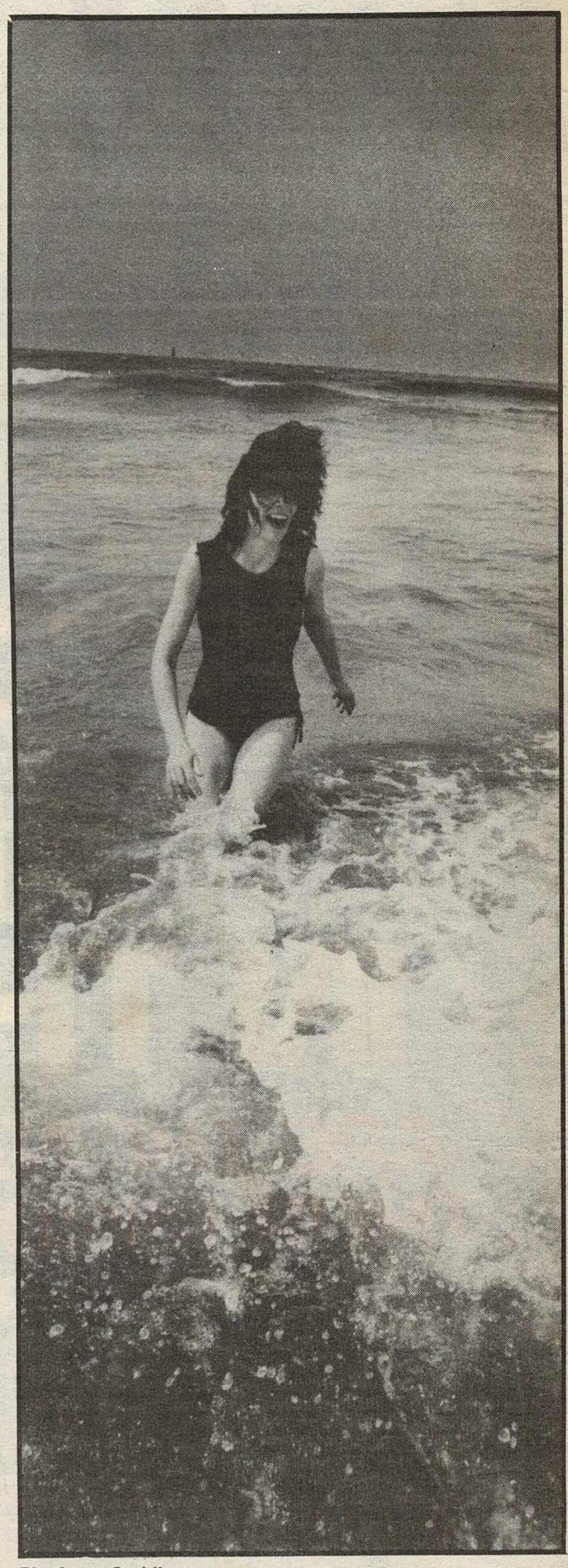
Duran Duran and The Police have been sounded out on their reaction to 1984 stadium showcases – though it's unlikely that either would agree, as both will be undertaking extensive late-'83 or early-'84 UK tours. And the projected English Sunsplash reggae event would also probably be out of the running, as its August scheduling would be too late in the season for the pitch-conscious Wembley officials.

CHUCK BERRY *has been lined up for a few UK dates, as part of a whirlwind European tour. His only Scottish appearance is at the Irvine Magnum Centre on September 1, and that's followed by a concert in the Big Top at Peterborough Embankment (3). Also confirmed are shows at Portsmouth Guildhall (6) and Margate Winter Gardens (7).*

Promoter George Austin of the Derek Block Organisation told NME *that another date is being finalised, and it's understood that this involves a special guest appearance in the 'Penwith 83' festival near St. Ives (Cronwall) on August 30 – which, as reported last week, is headlined by Meatloaf. (See page 32 for more news of this event).*

The R&B veteran's Euro-schedule takes him to eight other countries, including a trip inside the Eastern Block for a concert in Rumania – though, with the exception of Britain, he's only playing a single date in each country!

AN AU PAIR GOES OVER -BOARD



Pic: Anton Corbijn

THE AU PAIRS' future is currently obscured by one very large cloud of doubt – following the disappearance of lead singer Lesley Woods. So far as anyone knows, she left for Morocco almost two months back and hasn't been heard from since.

Meanwhile back in England, co-writer and guitarist Paul Foad is holding auditions for a replacement, but is still hoping that Lesley will return – and preferably in time to play the group's next scheduled gigs in France next month. If she doesn't reappear, then it's likely that band will carry on under a new name.

This means that their newly released 'Live In Berlin' LP could be the last to bear The Au Pairs title. The group do have a completed studio album as well, although its eventual fate appears to depend on Lesley's return.

It's eight weeks since the singer told a colleague that she was – like *Webster's Dictionary* – Morocco-bound, with the intention of doing something "wild and different". It's claimed that prior to depature she was still happy with the group and had been busy working with Paul on new material. The Au Pairs' camp confirm that Lesley cashed some of the group's money when she left, but stress that they're hopeful she'll be back and all will be resolved.

MARC & THE MAMBAS, *who now seem to have superceded Soft Cell in Marc Almond's order of priorities, release their second album on August 12 through Phonogram. Titled 'Torment And Toreros', it's a double-LP selling at the price of a single album.*

The 18 tracks include a re-working of The Walker Brothers' standard 'In My Room', the Peter Hammill song 'Vision', and the Rogers & Hammerstein classic 'Beat Out That Rhythm On Drum' which originally featured in the film Carmen Jones. *The other 15 were all written by the group, with Steve Severin of The Banshees collaborating on one.*

As further proof of Almond's predilection for The Mambas, the next tour in which he's involved is likely to be with them, rather than Soft Cell.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION

4 *CHARTLAND*

6 *THE REDSKINS*
Who is this Chris Dean, the darling of that other music rag, Snouds? *Isn't it odd that he seems remarkably like X. Moore, well known layout Marxist.*

8 *THE COCONUTS*
A lovely bunch? Ha! Not when you read what they have to say about cuddly Coati Mundi . . .

11 *KLAXON 5*

12 *MARC ALMOND*
There's nowt so queer as folk . . . especially "drama queens" on about Spain and bullfights.

14 *CARMEL PORTRAIT*

15 *BILL NELSON*

17 *SINGLES*

18 *LOUIS JORDAN*

22 *ON THE BOX*

23 *BOB DYLAN*
A Dylan exclusive buried within NME? *Yessirree Bob! We've got our priorities right.*

24 *VIDEO GAMES*
Grab hold of your joystick and head for a fantasy galaxy created by the Video Industry. For just 10p you can demolish the universe . . .

26 *LPs*

32 *RECORD NEWS*

33 *TOUR NEWS*

35 *GIG GUIDE*

39 *LIVE!*

43 *X-WORD*

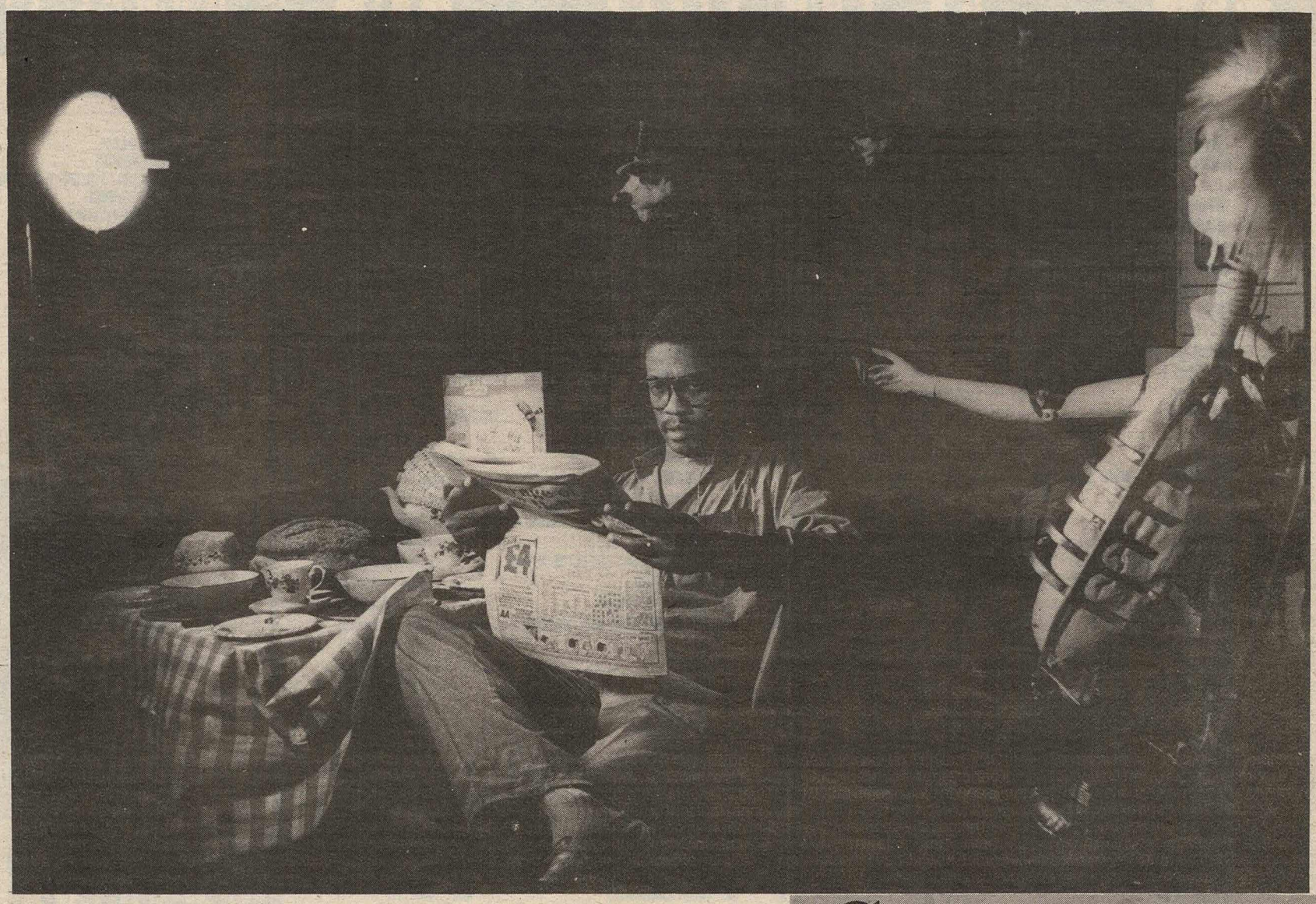
46 *GASBAG*

47 *T-ZERS*

MAMBA CRAZY ● HANCOCK'S HALFHOUR ● THERE IS A GIRL IN CULTURE CLUB ●

HERBIE RIDES AGAIN!

So how come a 43-year-old muso who's worked with Miles Davis and Wynton Marsalis has only just cut his first scratching record? Doesn't he know that was last year's thing, asks PAOLO HEWITT? Pix: PENNIE SMITH.



Clothes are scattered everywhere. Wet towels lie crumpled on the bed. Scraps of paper containing phone numbers and quickly jotted down notes are littered all over the room.

The phone rings constantly, breakfast was a weird mixture of orange juice and curry, and amidst all the chaos Herbie Hancock has just managed to complete his daily Buddhist chant.

Suitably refreshed spiritually, he now sits on a chair rubbing his eyes and smoking Marlboros, talking about a friend of his who made him a tape of all the new records that were happening Stateswise.

"I like his taste," explains Hancock, "and the thing that really caught my ear was 'Buffalo Gals' by Malcolm McLaren. I said, *what is that*??? I want to do something like *that*!"

Whilst Herbie's imagination was running overtime, inspired by The Talcy One's excursion into scratching, Material – a flexible ensemble that revolves around Bill Laswell and Michael Beinhorn – were preparing, at the request of Hancock's associate producer and manager, a tape containing ideas and tunes for Herbie's new solo endeavour.

When they sent it over from New York one of the songs featured a slice of scratching . . . Herbie flipped.

"It was *exactly* what I was looking for," he enthuses. "They didn't know it at the time, but soon as I played that tape I said, that's it, that's the one."

So Herbie Hancock – a man who cut his jazz chops with Miles Davis and Donald Byrd in the '60s, penned the theme music for the classic Antonioni flick *Blow Up*, virtually invented a whole area of jazz funk in the '70s with his solo work, has recently maintained his jazz links with the much acclaimed VSOP Quartet featuring, amongst others, wunderkid Wynton Marsalis – made an '80s scratch record called 'Rockit', veering off again onto another musical path.

Like jazz, scratching and rapping is about a breaking down of conventional limits, turning them on their head and emerging with a form and sound that is challenging and unpredictable.

Scratching, *good* scratching (and believe me there are some grating efforts around) thrives on brash arrangements and relies totally on the inventiveness of the man in charge. It's more about *sound* than melody and 'Rockit', whilst no 'Buffalo Gals', is a positive contribution.

What attracted Herbie to the genre in the first place was the music's possibilities.

"I heard a looseness and a mixture of different sounds that contributed to the rhythms. Some thing only appeared maybe once or twice, things that didn't have a real obvious structure. There's structure in general, and then there are other things which are more like happenings of the moment. And I like that kind of freedom, that use of sound."

It sounds like anything could happen at any minute on 'Rockit'.

"Yeah! As a matter of fact, because of the dance today that's actually what's going on the clubs: improvisation. The DJs are doing it, mixing and remixing, which is great. I saw and heard some incredible stuff at The Roxy in New York. Really exciting, great dancers, some wild stuff."

However, it seems strange that Hancock, a man who resides in LA and has a serious muso tag surrounding him, should be checking for New York's club scene. A commercial move or true interest, Herbie?

"No I *felt* it right away," he states. "In obvious ways it's new to me because it's a new kind of music, sort of. But in ways that aren't so obvious I could relate to it. I even got a sense of the avant garde in jazz, not in the *sound* of the music but the approach."

For purists who recall Hancock's jazz playing or dig his electronic doodlings, such an eclectic approach to music is bad news, tantamount to a sell out. But Mr Hancock just goes with the flow.

"I do what I want to do. I'm interested in people, I'm interested in music, I'm interested in *learning* about music and learning about myself. I get that criticism all the time, but primarily from publications. I don't get people walking up to me in the streets saying, Oh, I think you're selling out. It seems a little strange that the people who the records are made for seem to have more of an open mind than the people who are *paid* to have an open mind, the reviewers and the critics. I think being a purist is limiting myself. I may *choose* to be a purist on a certain occasion or in a certain setting . . ."

Like the VSOP work?

"Yeah, because that's what I want to do, but it doesn't mean that I myself have decided I'm going to totally limit myself to just doing that."

He rubs his eyes again – "I did the clubs last night, Palace and The Embassy" – and reaches for the coffee.

Outside the car to whisk him off to the video set has been waiting for half an hour. There's a plane to catch for Spain and an appearance with the VSOP that evening in San Sebastian. Then it's back to London – or is it New York? – for more promotional work and the room's still in a mess and the bags aren't packed yet and did my visa come through? And the phone is rining and, "damn, I'm in a bit of a state at the moment."

Then he laughs at the absurdity of his schedule and you just know that Herbie will ride again.

***CULTURE CLUB** announce that Helen Terry, the girl singer featured prominently on the group's recent hit 'Church Of The Poisoned Mind', has become a permanent member of the line-up. She will be showcased strongly on the band's upcoming Virgin album 'Colour By Numbers' for release in October, and she will subsequently record some songs as a solo performer for the New Year.*

Commented Boy George: "Originally we used a number of session singers and toasters, like Captain Crucial and so on. It's part of our attempt to delegate ideas and make our musical situation a bit more diverse. After all, we found our sax player working behind a desk at a Social Security office. Real talent does come from the gutter, you know".

The band are currently enjoying their third US hit with a drastically remixed version of 'I'll Tumble 4 Ya' which will be on the B-side of their 12-inch, due for release here in September.

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT	Paul Young (CBS)	7	1
2	3	WHO'S THAT GIRL	Eurythmics (RCA)	5	2
3	2	I.O.U.	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	7	2
4	13	THE CROWN	Gary Byrd (Motown)	3	4
5	6	WRAPPED AROUND YOUR FINGER	Police (A&M)	3	5
6	4	DOUBLE DUTCH	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	5	4
7	7	COME LIVE WITH ME	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	7	7
8	17	DO IT AGAIN	Club House (Island)	3	8
9	12	CRUEL SUMMER	Bananarama (London)	4	9
10	22	IT'S LATE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3	10
11	8	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	9	3
12	21	DON'T TRY TO STOP IT	Roman Holliday (Jive)	6	12
13	34	GIVE IT UP	K. C. And The Sunshine Band (Epic)	3	13
14	5	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	10	1
15	18	THE WALK	The Cure (Fiction)	5	12
16	36	FREAK	Bruce Foxton (Ariola)	2	16
17	10	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)	9	2
18	9	NEVER STOP	Echo And The Bunnymen (Korova)	5	9
19	(—)	CLUB TROPICANA	Wham! (Innervision)	1	19
20	14	IT'S OVER	The Funkmasters (Master Funk)	8	10
21	31	EVERYTHING COUNTS	Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	21
22	25	THE FIRST PICTURE OF YOU	The Lotus Eaters (Sylvan)	4	22
23	20	RIGHT NOW	Creatures (Polydor)	4	20
24	16	FORBIDDEN COLOURS	Sylvian & Sakamoto (Virgin)	6	16
25	39	I'M STILL STANDING	Elton John (Rocket)	2	25
26	11	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)	6	6
27	15	ALL NIGHT LONG	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	6	11
28	19	TANTALISE (WO WO EE YEH YEH)	Jimmy The Hoover (Innervision)	6	18
29	28	EVERY DAY I WRITE THE BOOK	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	5	24
30	43	BIG LOG	Robert Plant (WEA)	3	30
31	(—)	ROCKIT	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	1	31
32	(—)	LOVE BLONDE	Kim Wilde (RAK)	1	32
33	27	ROCK AND ROLL IS KING	ELO (Jet)	7	11
34	23	BAD BOYS	Wham! (Innervision)	12	2
35	35	FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE	George Benson (Warners)	3	33
36	(—)	WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT	Galaxy (Ensign)	1	36
37	24	THE TROOPER	Iron Maiden (EMI)	6	10
38	(—)	FOR YOU	Farmers Boys (EMI)	1	38
39	(—)	THE SUN GOES DOWN	Level 42 (Polydor)	1	39
40	37	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)	7	29
41	50	WATCHING	Thompson Twins (Arista)	3	41
42	47	DEATH CULT EP	Death Cult (Situation 2)	2	42
43	(—)	HAVE YOU SEEN HER	Chi-Lites (SMP)	1	43
44	(—)	HIM	Sarah Brightman (Polydor)	1	39
45	(—)	GET TI RIGHT	Aretha Franklin (Arista)	1	45
46	(—)	SHINE	Motorhead (Bronze)	1	46
47	(—)	THE MAN WITH 4 WAY HIPS	Tom Tom Club (Island)	1	47
48	(—)	THE SUN GOES DOWN	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	48
49	(—)	CRAZY	Manhattans (CBS)	1	49
50	(—)	PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER	The O'Jays (Philadelphia Int)	1	50

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	18	NO PARLEZ	Paul Young (CBS)	2	1
2	2	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)	4	2
3	1	FANTASTIC	Wham! (Innervision)	5	1
4	3	SYNCHRONICITY	Police (A&M)	7	1
5	4	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	33	1
6	8	PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS	Robert Plant (WEA)	3	6
7	17	THE LOOK	Shalamar (Solar)	2	7
8	5	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	14	1
9	6	CRISES	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	10	5
10	(—)	THE CROSSING	Big Country (Mercury)	1	10
11	11	BODY WISHES	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	8	2
12	16	DUCK ROCK	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	10	11
13	10	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	16	1
14	7	BURNING FROM THE INSIDE	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	3	7
15	15	TOO LATE FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	9	4
16	9	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	8	2
17	(—)	THE VERY BEST OF	Beach Boys (Capitol)	1	17
18	13	FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK	Various (Casablanca)	5	9
19	38	GREATEST HITS	Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	4	19
20	12	JULIO	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	5	12
21	20	SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS	Eurythmics (RCA)	22	1
22	33	HITS ON FIRE	Various (Ronco)	2	33
23	14	SECRET MESSAGES	ELO (Jet)	6	4
24	26	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)	4	17
25	23	WAR	U2 (Island)	5	23
26	24	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	21	1
27	36	CARGO	Men At Work (Epic)	4	36
28	19	FIRE DANCES	Killing Joke (EG)	3	19
29	25	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (EMI)	11	5
30	RE	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (WEA)	1	30
31	48	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	13	5
32	45	BITE	Altered Images (Epic)	7	10
33	29	TWICE AS KOOL	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	14	7
34	27	CONFRONTATION	Bob Marley (Island)	11	3
35	21	OIL ON CANVAS	Japan (Virgin)	8	3
36	37	THE HURTING	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	21	2
37	32	MARY JANE GIRLS	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	3	32
38	35	ROSS	Diana Ross (Capitol)	4	26
39	44	THE COLLECTION	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	11	17
40	(—)	JERKY VERSIONS OF THE DREAM	Howard Devoto (Virgin)	1	40
41	34	PRIVATE COLLECTION	Jon And Vangelis (Polydor)	6	16
42	30	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (Warner Bros)	6	22
43	22	SPEAKING IN TONGUES	Talking Heads (Sire)	8	12
44	39	SYNCHRO SYSTEM	King Sunny Ade (Island)	7	33
45	RE	PORCUPINE	Echo And The Bunnymen (Korova)	1	45
46	28	GIRL AT HER VOLCANO	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	6	22
47	41	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	3	41
48	50	CHARTSTARS	Various (K-Tel)	7	24
49	46	PLAYS LIVE	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	8	8
50	RE	HOLY DIVER	Dio (Vertigo)	1	50

45s DANCE FLOOR

1	IDE	Pablo (Africa Mania)
2	SOCA IN A SHAOLIN TEMPLE	Blue Boy (Charlie's)
3	MARY POPPINS	Tommy McCook And The Supersonics (Treasure Island)
4	SECRETARY	Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
5	O SI TAPA LAMBO LAM	Moni Bile (PGR)
6	GUATEQUE DE CHOMBO	Mario Bauza And His Orchestra (Coco)
7	I LIKE THE WAY THAT YOU MOVE (Dub Mix)	Stone (West End)
8	SPLIFF STUFF MEGAMIX	Black Uhuru (Island)
9	AIN'T IT FUNKY NOW (Parts I & II)	James Brown (King)
10	AM/FM	Natasha King (Ecstasy)
11	BRING IT ON	James Brown (Augusta)
12	COLD SLAW	Louis Jordan (MCA)
13	LAST CALL FOR ALCOHOL	Julia Lee (Charly)
14	ROCK AND COME IN	Leroy Sibbles (Orange)
15	SWING EASY	Soul Vendors (Studio One)
16	CARUPANO	Johnny Sedes And His Orchestra (Fonseca)
17	MAMA ANE MOT DUMA	Victoriano Bebang (Efamba)
18	Y'A PLUS CONFINCE	Pablo (Colorico Music)
19	HAWAIIAN BOOGIE PART II	Elmore James (Kent)
20	FEEL ALRIGHT	Kombeko (Sam)

Chart by Dave Hucker, DJ, Dance Dive at the Sol Y Sombra, 74 Charlotte Street, London W1 (Thursdays).

Sibble out there – Heptone Leroy

AFRICAN LPs

1	REVIENT EN FORCE	Pablo Lubadika Porthos (Cosic) ZAIRE
2	DJESSY	Kanda Bongo Man (Afro Rythmes) ZAIRE
3	CHOC CHOC CHOC	Franco & Rocherau (Choc) ZAIRE
4	ZULU JIVE VOL 1.	(Cassette) (Earthworks) SOUTH AFRICA
5	IDIE	Pablo Lubadika Porthos (Afromania) ZAIRE
6	PEPE	Nyboma (Maikano) ZAIRE
7	NEW STYLE	Master Mwana Congo (Eddyson) CONGO
8	AJOMASE	Gasper Lawal (Cap) NIGERIA
9	IYOLE	Kanda Bongo Man (Afro Rythmes) ZAIRE
10	MEDIM ME YOM	Tity Edima (Dragon Phoenix) CAMEROUNS
11	O SITAPA LAMBO LAM	Moni Bile (Toure Jim's) CAMEROUNS
12	ELISA DANGWA	Syran Mbenza (Afromania) ZAIRE
13	MAKOROKO TO 7"	The 4 Brothers (Earthworks) ZIMBABWE
14	PROPULSION	Pamelo Mounk'a (Eddyson) CONGO
15	TAN SOLO SI . . . TAN SOLO NO	Le Grand Bessoso (Afrougi) EQUITORIAS GUINEA
16	YORO KERY GOGO	No. 1 Du Senegal (Eddyson) SENEGAL
17	NEEREM	Mabah (Mabah) TOGO
18	BASONGUEUR	Mpongo Love (Safari Sound) ZAIRE
19	TOUT CHOC-ANTI CHOC	Zaiko Langa Langa (Fan Club Zaiko) ZAIRE
20	AMI OYOMIYO	Bebe Manga (SIIS) CAMEROUNS
21	LES AMAZONES	(A.C.C.) GUINEE
22	L. DIATHO – 100-1	Joe Mpoyi (Maikano) ZAIRE
23	UNE FLECHE MALIENNE	Ama Maiga (Eddyson) MALI
24	SHOW A ABIDJAN	Youssou Ndour Et Super Etoile (A.K.G.) SENEGAL
25	LIKINGA CHANT OLEMI	(J.B.) ZAIRE

Courtesy Earthworks, 162 Oxford Gardens London W10

45s INDEPENDENT

1	1	WHO DUNN IT	Crass (Crass)
2	3	EVERYTHING COUNTS	Depeche Mode (Mute)
3	2	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)
4	4	DEATH CULT EP	Death Cult (Situation 2)
5	7	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
6	5	MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED	The Fall (Rough Trade)
7	6	SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS	Crass (Crass)
8	8	BIRDS FLY	Icicle Works (Situation 2)
9	13	CROW BABY	March Violets (Merciful Release)
9	21	ONE DAY	APB (Oily)
11	10	GARY GILMORE'S EYES	Adverts (Bright)
12	20	CLOCK	Danse Society (Society)
13	12	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)
14	30	ONE GOOD REASON	Poison Girls (Illuminated)
15	(—)	TREES AND FLOWERS	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)
16	11	HAND IN GLOVE	Smiths (Rough Trade)
17	(—)	RELEASE THE BATS	Birthday Party (4AD)
18	18	THINK ZINC	Marc Bolan (Ram)
19	(—)	WATERLOO SUNSET	Affairs Of The Heart (Heartbeat)
20	24	ALICE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
21	15	SEBASTIANE	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
22	(—)	BLITZKREIG BOP	Newtown Neurotics (Razor)
23	9	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)
24	(—)	ARE YOU READY (FOR THAT FEELING)?	Virgin Dance (Probe Plus)
25	(—)	MURDER IS. . .	System (Spiderleg)
26	26	PENELOPE TREE	Felt (Cherry Red)
27	14	QUAL	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
28	22	WE'RE SO HAPPY	Danse Society (Society)
29	27	NO SHAME IN DEATH	Danse Society (Society)
30	(—)	ZULU BEAT	King Kurt (Thin Sliced)

LPs INDEPENDENT

1	1	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)
2	3	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)
3	2	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)
4	4	YES SIR I WILL	Crass (Crass)
5	7	HIGH LAND HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
6	6	HAND OF KINDNESS	Richard Thompson (Hannibal)
7	11	RED RUST SEPTEMBER	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
8	5	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
9	9	PAN-ORAMA	Flash And The Pan (Easybeat)
10	10	LIVE IN YUGOSLAVIA	Anti-Nowhere League (WXYZ)
11	12	ANOTHER SETTING	Durutti Column (Factory)
12	26	DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES	Dream Syndicate (Rough Trade)
13	13	THEMES FOR GRIND	Will Sergeant (92 Happy Customers)
14	24	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)
15	16	ZUNGGUZUNGGUZUNGGUZENG	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
16	18	NOTHING CAN STOP US	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
17	19	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)
18	20	MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR	Action Pact (Fall Out)
19	(—)	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)
20	25	NAKED	Sex Gang Children (SGC tape)
21	27	UNREHEARSED WRONGS	Disrupters (Radical Change)
22	(—)	LIVE IN BERLIN	Au Pairs (AKA)
23	29	MACHINE	1919 (Red Rhino)
24	28	7	Punishment Of Luxury (Red Rhino)
25	8	THE REPTILE HOUSE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
26	15	PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOL III	Various (Anagram)
27	(—)	THE PLAGUE	Demon (Clay)
28	(—)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS 1983	The Bollock Brothers (Charly)
29	22	A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION	UK Decay (UK Decay)
30	23	VOLUME CONTRAST ETC	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)

REGGAE 45s

1	LEND ME THE SIXTEEN	Johnny Osbourne (Studio 1)
2	TO BE A WEAK MAN	Dennis Brown (Yvonne's Special)
3	HONEY/GOING HOME	Bob Andy (Ianka)
4	WATER PUMPING	Johnny Osbourne (Jammys)
5	RISING TO THE TOP	Dee Sharp (Fashion)
6	BROTHER MAN	Mighty Diamonds (Germain)
7	INFORMER	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
8	LONG COLD WINTER	Carlton Livingstone (Love People)
9	BOTHERATION	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
10	WATER PUMPEE	Tony Tuff (Volcano)
11	COME A WE	Te Track (Music Works)
12	MOI' EMMA-OOH	Winston Reedy (Inner Light)
13	BIG BOUT YA	Jimmy Riley (World)
14	ZUNGGUZUNGGUZUNGGUZENG	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
15	I'M GONNA FALL IN LOVE	Tinga Stewart (Channel One)

REGGAE LPs

1	THE PROPHET RIDES AGAIN	Dennis Brown (A&M)
2	ZUNGGUZUNGGUZUNGGUZENG	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
3	COME FE MASH IT	Tony Tuff (Volcano)
4	POLICE IN HELICOPTERS	John Holt (Greensleeves)
5	SHOWCASE II (10")	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)

Chart by Dub Vendor, 155a Ladbroke Grove, W10 Tel: 01-969 3375

JAZZ LPs 10

1	**STARDUST**	Dave Brubeck (Fantasy)
2	**BREW MOORE**	Brew Moore (OJC)
3	**IN EUROPE**	Buck Hill (Turning Point)
4	**MODERN MUSIC FROM CHICAGO**	Red Rodney (OJC)
5	**NEW ORLEANS**	Kid Ory (CBS)
6	**ART LIVES!**	Art Pepper (Galaxy)
7	**FIRST RECORDINGS**	Wynton Marsalis (Kingdom)
8	**ODE TO BECHET**	Bob Wilbur (Bodeswell)
9	**JAZZ AT OBERLIN**	Dave Brubeck (OJC)
10	**LIVE IN JAPAN**	Lionel Hampton (Timeless)
11	**PLAYS COLE PORTER**	Sonny Criss (Imperial)
12	**BLUES IN TRINITY**	Dizzy Reece (Blue Note)
13	**THOSE KENTON DAYS**	Art Pepper (Capitol)
14	**WE THREE KINGS**	Roland Kirk (Mercury)
15	**THE SINGLES**	Jimmy Smith (Blue Note)
16	**THINK OF ONE**	Wynton Marsalis (CBS)
17	**JAZZ AT COLLEGE**	Dave Brubeck (OJC)
18	**KENTON'S BEBOPPERS**	Various (Unique Jazz)
19	**GO MAN!**	Sonny Criss (Imperial)
20	**TWO OF THE FEW**	Oscar Peterson & Milt Jackson (Pablo)

Courtesy of The Record Centre, 44 Loveday Street, Birmingham

Dave Brubeck cleans up with Stardust.

FILM VIDEOS 10

1	**RETURN OF THE JEDI**	(20th Fox)
2	**OCTOPUSSY**	(UIP)
3	**MONTY PYTHON'S THE MEANING OF LIFE**	(UIP)
4	**FLASHDANCE**	(UIP)
5	**EDUCATING RITA**	(Rank)
6	**TOOTSIE**	(Col-EMI-Warner)
7	**THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY**	(UIP)
8	**FANTASIA**	(Walt Disney)
9	**ONE FROM THE HEART**	(Artificial Eye)
10	**KING OF COMEDY**	(20th Fox)

Courtesy of Screen International

FRED FACT

A gander at the singles chart reveals that Soozie and the beaky one seem to have successfully covered 'Right Now', a riff originally tooted our way by jazz flautist Herbie Mann before getting the full vocal treatment as the B-side of Mel Torme's 1963 hit 'Comin' Home Baby'. And while The Creatures record predictably fails to swing as much as that of aforementioned Velvet Fogperson, at least their choice of material is reasonably enterprising and better than a dip into the James Galway book of winners (one title long), which would have meant that we were saddled with 'Annie's Song' yet again. Personally, I would have like to have heard someone cover Esy Morales' 'Jungle Fantasy', possibly the hottest flute-flavoured pop single of all time. A hit is predicted for whoever gets there first.

Clubhouse, for their part, have turned to the Steely Dan songbook in order to provide the 'Do It Again' portion of their current chart single. The title has always been a popular one over the years and Irving Berlin dashed off a ditty of that very handle in 1912, while George Gershwin also wrote a much recorded song of that name in 1922, the issue becoming even further confused when The Beach Boys leapt from behind their sand castle and grabbed a UK chart No. 1 with a 'Do It Again' of Wilson-Love parentage.

Thankfully, it's not always the oft-repeated song-titles that succeed. I can't recall any previous hit called 'Every Breath I Take', but this lack of familiarity hasn't stopped Sting and Co. from cleaning up in the States where their single recently went to No.1, a position also achieved by the very same cop squad in the US album charts, where 'Synchronicity' became firmly ensconced, making the trio the first-ever A&M act to top both charts simultaneously. Proof, if such should be needed, that our friends from the big hamburger-stand over the way really *do* believe that our police are wonderful!

Fred Dellar

US BLACK 45s

1	**SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY**	Donna Summer (Mercury)
2	**JUICY FRUIT**	M'tume (Epic)
3	**INSIDE LOVE**	George Benson (Warner Bros)
4	**FREAK-A-ZOID**	Midnight Star (Solar)
5	**WANNA BE STARTIN' SOMETHING**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
6	**HOW DO YOU KEEP THE MUSIC PLAYING**	James Ingram/Patti Austin (Warner Bros)
7	**CRAZY**	Manhattans (Columbia)
8	**GET IT RIGHT**	Aretha Franklin (Arista)
9	**BOOGIE DOWN**	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)
10	**FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING**	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
11	**KEEP ON LOVIN' ME**	Whispers (Solar)
12	**CHOOSY LOVERS**	The Isley Brothers (Epic)
14	**DON'T YOU GET SO MAD**	Jeffrey Osborne (A&M)
15	**IT'S LIKE THAT**	Run-D.M.C. (Profile)

Courtesy Billboard

US BLACK LPs

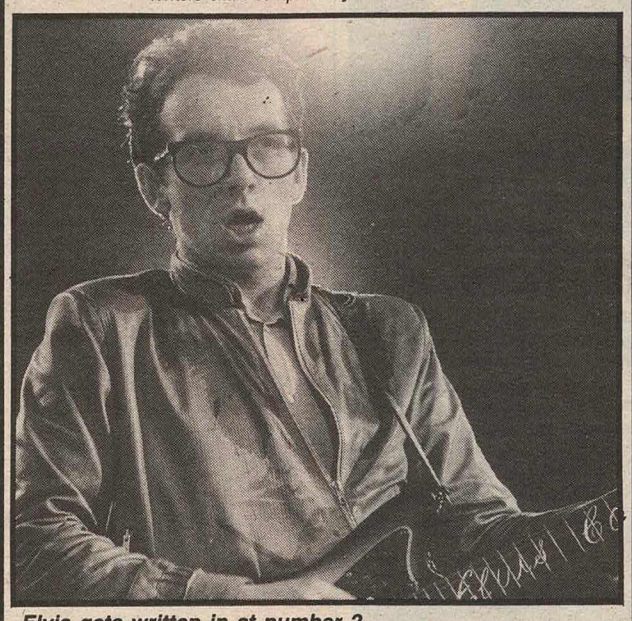
1	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	**BETWEEN THE SHEETS**	The Isley Brothers (Epic)
3	**VISIONS**	Gladys Knight And The Pigs (Columbia)
4	**JUICY FRUIT**	M'tume (Epic)
5	**WE ARE ONE**	Maze (Capitol)
6	**IN YOUR EYES**	George Benson (Warner Bros)
7	**LOVE FOR SALE**	Whispers (Elektra)
8	**FLASHDANCE**	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
9	**JARREAU**	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)
10	**KASHIF**	Kashif (Arista)
11	**I'M SO PROUD**	Deniece Williams (Columbia)
12	**MARY JANE GIRLS**	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)
13	**SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY**	Donna Summer (Mercury)
14	**1919**	Prince (Warner Bros)
15	**KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE**	Eddy Grant (Portrait)

Courtesy Billboard

HITLIST 45s

1	**GO DEH YAKA (GO TO THE TOP)**	Monyaka (Easy Street)
2	**THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE**	Elvis Costello (F Beat)
3	**LIVING FOR YOU**	Al Green (London)
4	**SUNSHINE**	Wham (Inner Visions)
5	**YOU BOUGHT THE SUNSHINE**	The Clark Sisters (Elektra)
6	**WORKER'S SONG**	Dick Gaugham (Topic Records)
7	**SISTER CHERYL**	Wynton Marsalis (CBS)
8	**BRING IT ON**	James Brown (Sonet)
9	**ROCKIT**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)
10	**I MISS YOU**	Harold Melvin And The Bluenotes (Philadalphia)

Writers chart compiled by Paolo Hewitt



Elvis gets written in at number 2.

5 YEARS AGO

1	**YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT**	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
2	**SUBSTITUTE**	Clout (Carrere)
3	**BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE**	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)
4	**DANCING IN THE CITY**	Marshall Hain (Harvest)
5	**LIKE CLOCKWORK**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)
6	**SMURF SONG**	Father Abraham (Decca)
7	**WILD WEST HERO**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
8	**FROM EAST TO WEST**	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)
9	**RUN FOR HOME**	Lindisfarne (Mercury)
10	**STAY**	Jackson Browne (Asylum)

10 YEARS AGO

1	**I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG**	Gary Glitter (Bell)
2	**ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT**	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
3	**WELCOME HOME**	Peters & Lee (Philips)
4	**LIFE ON MARS**	David Bowie (RCA)
5	**GOIN' HOME**	Osmonds (MGM)
6	**SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTING**	Elton John (DJM)
7	**YESTERDAY ONCE MORE**	Carpenters (A&M)
8	**GAYE**	Clifford T. Ward (Charisma)
9	**48 CRASH**	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
10	**RANDY**	Blue Mink (EMI)

15 YEARS AGO

1	**MONY MONY**	Tommy James And The Shondells (Major Minor)
2	**FIRE**	Arthur Brown (Track)
3	**I PRETEND**	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
4	**MRS. ROBINSON**	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)
5	**THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU**	Herb Alpert (A&M)
6	**BABY COME BACK**	Equals (President)
7	**MACARTHUR PARK**	Richard Harris (RCA)
8	**HELP YOURSELF**	Tom Jones (Decca)
9	**I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN**	Dusty Springfield (Philips)
10	**YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY**	Ohio Express (Pye)

20 YEARS AGO

1	**SWEETS FOR MY SWEET**	Searchers (Pye)
2	**I'M CONFESSIN'**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
3	**DEVIL IN DISGUISE**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	**TWIST AND SHOUT**	Brian Poole And The Tremeloes (Decca)
5	**DA DOO RON RON**	Crystals (London)
6	**TWIST AND SHOUT EP**	Beatles (Parlophone)
7	**ATLANTIC**	Shadows (Columbia)
8	**SUKIYAKI**	Kyu Sakamoto (HMV)
9	**I LIKE IT**	Gerry And The Pacemakers (Columbia)
10	**IT'S MY PARTY**	Lesley Gore (Mercury)

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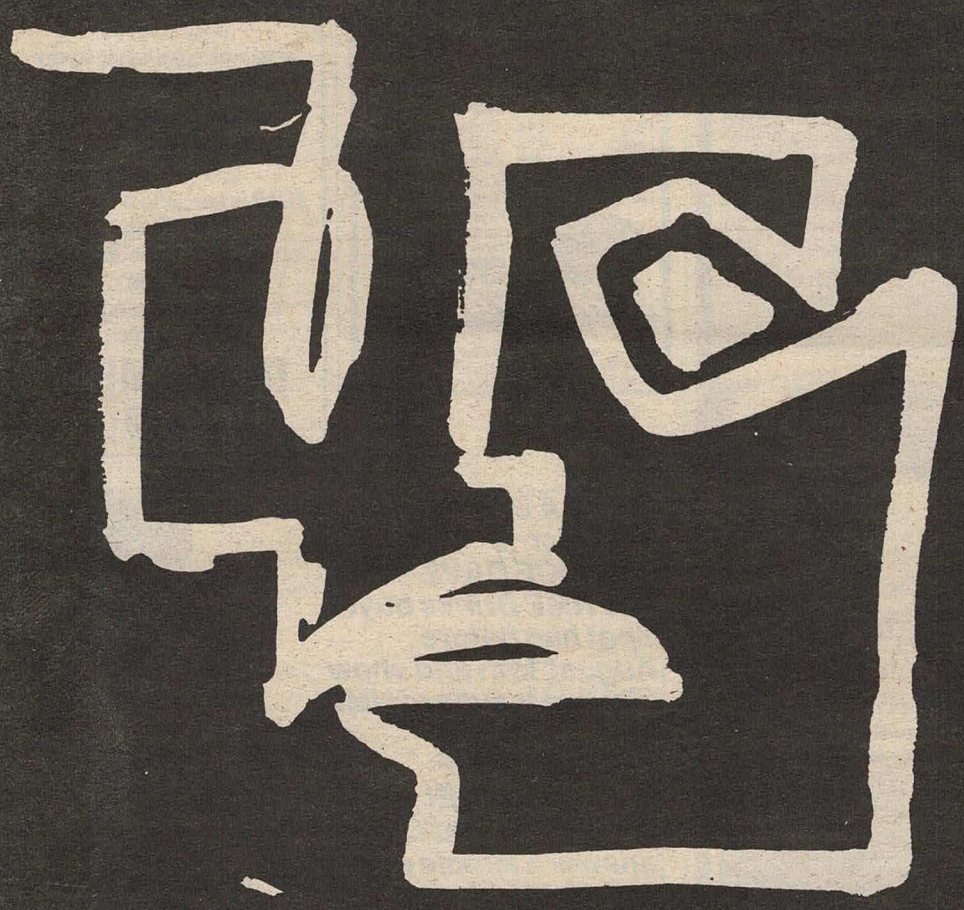

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THE SYSTEM IS SKINNING

Trotsky didn't play guitar. Marx never heard 'Move On Up'. THE REDSKINS make the necessary revisions. RAY LOWRY applauds loudly. PETER ANDERSON adjusts his viewfinder.

ON A POST-INDUSTRIAL July morning I'm perched on a ledge at the back of a London University Union lecture room along with Chris Dean of The Redskins listening to an engaging explication of the Theory of Surplus Value – one of the dozens of talks and seminars making up the Socialist Workers Party sponsored 'Marxism 83' week. Next on Mr Dean's proposed agenda is 'Capitalist Exploitation' to be followed by 'The 1848 Revolutions'. Rock 'n' Roll? Phew!

As noted elsewhere, it's a mighty long way down rock 'n' roll and it's now over half a decade on from the glory days when the flower of the nation's youth took on the encroaching forces of barbarism in that gallant struggle that has forever earned them their place on the rock 'n' roll of honour. I am, of course, referring to The Few, the punks. The collaborationists of POP's present disgraceful Vichy government may have crawled all the way to The Palace but the thin red line remains unbroken.

This paper has responded fitfully to the gathering gloom in a number of intriguing, unrelated and, ultimately, sporadic ways from the gradual breaking down of that fierce reader resistance to the idea of 'politics' in a 'music' paper as 'politics' has crept up behind many of them and taken their future away, through to the openly government-opposed tone of any number of recent articles and features. The Auberon Waughish tone of the hateful 'Errol' (thank you, Paul) column ethos replaced by a deal more awareness that not everyone could afford, or wanted, to go to the Ball.

Significantly, or accidentaly or merely in the course of things, the paper has acquired a most overtly hard left (SWP, style) writer in the shape of one X. Moore, also known as Chris Dean, singer and guitarist with the previously mentioned Redskins, the unashamedly political, skinhead guitar band you may have caught on C.4's *Whatever You Didn't Get*, a few months back. Chris Dean takes great pains to stress the duality of the two facets of his public persona. There is no conspiracy going on here, no Nick Kent 'writer into rockstar' jape.

Just as the Skins are three confessed socialists who happen to have formed a group, so Chris Dean is a singer/guitarist who happens to dayjob as 'X Moore', *NME* subeditor and oftentimes abrasive and uncompromising contributor. I imagine that he greatly disturbs any number of pre- and misconceptions in both these roles and probably delights in the outrage he causes. Seeing him gobbing into the audience in *Whatever . . .* – progressive punk, or what?

The Redskins' current recording 'Lean On Me'/'Unionise' is an excellent introduction to their agonizing rock 'n' roll critique of consumer capitalism, being ten times more exciting, danceable, funky and likely to induce structuralist bashing than a wagonload of Wham! clones going over a cliff at high speed. Somebody up there figured it might be a nifty idea to set a dazed and confused old pop 'n' politricks observer like yours deviously onto the trail of these uppity pinkos for the benefit of those tedious souls who still insist that something, er, positive and even, yes, REAL has been mysteriously lost along the ways from those dear old daffy days of the Safety Pin Swindle.

SO IT'S 1984 Eve, the warmongers are back in the saddle, an economic recovery of sorts is much heralded but oddly shy of putting in an appearance, and what can a poor SWP style socialist do, eh Chris, except sing for a rock and roll band, 'cause in sleepy London town you could quite possibly get lost trying to find the parliamentary or any other 'road to socialism'.

Whether the Redskins are fully aware of the contradictions of their stance – one foot on the road to socialism and the other on rock's lost highway – will emerge in the course of talking to them; suffice that I've never heard a young band so clearheaded and realistic about their position, their beliefs and about what lies ahead of them, even if some of their ideas and attitudes will strike a number of readers as rigid, party line socialist perspectives.

The Redskins are Chris Dean, guitar, vocals, Martin Hewes, bass and Nick King on drums. A very traditionalist, rockist lineup, you'll note. Chris and fellow northerner Martin moved to London a couple of years ago after much sporadic local gigging around York as founder members of the specifically anti-Nazi, confrontational outfit No Swastikas; a group named to leave no question of ambivalence in the mind of the casual observer, and one started in deliberate response to the rise of openly fascist political attitudes in the immediate post-punk hiatus.

"It was important to be there as an irritant," is how Chris sees it now. The move to London brought Nick

Top Right: Chris Dean tells God: "Eh! . . just shut it!"

in as drummer, a headlining night on the climax of the February '82 Right To Work March (the Jam headlined the other night), a deal of favourable press interest from Gary Bushell, in *Snouds*, Chris's NME tie-in, and, of course, the new band name.

A projected signing to Paul Weller's Respond label foundered on differing expectations of the Skins' eventual direction, but Chris remains endlessly enthusiastic about Weller and his desire to learn and capacity to change and grow, and cites John Peel as another who remains open to new ideas and shows a rare capacity to listen and learn from his and our collective follies and fuckups along the way to here and now.

The Redskins' answer to post-punk camp awfulness is rocking revolution-Marx rather than McLaren. After the splendid fireworks and theatrical magic of the punks' situationist/confrontationist street guerilla moves, the theorists move in and try to float the solutions that everyone is supposed to be looking now that all the BIG QUESTIONS have been asked, and the emperor found morally, intellectually and economically birthday suited as hell.

The muck cart after the wedding? Actually no. A listen to the gorgeous, passionate intensity of either side of their current raging release quickly blows away any ideas of grey, soulless types. Chris Dean bends the awesome hard edge of his mighty voice to incredible effect on 'Lean On Me'. Soul power? This man has pipes and then some. This is a classic white side that makes Kevin Rowland's efforts at similar intensity look insipid. This band are pointing a WAY OUT of all the current, self-indulgent wallowing, and the *NME* has this voice on its payroll?!!

Chris Dean was inspired to start his band by the examples of The Clash and Sex Pistols. He knows that the right, uncontrollable mixture of SEX, ROCK 'N' ROLL & POLITICS could ignite his generation like nothing seen before. Citing the likes of Elvis Presley as the great sex revolutionaries, the 1976 iconoclasts as the (albeit unfocused, diffuse) political pop revolutionaries, he dreams of a combustible, dangerous mixture of everything that's been seen in postwar pop music so far, fuelled by a new awareness of exactly who the 'rebellion' is directed against, this time around. A mixture that could set the woods on fire for good and all.

Chris Dean is a Marxist with a rock 'n' roll heart. Chris Dean is CONVINCED that, as inevitably as the boom-to-slump nature of our economic system has contributed to the contradictions that produce inspired individuals like Lenin or Lennon or Presley or Rotten, the same contradictions of the system will, just as inevitably, produce another popular culture movement, a Next Big Thing. MY sweet dreams are made of this!

MY FIRST meeting with the Skins collective is in a boomingly noisy, Irish pub in Willesden Green. The Skins party sartorial line favours denims, crops and Docs. Chris and Martin look like conscientious sun-avoiders, both sporting soap pale complexions and brutalist crops, while urbanite Nick, a south Londoner, carries a shade more stubble in the tonsorial stakes and looks, to my untrained eye, as though he's probably been out in the daylight.

No exotic substances are passed from hand to hand, or mouth or nose and, lest the overall effect should strike the casual reader as hopelessly ascetic, let me add that the more he talks, the more Chris Dean strikes me as weird visual mix of delicacy and strength, Aubrey Beardsley as a bovver boy in a red bomber – something like that.

Over pints of Guinnesss our talk produces nothing of interest to the average *NME* reader, consisting of hopelessly outré stuff like this:

Nick: The ideological victories that Thatcher is winning are only tiny. She's not doing anything to break down the foundation of consensus politics that's been fought for over the years. She's winning her victories and she's getting the media publicity and that's as far as she needs to go . . .

Chris: What she's done to worker's wages, she hasn't cut them nearly enough. She's hammered fucking hard but what's worrying her is that in spite of it all she hasn't smashed Trade Unions in this country. The ruling class everywhere, not just in Britain are nonplussed as to exactly what's happening. They don't know what the fuck's hit them with this crisis!

CUT!! CUT!! Cut to a shard of sunlit grass outside the University of London Union Marxism seminar. Maybe the stultifying afternoon air will induce the necessary atmosphere of insouciance and world weary affectation. Fiona Russell Powell where are you now that I need you? *(Technical note: Owing to what is known as a Cardinal Cockup, Nick King's contributions to the following edited conversations were rendered inaudible.)*

Red Skins, boys? Anti-Racists? Is this a recognized subculture? (Recognised by Harpers and Queens, already!)

Martin: Certainly in the North, the tradition is that they are anti-racist.

Chris: Sheffield is really the only area where they go beyond that, where there's a lot of card carrying . . . you get a lot of CP members, who are pretty (shrugs) dickhead, but they are politicised.

Is there a different tradition with the skinheads down here?

C: You have got this problem that in the East End racism has been really strong, although it's been changing over the last year 'cause it's all been fringes and growing out their crops. Floppy fringes. But you go into somewhere like North East London and it really stinks – it's like Nuremberg. There's so many faces that you know from round there that are dodgy and you keep on seeing them. When that bog behind the Venue, Skunks, was open, I was in there all the time. I used to go down there and the whole thing was just fucking permanent straight-arm, heavy manners.

But what about the burning issues of the day – would you appear on *Top Of The Pops*?

All: Yeah.

M: Eight million people? Fifteen million? Whatever, it's a bloody big audience and someone out there might just think that what we're saying is sense.

C: A lot of people, for Christ's sake, already think along similar lines! A lot of people think that Thatcher stinks. A lot of people are looking for answers. The solitary artist thing, like, if ONE person relates to my work . . . HA! That's failure. It's got to be THOUSANDS. Use everything at your disposal!

Why do you look like you do? Does this skinhead look signify anything?

M: We've always looked like this. It means something to a certain extent. It's very important to have some kind of image because bands who are nonentities tend to get ignored.

C: I don't think of it as an image, it just happened to be there, but at the same time it does have a political significance because people probably think all skinheads are . . . morons.

I'm reminded of the refreshing austerity of the early Clash. Those really weedy, crappy clothes. They made you feel overdressed, GUILTY, if you were wearing anything halfway decent. But then, so many layers were added on, leathers, studs, straps, elaborate hairstyles, the kitchen sink . . .

C: It's like The Four Tops started with the mohair suits, really good street clothes or whatever, excellent style, and then over the years it gets more and more ridiculous, a last-legs, Las Vegas cabaret act and it's all tinsel and glitter. Punk bands certainly aren't Las Vegas acts, but there is that overblown, parody element in the clothes now.

They've just got more and more overdressed. The studs, leathers and Mohicans didn't come in till ages after the event. Early on there was the thing about ties and school blazers. Black, crap jackets with rips in them and slogans and spray-on clothes as opposed to buying custom-made punk uniforms. The significant point was taking ordinary clothes and changing them, instead of producing a whole, new, separate set of uniforms.

Was 76/77 of political significance to you? Did you see what, say, the Clash were doing as political with a small 'p'?

C: Political with an enormous 'P'! They had EVERYTHING – sex, style and rebellion. It's like, you get people on the left saying, if only Elvis Presley had been a card carrying Bolshevik he'd have been the greatest. Someone was saying recently, in *NME*, that if only Shalamar were Communists, they'd be the perfect band – with The Clash it was, like, Elvis as Trotsky!

All the elements of their own weren't anything new at all; there'd been rebel bands like the Stones, good looking rock 'n' roll singers like Cochran, political bands like, well, like all the soul bands, but in the white, rock world, say, the MC5. But suddenly, The Clash got the whole works together. For a while. Eventually, all the bits started drifting apart and I think that all they're left with now is their musical influences – which still makes them good, 'cause they're great copyists. But they've lost . . .

But The Clash did specify that the enemy was BIG BUSINESS. The Clash said that it's people in offices in Mayfair, the City of London. not just the system. The Clash pinpointed the City in the same way that The Jam later pinpointed that the answer is workers at Leyland or workers throughout the world going on strike."

Do you see yourselves as trying to reinvent that spirit or philosophy or whatever. Consciously trying to carry on a rebellious tradition?

M: It's not a conscious thing because what we're talking about, our politics are very different.

C: They're rooted in another era. The contradictions of our system will always throw up revolutionary sparks, revolutionary music, little bits of rebellious music. Punk did, but for the most part it was very much – "Aw, unemployment stinks, we're fucked up. Screw the UK", or whatever. White Riot and Anarchy and all the rest of it, whereas the politics we're rooted in are very different. It's not just another critique like Crass, it's an analysis, if you like. Like The Jam later on when they started being positive. THAT'S what's really important, when popular music doesn't just challenge by criticism, it challenges by offering hope.

Has it ever done that before?

C: 'Move On Up', 'Say It Loud I'm Black And Proud'. Saying, get up, get ready, get involved. James Brown, Curtis Mayfield, Sam Cooke . . .

M: White popular music was never rooted in the same idea of rebellion. Black music always was, from the people on the slave estates through to what it's become today.

C: I think that, in Britain, it was, with folk music, but that folk tradition got lost, it got buried under this new myth, the consumer post-war boom. Adam Faith and Cliff Richard were fucking lies. That was a distortion of what popular music had been about.

The white music industry is a lot more successful at putting the dampers on it than the black music industry, partly because the black industry was, inevitably, much more outside of the record business in America. It was always segregated anyway, so you could deliver dialectics or verbal assaults from the sidelines. Because black music couldn't AVOID the situation that black people were in, it kept throwing up political challenges, it's ALWAYS been protest music. But there were white, positive bands in Britain; I think that The Who, for instance, were railing against the system for a while, but they got hidden away a lot better.

Britain never really had to cope with an indigenous rebellious popular music until '76/'77. All the people that had been suss before were into poaching American R&B, or Jamaican music, and it wasn't until then that there was any popular musical movement in Britain that was totally its own, that CHALLENGED. Most of the challenging music, whether it had been Presley or American Soul hadn't come from here.

You have to see things in their context, which is why, say, 'God Save The Queen' meant so much; precisely because it was at number one when the Jubilee year celebrations were going on. That's why you can't keep the Punk Legacy going now, it doesn't mean the same. 'Complete Control' doesn't sound as good as it did and there's no reason why it should. It was a record that meant something at another time. It still has that incredible power, passion, but it doesn't mean as much.

M: Protest music is generally about specific subjects. We're stuck with a great problem in that we can't just say, "*Comrades, Marx said this, Lenin said this*," in a song. 'Unionise' is probably the most explicit and clear statement that we actually make.

C: That ANYONE'S made in a song!

I DON'T THINK that the Redskins have to worry overmuch about that one, the sheer power and exuberance of their material – try 'Reds Strike Blues' or 'Lev Bronstein'/'The Peasant Army' – overwhelms any accusations of boring polemic.

Eventually I get around to the paradoxical nature of their stance. What if they make the big time? Can there be such a thing as a socialist rock 'n' roll hero? What about touring the States fer Vlad'ssakes?!

C: I don't think realistically that we'll ever do a lot over there. We'd have the same problems as The Jam. We wouldn't get visas because we're not just toying with rebel ideas. We stink as far as the US is concerned.

If you are getting shit thrown at you, I think it's hard to go soft. When someone like Paul Robeson had his passport torn up and he was getting hammered by the US government, and there were race riots when he appeared at Peekskill N.Y., and so forth. Precisely because he had all that shit still being thrown at him, he COULDN'T cop out. They withdrew his passport so he went up to the border and sang to Canadian steelworkers who came down to the border to meet him. Previously he'd gone round Europe playing factories, he went to Australia and played a building site for construction workers; when they hammered him and tried to keep him in his own country, he still managed to keep on pushing.

With someone like The Clash the music business perceived them as just another rock 'n' roll band, not too bad after all. I think there is a difference; we're not just toytown rebellion, as far as a lot of people are concerned, Communists are fucking enemies of the State! We're the sort of people who should be shot, whereas The Clash could always say that it's just a bit of harmless play.

Don't you think that a band like yours is inevitably never going to make it very far because the industry can't afford to encourage musos who SAY something? People like Presley could be tolerated because their stance was (initially) apolitical, vague . . .

C: I'm not saying The Jam were on the Presley level, by any means, but The Jam were certainly big stars

CONTINUES PAGE 43

Above: Redskins left to right, Chris Dean, Martin Hewes, Nick King.

COCONUTS CRACK UP AT COATI'S SEXPLOITATION CHARGE ●

Coatimundi fights shy of the Coconuts

coconut cases

THEY HAD just finished reading the article and their beauty faces were caught between disbelief and mounting rage as the implications began to sink in. Cheryl was the first to react.

Flinging the newspaper onto the table she announced, "I like that, Coatimundi, you're just too *ugly* to be sexy." Her tone was bitter, her face a bright red. The article in question was an interview with The Coconuts' musical team mate Coatimundi, an integral part of the Kid Creole And The Coconuts gang. In it, whilst promoting his new LP, Mundi had taken time out to opine that he found the idea of The Coconuts repellent to his way of thinking. Agreeing with the interviewer he went on to say that all The Coconuts were in reality was a sexist ploy on Kid Creole's part to garner the slobbering male vote.

Personally he found it all quite cheap. If guys want to come and leer at these three scantily clad beauties then fine. But don't put me in that bag he stressed. It's all August Darnell's trip. I have higher aspirations.

The Coconuts stared blankly into space, angry and betrayed. One of their own putting them down in print! Unbelievable. "I never thought he could say anything like *this*," Cheryl pouted. "It's so *underhanded*."

"We've done about maybe 50 interviews," put in Adrianna Kaegi, The Coconuts' founder and leader, "and in every single one do you know what we did? Mentioned that Coati had a solo LP out. We didn't have to. But wherever we went we told them about Coati's new album. Now *look* what he does to us!"

Cheryl, still smarting wildly from Mundi's ill timed remarks, quickly broke back in. "I hate to say this," she said her tongue dripping with sarcasm, "but there are people who are not secure enough to deal with their own reality. So what *he* does is cuts other people down. He's just short and jealous. Not that I have read anything so underhanded. I really haven't. It's cheap."

The girls' egos, not to mention their make up, in tatters, they were in no mood for conciliation. "Do you know how it feels to read this?" Cheryl snapped. "Sexploitation charges! It's like people saying that MTV don't show any black acts because the audience is racist. It's the same kind of stupid mind that thinks that.

"You've seen Tarzan and Jane movies over here?" asks Cheryl referring to the Creole image. "What do they wear in the Goddam jungle? They wear loin cloths. Did you ever say, Oh that Jane how could she have worn *that*? Oh my God she was exploiting her body. Give me a break! From the very beginning the three Coconuts and Kid Creole were on an island. The whole thing is a myth, the whole band is in safari clothes We first wore those leopard skin clothes and it showed a lot of our bodies because what are you going to wear in the jungle? A *tuxedo*??"

She shakes her head in disbelief whilst Adrianna states: "We are not hung up about our bodies and we have never felt uncomfortable onstage. We are happy with our bodies and if I go to the beach I'm wearing less than I'm wearing onstage and I don't feel uncomfortable."

"The only way we would be exploiting ourselves," Cheryl snaps back in, "is if we couldn't sing, we couldn't dance and we couldn't act. *Then* we'd be exploiting ourselves. *He* can't see beyond that because he has a hang up about it. I've never said a word about it but I'm going to now. There was a huge article in an English newspaper on him and he was really knifing August.

"But the things he was saying showed how insecure he is. It's that James Cagney I'm so short I can't get any attention problem, that whole hang up you don't want to hear about anymore."

"And you want to know something else?" Cheryl declared brashly, "and this is for *tape*," she hissed. "Andy Hernandez, Coatimundi, is attracted to The Coconuts. The very women he talks shit about, believe me, he is for a fact attracted to. Yes, the very same women he cuts down."

Shaking their heads in sad agreement, the other two Coconuts agree quietly. "I'm very much afraid," says Adrianna, "that a certain woman he is with is influencing him, giving him poison every day for breakfast. A lot of the comments he has made sound like they're coming out of her mouth. This is not the Andy Hernandez that I met five years ago."

Ostensibly we'd been there to mull over the Coconuts' new LP, written and produced for them by August Darnell. But as hell knows no fury like a Coconut scorned such details seemed irrelevant.

Just remember that their last single was entitled, ironically enough, 'Did You Have To Love Me Like You Did?'.

PAOLO HEWITT

Exhibiting what all the best fake leopards are wearing this year.

Coconuts dressed to kill (left to right) Adriana Kaegi, Taryn Hagey, Cheryl Poirier.

lowry

"I suppose you have to admire their SHEER PROFESSIONALISM"

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HAVE A HOOT WITH THE KLAXONS ● DURANNIE BASHING ●

SOUNDING OFF ABOUT KLAXON 5

A THURSDAY afternoon in the sun. The Klaxon 5 buy me an ice-cream for the interview and I'm all theirs: they're so hard to resist!

The Klaxon 5 are the first band I've seen once and fallen for. They are the best band I've ever just *stumbled upon*. All sexy, subversive, madly exciteable with the instincts of youth and wild, willing grins, they want attention but will be taken seriously. They are an immediate attraction, definite sensations, almost instant action but deeply lasting.

Somewhere – vaguely, visually – between Dollar and the Fire Engines, they are perhaps the immaculate conception: my perfect pop group.

The Klaxon 5 are . . . *six* – it's just the start of the surprise: Matt, Angus, Pete, Donald, Mandy and Mark. A sax, guitar, bass and three voices. A playground gang of dizzy ideas and serious intent, they came together about 18 months ago. They were all living in Watford and all growing restless. The quiet, sensible Angus and the more intense, determined Pete (guitar and bass) were playing in Richard Strange's band. Angus' giddy, exuberant brother, Donald, wanted to be a singer, as did Mandy, a glamorous, emphatic 17 year-old who was at Donald's school. She was going out with the light, lovely Mark who had previously been in Angus' punk band and had since had his voice trained.

It was the perfect process. Although they didn't have a drummer ("We'd be much better!"), they met Matt and his saxaphone. Matt: "With the Klaxons it's love or hate. The first time I saw them I hated them. Within five minutes I loved them. Then I joined."

Now, the six of them are taking chances, playing havoc with a hectic, shiny pop-funk that has the freshest, most frivolous impertinence, that is fanatical, impressionable and impetuous with an exaggerated energy and eagerness and a clamorous, brash *verve*. Obvious hits like 'The Blunder' or 'Dynamite' have a hard, clean beat, plunging bass, twitching guitar and the three voices are mischievous and commanding with a colourful contrast and boisterous purpose to them.

Hedonistic and democratic, they've found a startling mix of innocent pop and subversive motives: "We hate being ordered around or restricted. We'll never be one of those bands who won't talk about things like the Falklands cos of 'commercial considerations'. Most of all we're after chat shows and live TV where you can really stir things up."

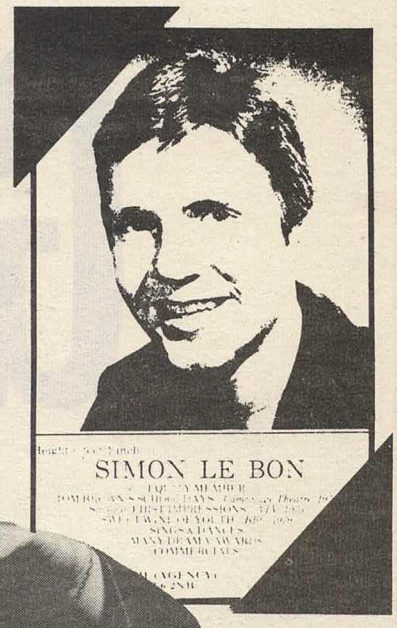
Other plans include Resident-style "noise-versions" for B-sides and the idea of gagged Russians or culled Mer-babies for *TOTP*. They've pushed aside "attempts to invent some stupid group image rather than keep six individual identities" and stress their staying power rather than the immediacy of their slogans and tea-trays, the handsome haircuts or flighty sexual chemistry. They've already attracted eager interests, from various companies, notably Innervision.

The Klaxons scorn the way things are so comfortable in pop and seem set to provoke, stimulate and disrupt at all cost. They're infatuated with their own fun, throw themselves into everything and confess with enthusiasm that they "couldn't imagine *anyone* wanting to watch *any* band for more than half an hour." They maintain they're "not interested in money if it means losing any control" and their only rule is that "the music should not be the same as anyone else's".

The Klaxon 5 have only just felt ready but are suddenly completely confident. They are disturbingly new and exceptional, and clearly relish the chance of messing with the contradictions of subversive pop or serious fun.

In short, they want everything their own way, and why not?

JIM SHELLEY



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The Klaxon 5 out of 6 – (left to right) Don, Pete (inset) Mark, Mandy and Angus. Pic Bleddyn Butcher

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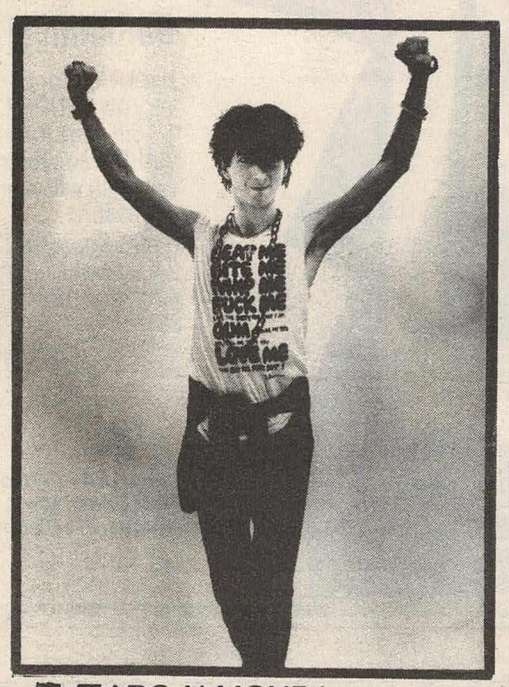

PLAYING IN THE SHADOWS OF LOWLIFE, THIS SELF-CONFESSED DRAMA QUEEN CALLED MARC ALMOND TAKES A TALK ON THE WILDE SIDE ABOUT HIS NEW LP

INTERVIEW: BARNEY HOSKYNS ***PHOTOGRAPHY: PENNIE SMITH***

MARC ALMOND is very screwed up about being a pop star, which is what comes of hanging around Nick Cave and Genesis P Orridge.

"I never watch *Top Of The Pops*", he says, "I don't have it in the house and I *won't* have it in the house!"

To prove his point — that only in spite of himself is he is a pop-up pinup — Marc Almond has made possibly the most over blown, utterly *outre* record of his time.

"I don't listen to pop music and I don't follow the charts, I listen to film soundtracks and people who have very individual voices, who sing in a *classical* style, like Eartha Kitt and Scott Walker. Aside from bands like The Birthday Party and people like Jim (Foetus), who I think is a genius, I'm not interested in what's going on."

Anyone who saw Marc and Foetus go through their bacchanalian demolition of Suicide's 'Ghost Rider' on *Switch* will know how far Marc is prepared to stray from the flexipop inverse of the Top 30.

His only regret is that the credits came up before he strangled the unfortunate Foetus with his microphone chord.

Unlike the hundred and one other electropop combos, Soft Cell — individually and together — play it decidedly unsafe. Who else would have picked a song like 'Numbers' for single release over 'Loving You, Hating Me' and borne the brunt of not being invited on *TOTP* even though the single was two weeks in the Top 30?

What is remarkable about Marc is that, ignoring the mass mockery of others, he continues to play in the shadows of lowlife at all. My feeling is that he really does perceive an alluring sadness in the life of "degenerates" and is not trying to titillate us.

'Torment And Toreros', the new album by Marc And The Mambas, is neither exhibitionist nor decadent, but it *is* a neurotic melodrama of the psyche whose high-strung preoccupations verge on the grotesque.

As Wanda protests to the hero of *Venus In Furs*, "your obsessions would be perfectly comprehensive if you weren't so virtuous."

YES AI HAVE NO CORRIDAS

BULLFIGHTS STIR strange emotions and Marc's record is positively racked by them. At once the most barbaric and most ceremonial of sports, the *corrida* has always been a spectacular magnet for art's intinerant outcast.

Michel Leiris in *Manhood* saw in its implicit sacrifice a coincidence of the Sacred and the Sexual. The full implication of this is revealed not in Hemingway but chapter ten of Georges Bataille's *Story Of The Eye*, to which I can do no more than refer you: suffice to point out that among the customs which follow a bull's death in the *corrida*, consumption of its genitals is not the least conspicuous.

Like Bataille's, Marc Almond's febrile sexuality is aroused by the danger and grandeur of the bullfight. He watches and is transformed, just as in Jacques Brel's 'The Bulls' (the album's third song), the grocery clerks turn into Don Juan.

The 90 unbearable minutes of 'Torment And Toreros' are imbued with the glamorous horror of this spectacle. Emotional gore abounds. If 'Black Heart' is a 'Torch' re-enacted by Basque terrorists, if 'Big Louise' and 'Guiltless' signal in this general direction, nothing anticipates the strewn entrails of pain in 'First Time' or '(Your Love Is A) Lesion'. Here the bilious pathos of 'Caroline Says' becomes baroque self-flagellation, a squirming masochism of bad taste and hysteria whose four sides will leave you gasping for breath. 'Untitled' was brave but this is Some Bizzare indeed.

"It's not an overtly Spanish influenced album. There's just feelings from that music which creep in, various chord changes we've used. Things like the castenents in 'The Bulls' are used in a very sarcastic, almost cynical way. I've been collecting flamenco for a few years now, but I was very tentative doing this, because flamenco is something you're born with, it's there from birth. The gypsies don't just decide one day, Oh, I think I'll learn flamenco.

"The influence is more in the singing, because I love the way the Spanish sing. I mean, they don't give a fuck, they just yell, just shout it out straight from inside them.

"My favourites are a couple called Lola and Emmanuel, who I think are just fantastic. When we were over in Spain I was collecting her albums and happened to mention to our promoter that I loved Lola and Emmanuel, and later he phoned me and said he'd talked to Lola and that she'd really liked my voice and wanted to do something.

"I mean, I can't imagine what form it'll take — for a start, I can't speak Spanish and they can't speak English — but I'm incredibly flattered and, well, embarrassed, y'know, because it's not like they need to do anything with me — in Spain, they're really famous."

WALTZ OF THE TORMENTED

VIOLINS AND tympani, bruises and chains . . . Marc's lurid catharsis reaches its crescendo in 'Catch A Fallen Star'.

"She creams at the cash you might pay just to grope her . . . can you smell the herpes from the scum-sucking fucks that hang round the suckers at night?"

"The things on this record are very real to me. People think I get some secret thrill out of being dirty, but this is 1983, who do they think they're kidding? When I was doing that, I felt it was necessary to call shit 'shit'. I felt very angry and bitter, because the song was about what I don't want to become, the things I know I'm falling into. It's not self-righteous, it's not an accusation, because I'm just as much a hypocrite as anyone else.

"I mean, I'm sorry, kids, if you're gonna take this home and outrage your mother. I'm sorry if you can't handle it, but this is the way that I feel. I'm not going to pander to my audience. I respect them. Kids these days aren't naive. Some of the letters I get contain much more colourful language than anything in 'Catch A Fallen Star'! My attitude is, have me in your living room on my terms."

Why so *much* music?

"I just find I'm very prolific all the time. I can't just sit back and relax. I have to be doing things. All the time. I get new ideas and things I've got to do. I plan these imaginary holidays all the time, but I never take them because something always comes up. If I had to go away, it would have to be somewhere I could *use*."

So what is this music, this *grand guignol*, this flamboyant disease?

"I wanted the listener to feel exhausted by the end of it because a lot of the songs are about *me*, and extremely personal. When I write for Soft Cell, I tend to write in a more observing way . . . looking, documenting. Here I've been freer and I've prepared the music and just done the vocals straight off over the music, just working the melody line as I go along, feeling my way . . .

"I started working on it in an extremely low period, when my depressions were becoming really bad, and I thought the only way to deal with them was to use them positively. Side Two is the very low side, but as the album goes on, it gets more up, almost as though reaching for the light at the end of the tunnel, and that's why I ended with Rodgers & Hammerstein,'Beat Out That Rhythm On A Drum', just to sort of let it all out."

Why is it that 'Youth' or 'Say Hello' move me more than 'Lesion'?

"Soft Cell I think is more instantly accessible. I don't feel this album is a first listening thing. It's the first time I've actually written music on my own, so there's obvious naiveties, but that was important to me. This extends to Soft Cell, too.

"I'd really like Dave to sing on the next Soft Cell album. It's great because he's changed so much. At one time, we almost swapped. Like, I became very introverted, while Dave became more out-going. It's like this 'quite, shy' persona had been forced on him and he was trapped by it. We've tried to bring our roles closer together.

"I think we definitely would have split if we hadn't found these other outlets. By going off on individual tangents we've come much closer. The next single, 'Soul Inside', is really up, a 'wild celebration'. . ."

The good things among these torments occur when Marc calms down, which in turn occurs on the songs he didn't write, especially Peter Hammill's 'Vision', and a piece written by string section The Venomettes called 'Once Was'. Here pain really crosses the histrionic barrier and lodges in the listener's heart. Here Marc is interpreting rather than confessing. Even 'Gloomy Sunday', give or take the odd bum note, is admirably restrained.

Had he heard Lydia Lunch's version before doing the song?

"Lydia's was what inspired me to do it. I hate The Associates' version, though I like The Associates. I did it to experiment with it, and the whole album was originally going to be like that — very empty, minimal — but over the course of six months, it developed into other things as it went along."

The dominant acoustic instrumentation is like a conscious rejection of synthetics, of Soft Cell's minimalism.

"Yeah, it's like, for instance, I had this urge to use real drums — there's only two songs with drum machines. But even Dave now is not an electronic purist. I'm not into electronic music at all. I just felt so lucky to have the string players, The Venomettes, for this record, because when we did 'Big Louise', we did it with Paul Buckmaster, who I think is fantastic, but we had this whole 23-piece thing, with all the Musician's Union rules, whereas The Venomettes really were great and worked with the feel I wanted. Also, they'd develop my ideas and put in their own. Like, they wrote 'Once Was', which is one of my favourite songs on the album."

THE TWILIGHT OF LOWLIFE

TORMENT AND Toreros' is a grim circus of soul-baring, over-anxious to disturb and scream its confusion. *"Not another twisted love!"* he declaims, *"that's no way for a boy to behave!"* Hammill gets it right on 'Vision': *"Take my tongue, take my torment. . ."*

Marc says he gets claustrophobic and with music like this I'm not surprised. Life is *not* a cabaret.

"That cabaret side of me, maybe this is getting rid of that part of me and I'll move on to something else. I'm still not removed enough from the album to look at it objectively, but it's not like me saying, Oh, let's have a jolly camp romp!

"I suppose you could say I am a drama queen! I always over dramatise *everything*. It's no big act, it's just how I am. I agree that the album lacks discipline: Dave's my discipline.

"I'm scared *stiff* about the reviews. If I get bad reviews, it will put me into a depression. I put a lot of myself into it and, yes, I'm taking risks, but it's just a way of expanding myself, branching out. It's not like, here is my piece of brilliance; it's just one stage. I'm not going to be high and mighty about it. If it's hated, I just hope it's hated constructively."

At least with Marc Almond, there is no risk of losing that tension, that vital paradox: between warmth and pain, bitterness and love; between 'Where The Heart Is' on one hand and 'Baby Doll' on the other.

"I don't observe rules or follow patterns, I just explore — whether it's like 'Soul Inside', just a burst of energy, or 'Baby Doll', where I'm talking about feeding your arm.

"I'm never trying to be outrageous. It's just that I only feel at home in the places people say you shouldn't go."

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CARMEL (Carmel, Gerry, Jimmy)

MUSIC
C: Billie Jean – Michael Jackson
Mahalia Jackson
G: Respect – Aretha Franklin
Black Uhuru
J: James Brown
Ornette Coleman
John Lee Hooker
Chas & Dave

TV
C: *Cagney And Lacey*
Hart To Hart
Switch
Top Of The Pops
Amongst The Hedgerow
G: *The Good Life*
Hill Street Blues
J: *Blake Seven*
Rainbow – Zippy is OK!

BOOKS
C: *The Third Policeman* – Flann O'Brien (first half anyway)
G: *Stormbringer* – Michael Moorcock
J: *Of Mice And Men* – Steinbeck

FILMS
C: *Elephant Man*
Star Wars
Empire Strikes Back
New York New York
G: *The Harder They Come*
Hush Hush Sweet Charlotte
J: *Grapes Of Wrath*
Ben Hur
Court Jester – Danny Kaye is OK!

FAST FOOD
C: Spud-U-Like

DRINK
C: Whiskey
G: Whiskey

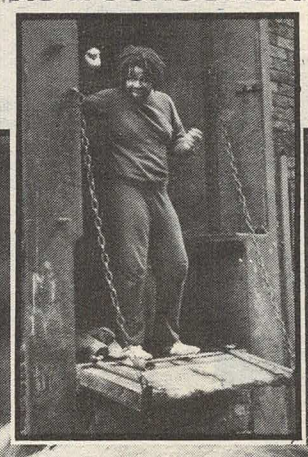
ACTOR/ACTRESS
C: Julie Goodyear (Bette Lynch)
G: Bette Davis, Richard Prior

POLITICIAN
J: Andrew Young

AMBITION
J: To see S. Africa under Black rule

Pics Peter Anderson (left to right) Gerry, Carmel and Jimmy.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER



TWIN POPSICLES

Pop stars The Thompson Twins

Cereal packet celebrities Snap, Crackle and Pop

Spotted by reader Martin Cruttwell – one miniature red plastic rocket ship covered in Rice Crispie crumbs on its way to you, Martin!

One from the heart

Bill Nelson talks to Paul Du Noyer and disputes his past image for cold, unemotional music. It was and still is, with the release of his album 'Chimera', very much from the heart.

ON THIS riverbank guest house patio, close by a studio where he's just finished producing Gary Numan's LP, Bill Nelson sits and sips and permits himself two smiles.

One is because he *has* just finished Numan's LP – the experience didn't qualify as one of life's all-time Big Laughs, apparently. The other is because he packs his bag today, for Yorkshire and home and the wife and the kids.

Well, he never was much in the Wild Man Of Rock line, was Bill, but as a musician he probably qualifies under the Quietly Influential category. Through a decade of BeBop Deluxe, Red Noise and solo work, right up to his recent 'Chimera' album, this mild-mannered yet stubbornly determined art-mechanic has fashioned a reputation for precise, painstaking effort. A muso's muso.

Yet ever since he unpinned the guitar hero medals won during BeBop days – a brave decision, actually – Nelson's career has been an unsteady thing: a perpetual tension of artistic ambitions and commercial necessity.

"The technicalities of making a hit record, the processes involved, are not foreign to me," reflects the producer who gave the world A Flock Of Seagulls (via his own Cocteau label) and whose many other collaborations include The Skids, Original Mirrows and YMO. "But those processes just feel ugly somehow, they don't feel right. I can help other people achieve

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On top of that, there's Automatic Arpeggio, Fascinating Chord and an Automatic Rhythm unit...
In fact, to coin a cliché, there's just too much to list here.
One thing's for sure though, if you don't step on down to your local JVC keyboards dealer soon and take a look for yourself, you'll never know what you're missing. Heaven knows, you won't regret it.

JVC
You've either got it, or you haven't.

SHAKESPEARE'S MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY CHANT

Close study of a yew tree and Bill Nelson

that more than I can do it for myself."

Indeed, Nelson can seem haunted by the twin spectres of financial insecurity on the one side, and musical compromise on other: "Whenever I feel I've gone too far, and I feel I've compromised myself, the people around me on a business level just don't seem to think it's anywhere near enough . . . I desperately need to have some successful records to put things back straight. There was such a mess made of my career during the BeBop time that I'm still feeling the repercussions of that – income tax things that were never dealt with, all kinds of stuff.

"I don't particularly go looking for commercial success, but I have to keep a certain amount of that in mind just to keep a record contract going, so people will allow me back in the studio."

On the occasions that he's inclined to use them, Nelson's old pop-ist instincts are intact. Post-Red Noise tracks like 'Do You Dream In Colour' and 'Living In My Limousine' display the same brittle snappiness as his hits of the early '70s. It's this end of his work that I prefer, along with – funnily enough – their opposite extreme, namely the extended exercises in 'pure' music such as the 'Beauty And The Beast' soundtrack (which came free with the 'Love That Whirls' LP) and the ambient 'Ritual Echo' record that accompanied the 'Quit Dreaming And Get On The Beam' album. Does that assessment sound perverse to him?

"No, no, it's pretty true actually. Because I think a lot of the things in between there try too hard to balance the two sides, and don't often work. It's like somebody on a tightrope, wobbling around."

Even his erstwhile rock work, which connects quite smoothly with his later electronic musings, pointed towards the '80s conception of futurist music: *moderne*, robotic bop and silky perfection. A little art theory here or there, but a cool avoidance of grunt and grind. No Sweat. If he'd begun his career around now, would he have picked up a synth instead of a guitar?

"Yes. It's not got the sexual connotations that the guitar has, but I find the sounds are sexier, or can be. I've always refuted that thing about synths being cold or expressionless; it depends on who's playing them, but they can be very sensual. That kind of emotional content that rock'n'roll expects from the guitar is not really emotional – it's histrionic.

"I used to be accused of the kind of things that Gary (Numan) has been accused of, though perhaps that was more valid in Gary's case. But I never saw what I did as being unemotional. It was always very much from the heart."

Even so, Nelson's already thought of going beyond the synthesiser – much as he once eschewed the rock guitar, "this plank of wood with wires on" – towards acoustic sounds, more percussive and exotic. Already, his record company are uneasy.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DARREN SHAKESPEARE

My little brother Clint came to see me. He said "Are you still doing that old hat ranting rubbish?" I said Eat faeces bastard it's the trendiest thing in Britain. He said "Not at our school it isn't. Being A Clock is the trendiest thing at our school."

I said They're a good band I've heard the first album seen a few bastard gigs. He said "Stop trying to pretend you've heard of all the bands in the *NME*; Being A Clock is a trendy thing *to be*." I said Oh yeah how do you Be A bastard Clock then? He spread his arms out and went "Tick tock".

I said Is that it bastard is that bastard it? He said "They're all doing it at our school, even the oldest, even the 11 year-olds".

I said But it's just New Romanticism in other bastard clothes! Where's the political significance in the bastard? At least ranting's politically significant! I gave him my new one 'Bring Back Hanging But Start With The Tories And Later In That Same Day The SDP'. He said "You've no need to be party political. A clock's political without being party political." I said Shut up Bastard cos I know he's cleverer than me.

He said "Anyway I really came to see if you'd like to do a gig at our school tonight. Wen can give you a fiver." I said How long do you want? He said "Fifteen minutes. We can fit you in between the morris dancers and the lute player." I said Morris Dancers and bastard lutes? He said "It's an end of term show called 'Entertainment from the Past' ". I was just about to hit him but he gave me one-tenth of the fee in advance.

I said Okay I'll do it. He said "Seven o'clock. and don't be late because the audience is full of people Being A Clock. Oh and teacher says you've got to mind your language. You've got to tone it down." I said I'm not compromising my bastard art. He said "Okay but I'll have that 50 pence back" I said Flipping Heck I'll see you at seven. It's hard being an artist on the bastard open market.

I turned up and the morris dancers were getting a lot of laughs. I followed them on and hit the audience with my high-energy opener 'Thatcher Is A Basket And Tebbit Is A Blinking Chuff'. It didn't have the same ring to it. "Tick tock" they all said.

I knew what they meant. I felt bastard old.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY RANT BY DARREN SHAKESPEARE

Come off it Bastard Captain Bligh!
Stop flogging every bastard
there's blood all over the bastard deck.
Bastard Captain Bligh is just like Norman Tebbit
except that Norman Tebbit's Bastard worse!
He flogs you with the spokes off his bastard bike!

Being in Britain in 1983
is like being on the Bastard Bounty!
Cos the Tories take your rations
While every other bastard is sitting around talking about fashions!

Darren Shakespeare was ranting to IAN McMILLAN

h2O
just outside of heaven

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EINSTURZENDE NEUBATEN)
14 SHEFFIELD TOP RANK
(SPECIAL GUESTS:
EINSTURZENDE NEUBATEN)
15 LEEDS WAREHOUSE
17 NOTTINGHAM ROXY
18 LONDON ELECTRIC BALLROOM
20 ST ALBANS CITY HALL

ALBUM AND CHROME CASSETTE CV1.
LIMITED EDITION CONTAINS FOUR
TRACK 12 EP FROM THE DOUBLEVISION VIDEO
SOME BIZZ ARE

SINGLES

BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

SINGER OF THE WEEK

DENNIS BROWN: Your Love Gotta Hold On Me (*Joe Gibbs*); I Like It Like That *(Yvonne's Special)*; Save A Little Love For Me (*A&M*) Dennis Brown always has four tunes in the reggae chart. It's the law round here: every time I check there are at least four Dennis Brown tunes making the rounds. This man is Jamaica's best-loved lover; even though my favourite victim of hit-and-run heart attacks is a patient by the name of Gregory, it's Dennis who is the people's choice. Right now he's running a couple of parallel careers: on one track he appears on A&M Records with a succession of releases aimed at the US and UK soul market and spotlighting his appeal as a kind of dread Lionel Richie with muted rhythms and a wicked way with a croon, while on the other he uses a variety of JA and UK roots labels to play a stickier music for those who want to rub it up a little harder. 'Save A Little Love For Me' is as pop-oriented a tune as he's ever cut, even though his biggest crossover was with the gorgeous 'Money In My Pocket': the sax is nothing less than delightful and Brown himself pitches his delivery right at the intersection between reggae modalities and soul harmony. Rhythmically it's unlikely to upset any Americans who still think that reggae music has a weird beat. 'Your Love Gotta Hold On Me', on the other hand, is a rising roots hit with a beat as crisp as a slice of Ryvita and as heavy as a tank, militant horn lines and a dub version that's fit to kill complete with shouts of 'Murderah Dennis!' from the band. 'I Like It Like That', which is also doing well for the man, falls between the two stools and is therefore the least successful of the three in strictly creative terms, lacking the power of the roots stuff and the sweetness and smoothness of the A&M commercial material.

Dennis' other two hits? Well, a tune called 'Easy' on the Tad's label is on its way up, and 'Promised Land' is on its way down. The latter is a song which concerns I-and-I rather than you-and-me, and places Dennis against the blazing landscape of Aswad's 'Love Fire' rhythm track. Released over here on Aswad's own Simba label, it reunites the collaborator who created the memorable 'Bloody City' for High Times a couple of years back, and demonstrates not only Dennis Brown's undiminished ability to handle a hard roots tune as well as the smooth, plaintive lovers which is his specialty, but the utterly crucial force of the Aswad rhythm section. Speaking of which . . .

ASWAD: Roots Rockin' (*Simba*) Finally on the slide after a very impressive trip to No 1 in many of the reggae charts, 'Roots Rockin'' is as innocuous a groove as has been laid down by the Lions of Ladbroke Grove for quite a while. A whole militant world away from 'Warrior Charge' or 'African Children', 'Roots Rockin'' follows the trend away from hard Rastafari and into a lighter groove with a sweet, pure vocal from the very great Angus 'Drummie Zeb' Gaye, horn charts that are purest perfection and a mood of gentle exhilaration. It is a non-surprising reflection of the operations of the music biz that one hears a good deal less of bands like Aswad when they are running their own operation that one does when they're affiliated to the likes of Island or CBS, but their music is none the less as consistently valuable and rewarding now as it was then and should be received accordingly. This tune is sweet, cool and groovy; precisely what is required on hot afternoons. If you live anywhere near a good reggae shop, wander in and check 'Roots Rockin'' out; if you live anywhere near a good sound system, you've already heard it. This is perfect summer music; give thanks and praise. With the right backing, Aswad could take this to the iriest ites of the pop charts.

FROM HEREON IN, IT'S ALL VARYING DEGREES OF CRAP

SHALAMAR: Disappearing Act (*Solar*) If you've got a moment, I'd sugget a brief period of silence for Shalamar. 'Friends' was a terminally memorable album (starring Ricky Sylvers as the absolute dreadest soul rhythm guitarist this side of Nile Rodgers) featuring three classic hits including 'There It Is', a tune so groovy that it will be with me for life, so who cared if the band looked like three prize wallies on the cover. I mean, look at Daniels! There's this allegedly highly cool person posing away with a Flying V and looking like the fourth runner-up in a Phil Lynott lookalike contest, but have no fear, Colonel Pop is here! In a trice, Daniels is tricked out in hip duds and a haircut that scares cats, displays his irresistible dance style on telly and becomes the Absolute Face of his band even though he has no hand in the writing or lead singing of the tunes. With 'The Look' Shalamar learned the lessons from their last albums: no way are they going to look like a bunch of turkeys. This time they're going to look so hip it hurts . . . and *sound* like a bunch of turkeys. Like 'Dead Giveaway', the previous single from 'The Look', 'Disappearing Act' leans on a heavy crunch beat and a bunch of keyboard licks that were pedestrian by the time The Human League had finished with them. Believe it or not, there is not only such a thing as following fashion too slavishly but there is such a thing as following the wrong fashion. Shalamar's photos are much better now, but their records are drivel. That's D-R-I-V-E-L. Pop your body to that.

THAT TYPICALLY TROPICAL LACK OF TASTE . . .

COATI MUNDI: Oh! That Love Decision (*Virgin*); THE COCONUTS: Ticket To The Tropics (*EMI America*) I think it's high time that Gus – you *do* call August Darnell *Gus*, don't you? God, you must be unimportant – exercised a little more quality control when his props venture out on their own. The impeccably sugar-coated Mr Mundi always appears on the verge of stealing the show when he appears stage right of Kid Creole, but left to himself a giant vacuum generally materialised to one side of him. 'Oh! That Love Decision' includes an embarrassment of Good Bits: the percussion is nothing short of flat-out wonderful and the arrangement is sublime, all the solo Coati stuff thus far has turned out to be an inferior set of variations on 'Que Pasa/Me No Pop I', and this is nicht exception. The Coconuts – unlike Coati Mundi – are the direct responsibility of Gus, since he produced their album from which this single hath been untimely pluck'd like an aching tooth which is not quite rotten yet, and co-wrote the song in collaboration with that sinister figure Cristina Monet, so it is entirely legitimate to blame him for the appalling vocals, which aim at the glamorously deadpan and succeed only in scoring a direct hit on the woodenly lacklustre. These solo projects would only emphasise the fact that the Kid is not only good at making himself look good, but he structures the show in such a cunning way as to reflect a goodeal (sic) of glory onto his cohorts. It would appear that they need it.

GIVE ME THE (NON-SERIOUS MOONLIGHT)

SPANDAU BALLET: Gold (*Reformation*) The gap between Spandau Ballet's collective self-image and the manner in which they seem to be perceived appears to be widening quite inexorably. Their craftsmanship is impeccable but they sound more and more like Frankie Vaughan with a pomp-funk backdrop and 'Gold' goes nowhere towards reversing the trend. An uptempo piece with sweeping synthesised strings and a reasonably committed sax solo, it exposes Tony Hadley more and more as a misplaced Butlins entertainer and less and less like the blend of Sinatra, Bowie and Gaye that he would like to be. This music has more to do with self-dramatisation than self-realisation, and it interprets 'soul' and 'passion' in such a comfily self-absorbed manner that it calls into considerable suspicion the relationship between the Spandau manifestau and the reality in which they operate. It probably represents an unreconstructed '60s or Strummer-type view of youth culture to expect either rebellion or perspective from teenage idols, but Spandau Ballet are so complacently reactionary that it hardly seems unfair to regard them as being – as much as Duran Duran or the happily declining Buck's Fizz – a mere cultural symptom of the Thatcher era.

GOOD-BAD BUT NOT EVIL (uh huh . . .)

JOBOXERS: Johnny Friendly (*RCA*) JoBoxers have a handy sense of their own place in the scheme of things: they represent lovable low-life and 'Johnny Friendly' is a bit of fast-paced gangster melodrama that carries its mixture of *On The Waterfront* and *Mean Streets* more than gamely. A smoother and better executed version of what The Members were attempting during their funk phase, it has the kind of broad sweep that recalls the soundtracks to innumerable cop movies and will undoubtedly make for an effective video. JoBoxers have made a nice initial impact, but if they're going to take it all the way to Major Teen Swoonhood (or even to any sensible sums of money) they're going to need a tune at least ten degrees hotter and harder than this one, or else they're going to be a gang of punchy pugs sitting around mumbling about how they could hadda shot at da champeenship, but . . .

THE FIRST HAIRCUT IS THE DEEPEST

HAIRCUT 100: Prime Time (*Polydor*) It might appear uncharitable to suggest that Haircut 100 without Nick Heyward is roughly similar to cherries jubilee without any cherries (or jubilee, for that matter), but 'Prime Time' would unfortunately tend to support such criticism. Packed with all the regulation Haircut noises – rattling percussion, cheeky brass and discreet funky bass – it nevertheless lacks the distinct contributions of the famous former shiny yellow person; in other words, a distinctive vocal and memorable tune. It only goes to point up the risks of being in modern pop groups; it only takes one person to bugger off and the whole thing goes up the shute. If the current personnel of Haircut 100 fail to regroup in hit-making form within their next couple of releases, I'd recommend a hasty retreat into session work for Blair Cunningham and the brass players.

YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY . . . um . . . ABC . . .

NEW EDITION: Popcorn Love (*London*) You remember New Edition: the austerity-era retread of the pubescent edition of The Jacksons as rerun by Arthur Baker and the Jonzun-Starr combines? Well, here they are again, hot on the heels of the amazing 'ABC'-soundalike 'Candy Girl'. This time they've done 'I Want You Back', only now it's called 'Popcorn Love' and is blessed with the ever-familiar crunch beat which we all know and love. Don't innovate – IMITATE!

'FRIQUE OUT!'

JULUKA: Impi (*Safari*) Juluka have taken a lot of stick lately – mainly because many people are sceptical about the notion that they're in serious opposition to the South African system if they're allowed to tour and play at all – but also because the selections from their repertoire that have received real airplay have tended more towards Olde Englishe folke rocke than towards the high life, juju and soukous that represent the popular and acceptable forms of African over here among we hipsters. Their 'Scatterlings' album contains a good helping of hard, rhythmical tunes with the fever percussion and sparkling guitars that make many forms of contemporary African pop so refreshing, but 'Impi' – even though it commemorates a defeat of British forces by Africans – tends towards the soft end of their spectrum. 'Scatterlings' deserves a check by anyone even faintly interested in hot-weather music, even though 'Impi' is not a revelation, and despite all the suspicion, it is inspiring to be reminded that a significant number of white South Africans consider themselves to be first and foremost Africans and only incidentally white.

REISSUE OF THE WEEK

HOLGAR CZUKAY: Cool In The Pool (*EMI*) No 1 in a series: occasional exceptions to the earlier-stated dictum about everything else being varying degrees of crap. This piece dates from '79, and represents a taste of the kind of cool, witty summer-funk pop that Tom Tom Club later appropriated and is currently on display on their new album 'More Songs About Boyfriends And Bathing'. A small drink is due for whoever came up with the idea of reissuing it to fit in with the current spate of acceptable weather, because it goes with hot afternoons the way only a very special clutch of tunes do. Opening with a brilliant mini-duet for funk guitar and elephant-trombone, it broadens out into the sublimely ridiculous poolside romance special, with the trombone disporting itself gravely throughout the proceedings. Eminently worth a sniff, and a bit of attention from deejays who wish to consider themselves somewhere near the vanguard.

RY SMILES

RICHARD THOMPSON: Wrong Heart Beat (*Hannibal*) It must be confessed right now about this time, that most rugged British individualists give me a loud pain in the bum region (see AYERS, Kevin and OLDFIELD, Mike), but Richard Thompson remains an exception to all such strictures, and 'Wrong Heart Beat' features a hefty dose of Thompson's gnarled, insinuating vocals, understated lyrics and inimitable mistreating of the Stratocaster (all from the label that brings you Defunkt, yet). If this song isn't covered for the next Ry Cooder album, something's badly wrong somewhere. (This, by the way, has been the second in an occasional series of exceptions to the previously stated dictum that . . . blah blah woof woof).

. . . IS WHERE IT'S ALL AT!

BOB ANDY: Honey (*Anka*); MARCIA GRIFFITHS: Electric Boogie (*Island*) A long time ago, a JA duo known as Bob Andy and Marcia Griffiths enjoyed an epoch-making international hit with 'Young Gifted And Black' which was covered by Aretha Franklin and lots of other people and entered the language. Andy and Griffiths have long since reverted to solo careers, so it's purest coincidence that brings these two singles together. 'Honey' is indisputable evidence that reggae music lovers have no greater resistence to terminal slop than anybody else, which is why Herr Andy is coasting smoothly about in the charts with what is little more than a Barry Manilow tune with a polite little steppers beat behind it. Marcia Griffiths appears here as mouthpiece for Bunny Wailer, who wrote, arranged and produced the number as part of his grand plan to master the intricacies of disco music in order to infiltrate the airwaves and seduce black people all over the world away from decadence and towards Rastafari. This little paean to the joys of electrow-diskow is a remixed and remastered version of a single that was originally released and hastily withdrawn at the beginning of the year, and while it represents an advance over Jah Bunny's decidedly patchy 'Hook Line And Sinker' album project, it would seem that there's quite a lot of work to do yet before Michael Jackson feels any breeze from Jamaica.

BLACK UHURU: Party Next Door (*Island*); TOOTS HIBBERT: Spiritual Healing (*Island*) Very little has been heard of Black Uhuru pon these shores in the last year. Island Records are sitting on the release of what is reputedly a fine dub album – succinctly entitled 'Dub Factor' – because of what they consider to be a glut of Uhuru material on the market. This is the first fresh move since 'Chill Out' and the Stones concerts and it is what we doctors refer to as the 'worst Black Uhuru record ever' syndrome. Under a hubbub of overdubbed party noises, we find Sly Dunbar whacking away at that traditional Sly beat which has by now adorned as many bad records as it has good ones; the Compass Point sound tick-tocking along like some form of Jamaican water torture, and Michael Rose sounding completely lost and disinterested as soon as he addresses himself to a subject other than brimstone, Babylonian iniquity and sufferation. Toots, on the other hand, is newly bereft of the Maytals and comes up with a rather belated answer record to Marvin's 'Sexual Healing.' Sly is dead fond of this beat, and he's already used it on the Jimmy Riley 'Sexual Healing' cover that he and Robbie Shakespeare did last year. Toots sounds suitably full of conviction – even though a little subdued – but regretfully the score here is still SEX 10, SPIRITUALITY 4. And now back to the studio . . .

AND OTHERS . . .

MARTIN ANSELL: I'll Be In The Jungle (*EMI*) A bright young man with photogenic stubble announces coyly that his name is Mowgli and if anybody wants him, he'll be in the jungle. Or – to be more precise – crouching elegantly among the potted plants.

HOT CLUB: It Ain't Me Girl (*RAK*) The publishers of an obscure Bob Dylan song called 'It Ain't Me Babe' are advised to listen quite closely to this one, being as jangly an example of freeze-dried power-pop as could be desired. Looking more closely at the vacuous quartet on the cover, it is possible to detect a person with an astonishing resemblance to Mr Powerpop himself, Glen Matlock, still searching for a big score that won't blow up in his face. This one not only won't blow up in his face, but it won't go off at all.

BILLY JOEL: Tell Her About It (*CBS*); STEVE HARLEY: Ballerina (*RCA*); JON & VANGELIS: He Is Sailing (*Polydor*) Duff, duff, duff! It's well known that age has nothing to do with an artist's qualifications for being an old crock, but these three ghastly little objects are a clear example of the way that old pop leaves nasty rings around the musical sink which somehow never scrub away. Steve Harley never quite captured Dylan's winge and whimsy as well as Ian Hunter (and you don't hear much of him these days, either) but his music is now so appallingly dreary that it's quite possible that he could do exceptionally well in the States at last. Billy Joel already does command a massive audience of *things* in the USA, and this gutless, brainless and spineless nonsense becomes almost frightening when you realise that it's actually popular. Jon Anderson still sounds like the eternal self-satisfied choirboy, and his friend with the keyboard would do better to keep his Emulator for movie soundtracks.

BRILLIANT: Colours (*Rough Trade*) In the late '60s, something called 'progressive rock' was invented, and much of it consisted of lengthy improvisations for guitar and keyboard based on a handful of blues changes. Now that 15 years have passed and we've managed to leave all that old crap behind, we now have a spate of records like this: a lengthy improvisation for funk(ish) bass with the chorus pedal on full and a crunch beat garnished with synth chords, plus a few sex noises thrown in for interest. It certainly demonstrates that Youth's been working on his bass playing and that drum machines certainly keep the beat pretty accurately, but the resulting noise is neither radical nor accessible.

WHITESNAKE: Guilty Of Love (*Liberty*) An extract – so I'm told – from a forthcoming album to be entitled 'Slide It In', this comes complete with a cover shot of David Coverdale in handcuffs, which would suggest that in this case 'love' is something of a fairly criminal nature. Out of all of the pop spectrum, it would appear that Heavy Metal fans are the ones least likely to act on their fantasies, so they're probably content to be great big dominating barbarian brutes in the peace and quiet of their own heads. However, even Whitesnake would blanch at such an absurd example of Rampant No Taste as . . .

THE GENOCIDES: Honey This Ain't No Romance (*Flicknife*) Yep, it's the old New York Dolls School of Put Down That Gurl polemics again. The B-side's even entitled 'Rich Bitch Take Your Hands Off Me' as if this sorry-looking bunch would find the chance a fine thing. The Genocides (*great* name, boys, ever considered teaming up with Skrewdriver for a few gigs?) seem to be adopting this kind of stance out of a simpleminded harking back to old-fashioned rebel-rock attitudes, and don't seem to have any notion that the symbolism with which they juggle so clumsily actually *means* something.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD: Jealous Lover (*EMI*) Basic Britfunk: smooth as silk but not quite so shiny. LOTW choose a 'Brick House'-style groove around which to rally after an intro so portentious that it seems as nothing short of *The Ten Commandments II* could follow. It's so gauzy that it takes a listen to the instrumental to realise just how much grit is laid down for the traction. When it takes off, though, it's almost exhilarating.

RICKIE LEE JONES: Under The Boardwalk (*Warner Brothers*) The classic song about bathing and boyfriends looks a little tired under its tan after all these exposures. I'm off back to Holgar Czukay's pool.

Page design: Peter Muller

NME's 2ND ANNUAL PHOTO COMPETITION SPONSORED BY PHOTOMARKETS AND OLYMPUS

SHOOT YOUR SHOT

So stand-to all you shutter-bugs. Here's the second of three opportunities to stake a place in the big shoot-out of *NME's* 2nd Annual Photography Competition. Those hot-shot'ers who devoured last week's *NME* will already know the game plan, for those late-comers who didn't here's the scam: read *all* the rules carefully, submit (no more than three) entries of *the kind of photographs you'd expect to see within the boundaries of NME's familiar pictorial content – music or related youth culture subjects*, mail them off as instructed and special hand-picked, keen-eyed, house-trained professional experts will select the ultimate top of the shots.

The panel of judges will include: *NME's* own Pennie Smith, Neil Spencer (Editor, *NME*), Barry Taylor (Managing Direct of Olympus Cameras), Geoff Ash (Public Relations for Olympus), Barry Young (Managing Director of Photomarkets (UK) Ltd) and Roy Carr (*NME*).

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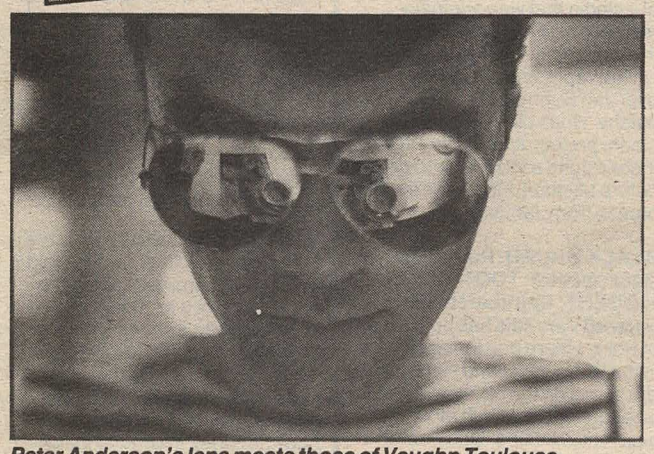
– The Editor



Peter Anderson's lens meets those of Vaughn Toulouse

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GOING FOR

The last of the swingers, the first of the rockers, altoist LOUIS JORDAN'S influence stretches through BB King and David Bowie to the '80s jive jumpers. FRED DELLAR affectionately examines Jordan's monumental career as the ace base.

LIONEL HAMPTON was *the* hottest thing in black music.

He'd formed a big 17 piece outfit that simply tore audiences apart.

The saxes honked and screamed, the trumpets breathed smoke and the rhythm section rocked so hard that ballroom bobbysoxers and their beaus were forced to jitterbug and jive till exhaustion left them in untidy heaps upon the maple floor.

It was '43. Memorable for Hamp. The year that he picked up the *Metronome* top band plaudit. When he flew down to Kansas City to indulge in a Battle Of The Bands contest, a sell-out was predicted.

The seers were right. By the time Hamp arrived, some 14,000 perspiring young bodies had been jammed into the city auditorium.

Hamp, he turned it all on. Pounded the drums, jiggled his sticks, played speed-of-light vibes, indulged in his two-fingered pianistics and yelled encouragement as the band rabble-roused in its wildest manner.

With no room to dance, the kids simply stood and yelled back, waiting for the inevitable finale – 'Flying Home', Hamp's killer-diller, a no-prisoners-taken assault on a riff, which left all rival bands with no moves left to make.

As the hysteria abated, on ambled Louis Jordan, a musical good-humour man. Short, dapper and ready-to-please. As his little combo took its place on the stand, he beamed at the outfront punters, winked knowingly and began to sing.

"I tell you baby, we're gonna move away from here. I don't want no iceman lookin' in my Frigidaire – that's why we're gonna mo-oo-ve to the outskirts of town," he sang, before blowing his first pithy choruses on his well-travelled alto. Hamp couldn't believe what was happening.

"He just played the blues," he complained later. "Louis, with piano, bass and drums, just playing the blues. And he cut my ass. He really cut my ass!"

THE DAPPER Jordan had the ability to cut anyone's ass.

For, after learning his trade as a teenage dancer and musician with The Rabbit Foot Minstrels, the outfit that had given Bessie Smith her start, he toured with the great Ma Rainey, Queen Of The Blues then, after working with several bands, became compère, vocalist and sideman with Chick Webb's Band at the very time that the little hunchback drummer's outfit was devastating the Savoy, Harlem. One night, Benny Goodman, the man dubbed The King Of Swing came to challenge the resident Webb band. Four thousand punters were crowded into the hall, while another five thousand were turned away. And on the venue's two bandstands, the two rivals fought a steamheat battle; the Goodman orchestra, packed with jazz superstars, playing its heart out.

"Then," reported *Metronome's* George Simon," the men of Webb came back and blew the roof off the Savoy. The crowd screamed, yelled and whistled with delirium."

After which it was no contest.

"The Savoy was a place of tremendous enthusiasm and the home of fantastic dancing," pianist Mary Lou Williams later recollected. "Webb was acknowledged king and any visiting band could depend on catching hell from little Chick. For he was a crazy drummer and shrewd to boot."

Louis Thomas Jordan, he was shrewd too. And he learnt; all there was to know about sheer bluesfeel from Rainey. Learnt the art of cutting rival bands to shreds from the hunchback hero, Webb.

By the time that Jordan quit the Webb band, in 1938, he knew all he needed to. He'd formed a vocal style that could woo whites yet get the new-fangled jukeboxes in the ghettos jumping. His sax playing was distinctive too. Angry, yet with a tinge of blue. Given the right material, he could hardly fail.

The 'right' material came in 1942. By then Jordan was leading his Tympany Five – usually a seven or eight piece outfit – and playing white halls one week, black joints the next. He'd amassed a number of hits in the 'race' charts – black music discs usually emanated from a 'race' or 'sepia' series in those days – but then he waxed 'G.I. Jive' and crossed over into the pop charts, eventually going top five.

It wasn't much of a song really. Just a hepper-than-thou ditty about wartime army life, that ran: *"It's the G.I. jive, man alive, they wake you in the morning blowin' reveille over your head."* But the John Wayne brigade liked it and so did thousands of others.

Happily, there were better things to come. Jumping things like 'Choo-Choo Boogie' and the double-sided 'Saturday Night Fish Fry', blues-cruises such as 'Buzz Me' and even semi-rap chunks of humour like 'Open The Door, Richard' and 'Beware', the last named proving one of the most hilarious records ever to emerge from the whole R&B genre, Jordan offering such advice to would-be bachelors as *"When she calls you on the telephone and asks darling, are you all alone, tell her no, you've got three girls with you!"* and *"If you go to a show and she wants to sit in the back row, take her down front, take her right down front!"*.

Behind his vocal and the band's shouts of encouragement, pianist Will Bill Davis comps, the bassist walks, the drummer never stops swinging and the trumpeter and guitarist add neat fills, three horns locking to provide a tough opening come-on and the final ride-out.

On the face of things, an amusing record. Dissected, it's brilliantly conceived, flawless. Funny, jumping, hot – the very essence of Tympany Five music.

THROUGH SUCH records Jordan made money. A lot of money. So much, in fact, that he didn't even complain when the kids outside the Apollo stole his hubcaps and sold them back to him.

There were times when he *really* lost out, however. After writing 'Caldonia', his third Top 10 hit, he listed his wife Fleecie Moore as the song's author in order to rook his existing publisher. But Fleecie, "fled the scene salty", decided to split, having all royalty cheques forwarded to her new address. And in later years, when he played venues in Reno and Las Vegas, he constantly came a bad second to the croupiers, eventually owing nearly $10,000 over and above his salary.

Even so, the good times rolled for Louis Jordan in the '40s. In Britain, he was revered by the kids.

Cy Farrant, a teenager in '48, remembers: "In those days it was all drape suits, gaberdine from Cecil Gee's, and flashy, made in America ties. Most nights we went to this dance club nicknamed The Spit And Dribble, up in Harlesden High Street. It was really no more than a shop converted into a kind of dancing school by a buxom lady named Nina Dribble.

Eye poppin' finger hoppin' Louis Jordan. Pic William Gottlieb.

"There, downstairs, a pianist called Charlie played boogie, Meade Lewis and Albert Ammons style. And, up in the dance area they played records, the better things by The Andrews Sisters – 'House Of Blue Lights', 'Atlanta GA' etc – but most of all it was records by Louis Jordan that really got the place going – records like 'Boogie Woogie Blue Plate' and 'Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens'.

"All the kids bought Jordan records, just like they buy Duran Duran today. They were massive hits in Britain, but nobody realises that now because no charts existed until 1952. But we all bought those records. We had to. Because that was the only way we were gonna hear the Tympany Five. There wasn't much in the way of radio and no American musicians were allowed to tour here because of a ban imposed by the British MU."

IN THE States, Jordan also ruled the R&B roost.

"With my little band we did everything they did with a big band," he later said. "And while some jazzmen really wanted to play mostly for themselves, I still wanted to play for the people."

Some jazz buffs resented his success, just as they had resented Louis Armstrong's commercial acceptance in the '30s. "Raucous," they described Jordan's band sound, "squealing and honking" they claimed of his sax-playing. When rock 'n' roll came along they

THE LONG JUMP!

probably all died of heart-failure.

Eventually, Jordan's luck *did* run out. The public tired of his sound and he began ringing the changes, forming a big band – a ploy which was extremely ill-timed economically – cutting some sides with Nelson Riddle's Orchestra, and, finally, quitting Decca for a new label.

The last session for Decca came in January, 1954, just a couple of months later Decca signed Bill Haley, a Philadelphian cowboy who'd led such bands as The Saddletramps and The Four Aces of Western Swing before switching to his particular brand of jump music. They placed him in the care of chubby producer Milt Gabler, the man who'd helped shape many of Jordan's hits, and with tenorist Joey D'Ambrosia (soon replaced by Rudy Pompilli) emulating Jordan's fierce alto attack, Haley and His Comets moved on to become part of rock history.

Jordan, an originator, neglected as the rockers took over the whole teen world, claimed that it was just a case of mighty whitey taking over.

"Rock 'n' roll was not a marriage of R&B and country and western. That's white pubicity," he explained to writer Arnold Shaw. "Rock 'n' roll was just a white imitation, a white adaptation of Negro R&B."

Ill-health also began hitting the Jordan career. He could no longer tour for long periods. A couple of months on the road and he'd be flat on his back in his Phoenix home. When record sessions came along they generally meant reprising the old hits in glorious hi-fi. It was the big '50 fade-out. Shame.

Gradually though, the legend grew: Chuck Berry, Ray Charles, Bo Diddley and the new black heroes of the revolution cited Jordan as a major influence. BB King claimed that he walked the eight miles to Indianola to once catch a Jordan gig.

In Britain too, a few remembered just how important Louis Jordan had been.

In 1962, while Mark Wynter was emoting over 'Venus In Blue Jeans' and Frank Ifield yodelled 'I Remember You', Chris Barber, a Trad Dad not so blinkered as many of his contemporaries brought Jordan in to play his first ever British gigs and also make an album. Barber had previously witnessed Jordan's frantic antics at a Harlem venue, where he and bop altoist Sonny Stitt did the splits whilst trading licks.

"But offstage he was a quiet, very likable man. Very methodical too. He had this book which was absolutely filled with phone numbers, addresses and birthdays. Each day he would go through it and send off cards who had a birthday coming up. He once said that if he ever wanted to work in any place at any time, all he had to do was to call one of the numbers in his book and he'd be fixed up."

In some ways it wasn't the happiest of tours for Jordan. The plane on which he was due to arrive was diverted by fog and the British climate also resulted in him losing his voice, thus missing his first three dates. It's Jordan's voice that Barber now finds unforgettable.

"Working with him we discovered that he wasn't just an excellent musician but also an outstanding vocalist. I think he was always disappointed that his singing hadn't received much in the way of recognition. When he was with the Chick Webb band he *was* one of the band's two singers, the other being Ella Fitzgerald. But while people always remember Ella as being vocalist with Chick, they always think of Louis as merely a sax-player who also sang a little. I think he was but hurt by that because he really was fine singer who sang great blues."

Any quirks? Barber remembers one.

"He loved banjo players, he'd listen to them for hours. Perhaps it was something to do with his early days when he worked with a minstrel band. Anyway, we played him this old jazz record that had three banjoists on it and afterwards he just kept playing it and playing it all afternoon. He really loved banjos!"

IT WOULD be nice to feel that the trip to Britain provided the eye-rolling altoist with some fillip, some additional incentive to assert himself once more. Maybe it did and maybe it didn't. But when he returned to the States he did reform the Tympany Five for the first time in years and scuffling on the West Coast club circuit.

However, the beat boom had set in and, once more, Jordan's jump and jive was forced to park in a back street while the main parade went by. Not that he was ever on the dole queue. His well-maintained pocket book saw to that.

Indeed, in 1973 he played the prestigious Newport Jazz Festival, toured Europe, and made an album for Black and Blue that showed him to be as invigorating a performer as ever, though one mainly reliant on such perennials as 'Caldonia' and 'Saturday Night Fish Fry'. Though in his '60s, he hadn't slowed down. At club dates he romped, stomped, contorted his face to express humour, amazement, lasciviousness – often within the space of one song – and he'd kick his leg up over his head in a manner that suggested he just couldn't force enough joy through his sweat-tarnished sax.

During 1974 Jordan teamed up with Johnny and Shuggie Otis to record an album for Johnny's Blue Spectrum label. Again it was a worthy effort though one which reiterated former successes. In all events it was Jordan's last throw of the dice.

On February 4, 1975, he suffered a heart attack while at his home in LA, and finally moved to the outskirts of a town inhabited by Otis Redding, Bessie Smith, Jimi Hendrix and others who had helped shape the course of popular music.

Today it's easy to denigrate the efforts of current jive jumpers – bands like Roman Holiday, The Chevalier Brothers, The Jumpin' Belafontes, The Stargazers, and Pete Thomas' Jumpin' Jive. Easy to say that they're trenbenders, merely stopping over before moving onto the next big thing. Easy to suggest that if they worked until Reagan presses the button they'll never emulate Jordan. Then, not even back in the groove juice '40s was there a band that could do that.

But at least some young musicians of the '80s are proving that they're mindful of one of the great all-time innovators – a musician previous generations of horn-toters, guitar-sharps and keyboard caperers have chosen to ignore while they went about their business of becoming the Haleys of their day.

So, whatever their shortcomings — long may they jump.

This is the altoist and vocalist from whom Bill Haley stole his rock'n'roll.

'Look Out . . . ! (Charly)
'The Best Of Louis Jordan' (MCA)
'Choo-Choo ChBoogie' (MFP)
'Go Blow Your Horn' (Score)
'The Last Swinger, The First Rocker' (Eurodisc)
'Great Rhythm And Blues Oldies' (Blues Spectrum)
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Boots

"Jobcentre? Any vacancies for former actors?" James Fox tries out a new career in an old phone booth.

SILVER SCREEN

WHAT MAKES BRITAIN GRATE?

Runners

DIRECTOR: Charles Sturridge
STARRING: James Fox, Jane Asher, Kate Hardie, Eileen O'Brien (Cinegate)

WE SEEM mired in a cheap and literal age – one lacking the perception of anything mystical, allegorical or metaphorical. A bad environment for film-makers whose skill lies in orchestrating, deepening and intertwining visual and narrative resonances; who deliver the kind of revelations you receive only in the cinema.

All the more appreciation to the team who make Stephen Poliakoff's *Runners* such a telling and eerie tale for our times. Like Richard Eyre with McEwan's *Ploughman's Lunch*, director Sturridge (who helmed *Brideshead*) and producer Barry Hanson (who produced *Out* as well as two Poliakoff tele-dramas) have fleshed the screenplay into much more than a study of 'modern characters' or 'our' Britain versus previous versions. As its title implies, *Runners* deals with much more basic issues – with the fatalistic and obsessive facets of the British psyche which Poliakoff posits as perpetuating a genuine crisis of national character.

The story it recounts is deceptively 'real'. A child goes missing – but the action really gets into gear after the newsworthiness of her disappearance wears off, leading Mum into resignation and father (James Fox) into a more and more dogged search. During the course of this he meets an upper-middle-class mother (Jane Asher) who lost her son at exactly the same time. She also refuses to give up hope.

Central to the whole meaning of the film is the pairing of Asher and Fox, returned to the present after those separate trajectories into which the 'Swinging '60s' launched them. The slim, steely redhead who almost lost career and sanity during a long battle with anorexia, and the former drug abuser who took refuge in religion have appeared before as husband and wife on telly. That was in a play about an ex-hippie couple agonising over their inability to conceive a child.

Runners uses them again as '60s icons, to force a confrontation between Britain's seemingly secure past and the shaky present – and to condemn both periods. Once Asher and Fox meet in London their search takes on all the aspects of the kids' holiday, and we see that survivors of the '60s make uneasy parents partly because they can't stop being children.

But neither can they realise their past for what it was: an illusory era of possibilities floated on paper money. The genuine chaos and bleakness of its collapse – peppered by the plastic divertissements of pop culture – comprises their childrens' inheritance. And those children can't afford even the option of being indulged. Fox's daughter Rachel, rediscovered after two years living a perfectly ordinary life in London, reveals that she ran to end her fear of never having work, by finding some.

Whether or not such a case is 'true to life' is not the point; what the film demonstrates is that for several successive generations now, Britain's feted '60s heyday is meaningless in every sense.

It's a point made with great cumulative impact but also with great compassion and exquisitely sensitive direction. The slightly paunchy Fox is excellent as a loving Liverpudlian Dad who grew up playing in a band with dreams to spare of acting ("sort of a Stockport Orson Welles"). A Technicolour portrait of Elvis still presides over his hallway – but one day he realises that his younger daughter Lucy has never even been to a cinema.

It takes the dirty, crumbling, capital (strewn with rubbish and plastered with Flood Warnings) to show her father that Rachel has been allowed no dreams . . . only fears. Yet she displays a stubborn will towards hope which he has to admire.

Both generations are shown struggling against the culture's routine manipulations, too. Held captive in her father's hotel room in an attempt to coerce her home, the recalcitrant Rachel screams over and over for "*somebody* to help me!"; but a flick of the paternal hand drowns her voice – in meaningless schlock rock from the hotel telly. In his turn, Fox soliloquises brokenly: "All the time I was looking for you I thought it would be like a police series on telly . . . If only it were ture.".

Runners is laced with references, from the fact that Fox first re-locates Rachel at Powis Square (site of Turner's palais in *Performance*) to a glimple of Beth Gutcheon's book *Still Missing* at a D-I-Y Missing Persons Support Society. (*Still Missing* became the screenplay for a similar film plot in *Without A Trace*). Almost everyone in this film gets a laugh at the expense of the little D-I-Y society with its borrowed premises and its absurd attendees, yet it is their advice – never give up hope and muster all one's imagination – which leads to the eventual reconciliations and realisations.

Not so much a radical message as a vital one.

Cynthia Rose

Kevin Van Heneryck gets a helping hand from his brother.

GROWTH INDUSTRY?

APART FROM the graceless wit of its title, Frank Henenlotter's *Basket Case* has one or two other things going for it which lift it beyond the usual splatter fare. Not *far* beyond, but far enough to be worth noting. One is the sheer grossness of the central idea — sort of a Thalidomide Revenge Tragedy — in which a charming young chap (Kevin Van Heneryck) carries round a basket containing the still living (and thoroughly bloodlusty) remains of his brother, who first saw life as a deformed growth on Heneryck's side; together, they're searching for the doctors who separated them and left the growth in the dustbin.

Another is the treatment afforded the couple's co-boarders at the seedy hotel off Times Square, a distinctive caricatured realism similar to those sections of *Performance* dealing with the villains. Indeed, the first parade of these savagely-etched oddballs and deadbeats is so striking and unusual for the genre — you see straight away they're not just cardboard victims — that it's easy to be tricked into thinking maybe this might be a kind of *Splatter a la Scorsese*.

It's not. It *is*, however, a film which tacks skilfully between humour and horror, though both are aimed at the lowest possible level. You know that awful "funny" poster showing a pair of hands coming out of a toilet bowl? Well, *Basket Case* brings it to the screen with an apparent lack of shame that you'll either find quite beguiling or completely alienating. For me it was the latter, I'm afraid.

Andy Gill

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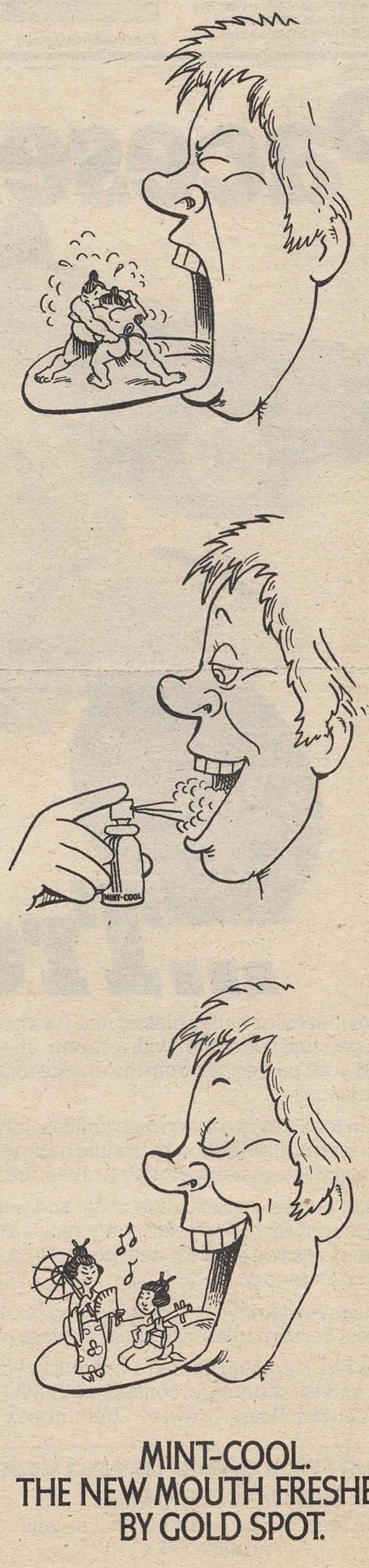

MINT-COOL.
THE NEW MOUTH FRESHENER
BY GOLD SPOT.

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY AUGUST 4

Shelley. Irony in the UK: the current series of *Shelley* repeats seem funnier the second time around, as the sardonic asides about Thatcherism and Britain in the '80s creep ever closer to home. This episode—in which Shelley swaps meditative chit-chat with a weirdo in a cafe—is one of the best. **(Thames)**
Lou Grant. Lou gets shot by a street hoodlum, presumably in the pay of the moral majority. **(Thames)**
Car 54 Where Are You? Toody and his wife (the one with a voice like an air-raid siren) move into a new flat. Problems arise when the flat's previous occupant—a crook—gets released from jail. **(C4)**
Bewitched. Dumb but loveable—and what a nose! **(C4)**
So You Want To Stop Smoking? Not particularly, but since Michael Palin's on, I might watch. **(BBC1)**
Raintree County (Directed by Edward Dmytryk 1957). Did Elizabeth Taylor ever do a film shorter than two hours? This tedious Civil War romance—a ghost of *Gone With The Wind*—clocks in at a massive 168 minutes, cut from an unbearable 187. Monty Clift provides cult interest. **(BBC2)**

FRIDAY AUGUST 5

Switch. With Style Council and The Farmer's Boys. Who could resist? Me, for one. **(C4)**
One Hour With You (Ernst Lubitsch and George Cukor 1932). The Friday night series of classic comedies is proving to be one of Channel 4's best ideas; what better way to end the working week than with the likes of *Nothing Sacred, Trouble In Paradise* or *Hellzapoppin'*? This innovative *melange* of song, satire and sophistication, started by Cukor under Lubitsch's control, and finished by Lubitsch himself, looks like keeping up the standard. Smoothie Chevalier stars. **(C4)**
Jazz On Four: Crossing Bridges. And what better way to end the evening than with the likes of Fred Frith and Ron Geesin messing about on stringed thingies that bear only a passing resemblance to guitars? Send your lists to Honkin' Dick Cook c/o *NME*. **(C4)**
Diabolically Yours (Julien Duvivier 1967). Alain Delon loses his memory, forgets how to act. Nobody notices. **(BBC1)**

The Dook in El Dorado

SATURDAY AUGUST 6

The Great Scout And Cathouse Thursday (Don Taylor 1976). Cumbersome title hides turn-of-the-century tale of snake, swindle, prostitutes and boxing, starring Lee Marvin (wasn't he great in *The Killers*?) and Ollie Reed. A comedy, apparently. **(LWT)**
The Tube. Have you noticed how nothing dates as quickly as recently-past pop music? No? Then check out these repeats of *The Tube*. **(LWT)**
The Best Of Laurel And Hardy (compilation, 1971). Ian Penman and Monty Smith in some of their funniest moments (round about 3pm, if I remember rightly). **(C4)**
Hot For Dogs. "Zany" and "fast moving", it says in C4's programme notes. Spandau Ballet appear this week. Spot the contradiction. **(C4)**
A Cage For The Sun. Documentary about international group of atomic scientists trying to create an everlasting energy source by copying the processes that power the sun. You don't suppose this could be *dangerous* . . .? **(C4)**

Stella Stevens and Jason Robards in The Ballad Of Cable Hougue

Are You With It? (Jack Hively 1948). Musical featuring Donald O'Connor as maths genius who turns it all in to join the carnival. Sounds awful, but what a great title, eh? **(BBC2)**
Lady On A Train (Charles David 1945). Loath though I am to clap eyes and ears on a film starring Deanna Durbin, I might just make an exception in the case of this comic murder-mystery. Deanna witnesses a murder on a train (sound familiar?), then gets involved with the deceased's weirdo family. **(BBC2)**
El Dorado (Howard Hawks 1967). Comic western loosely parodying Hawks' own *Rio Bravo*, the one featuring Wayne, 'Dipso Dean' Martin and Ricky Nelson. This time around it's Sheriff Robert Mitchum with the drink problem, and James Caan who helps Wayne pull the old sot together. Ed (Lou Grant) Asner sticks his sourpuss in here and there. **(BBC1)**
The Wolf Man (George Waggner 1941).
Frankenstein Meets The Wolf Man (Roy William Neill 1943). "Not a 'Thing' . . . but a mortal man—living horror . . . with its unearthly body a twitching tomb of strange desires". So claimed Universal when Lon Chaney (Jr) first raised his hirsute head in 1941. The original's not bad—though it can hardly live up to that line about "a twitching tomb of strange desires"—but any attempt at a convincing suspension of disbelief goes right out the window with *Frankenstein Meets The Wolf Man*, one of the first of those multi-monster flicks which attempted to double the take by doubling the demons, and which ended up with Frankenstein, Dracula, The Wolf Man, The Mummy, The Daddy, Abbott, Costello, Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all getting together for coffee mornings and the occassional bout of terrorising the neighbourhood. **(BBC2)**

SUNDAY AUGUST 7

The First World Athletics Championships. By 'First World', do they mean only Euros and Yanks can compete? The opening day (of eight) includes the heats of the men's 800 metres and the women's marathon. Those of you forced to stay at home all day can at least watch the live transmissions every afternoon on **(BBC1)**
The German Grand Prix. Who cares who wins when Motor-Mouth Murray Walker's on hand to confuse us? Some enterprising record company ought to collect Murray's pronouncements together on an album; file under 'Comedy', of course. **(BBC2)** Unlike
The Comedians (Peter Glenville 1967), which isn't very funny. The Graham Greene story about political intrigue in Haiti drags when transferred to the screen, despite the presence of Burton, Ustinov, Guinness and Gish to pep things up. Liz Taylor "stars". A mere 160 minutes long. **(BBC2)**
Babble. New panel game in which contestants drag *double-entendres* out of the most innocent words. Panellists include Tim Brooke-Taylor and—surprise, surprise!—Willie Rushton. **(C4)**
The Painted Veil (Richard Boleslawski 1934). Minor Garbo vehicle set in Hong Kong, in which she plays a woman torn between hubbie Herbert Marshall and lover George Brent. For Garbo cultists only. **(C4)**

MONDAY AUGUST 8

Here's Lucy. The later Lucille Ball series (without the deeply unloveable Desi Arnaz) starts with an episode entitled *Mod, Mod Lucy*. How quaint! **(C4)**
Ear To The Ground. The most boring teen magazine programme of them all delves fearlessly into the exam system. Given that it doesn't seem to matter much whether you've got qualifications coming out your ears these days, this seems a bit like locking the stable door after the horse has trotted off down the dole. **(C4)**
The Ballad Of Cable Hogue (Sam Peckinpah 1970). Curious comic western from the usually hard and gory Peckinpah. Jason Robards gets left to die in the desert, discovers a waterhole and sets up as entrepreneur, flogging water to the thirsty; ambitious whore Stella Stevens joins him in search of the good life, and self-ordained preacher David Warner tags along to compound the eccentricity. Beautifully shot, as usual, by Lucien Ballard. Peckinpah's slant on the Old West mythos is as interesting as anybody's, even in a low-key fable like this. **(BBC1)**

TUESDAY AUGUST 9

The Dick Van Dyke Show: One Angry Man. Rob serves on a jury, and finds himself in sympathy with the beautiful blonde defendant . . . **(C4)**
Lenny Henry At Six Fifty-Five. Should be one of the better shows in this series. With music from Harvey And The Wallbangers. **(BBC2)**
Return Engagement (Joseph Hardy 1978). As if the Beeb's Liz Taylor season weren't bad enough, C4 chime in with this made-for-TV effort starring Liz as an ancient history professor (how apt!) whose quiet life is shattered by student Timothy Bottoms. One consolation: it's only 90 minutes long. **(C4)**

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 10

The Munsters: The Most Beautiful Ghoul In The World. The family inherit $10,000; Lily and Marian open a beauty parlour with their share, while Herman and Grandpa spend theirs on a new invention. The best-laid plans of mouse and Munster, however, gang aft agley (whatever that means). **(C4)**
Quest For Love. Ambitious drama improvisations by Philip Saville—who directed *Boys From The Blackstuff*—in which seven middle-class women deal with the subject of marriage. Body language by Desmond Morris, grunt language by Anthony Burgess, one presumes. **(C4)**
Clive James At Six Fifty-Five. Well . . . maybe. **(BBC2)**
Film Buff Of The Year—The Final . . . and we still haven't found out who was Key Grip on *Citizen Kane*. **(BBC2)**
The Super Cops (Gordon Parks 1974). Two young cops earn the nicknames Batman and Robin for their unorthodox way of dealing with crooks. Not for the faint-hearted, one hopes—or maybe they're not *that* unorthodox. **(BBC1)**
Worlds Apart: The South-East Nuba. Documentary about the Sudanese tribe photographed by former Nazi film-maker Leni Riefenstahl; since her book was published, the place has apparently been inundated by tourists, with adverse consequences on their culture. One wonders whether the *Worlds Apart* team think they are helping with the destruction of a culture, or preventing it—after all, this kind of programme is little more than tourism by proxy at the best of times. **(BBC2)**

Andy Gill

Roy Carr makes a rare appearance in The Wolf Man

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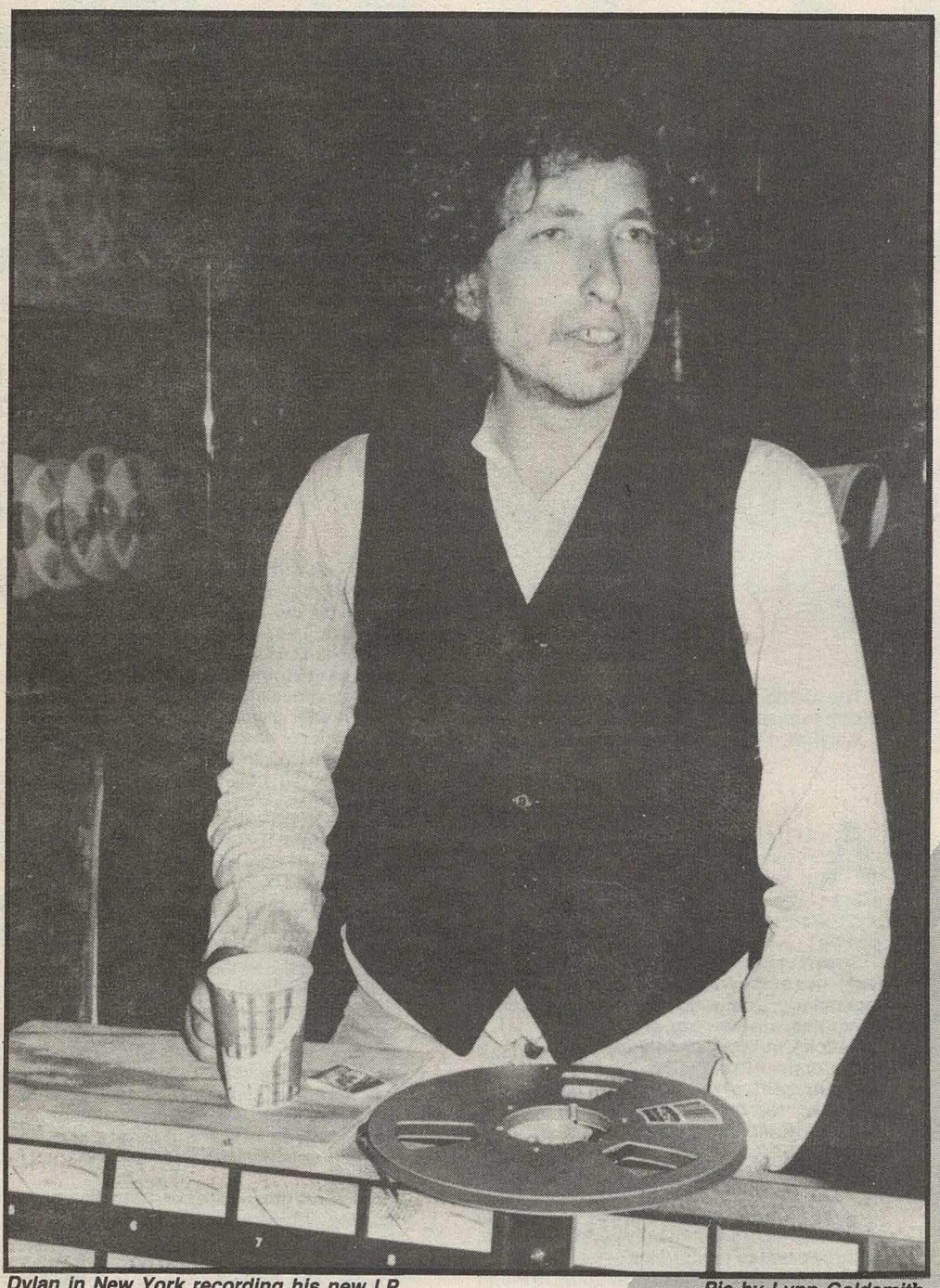


Dylan in New York recording his new LP *Pic by Lynn Goldsmith*

Bob Dylan goes in search of Robert Zimmerman while recording his new LP in New York. MARTIN KELLER prompts him to rediscover himself in this exclusive interview. Pix: LYNN GOLDSMITH

IN THE early morning hours over the Independence Day weekend, Bob Dylan stands in a friend's room at the Empire Hotel, anxiously listening to a ghetto blaster playing a new song from his forthcoming album. Dylan's nasal tones cut through the sounds from the busy New York street below. The lyrics fall in their usual unpredictable cadence.

The words have an even more ironically charged air as darkness begins to lift in an east window. *"They say that patriotism is the last refuge to which a scoundrel clings,"* Dylan croons. *"Steal a little and they'll throw you in jail/Steal a lot and they make you a King/ There's only one step down from here baby/ And it's called the land of permanent bliss/ What's a sweetheart like you doing in a dump like this?"*

"I guess that's a Byronesque ballad," Dylan says jokingly when the cut 'Sweetheart Like You' ends. "Sort of like 'Childe Harold In Babylon' or Elizabethan rhythm and blues."

Dylan's good humour at four in the morining is matched by his friendly and unusually receptive manner. A month of prodigious mixing and two months of recording shows in his tired face, especially around the eyes. Thirty songs were recorded for the upcoming and, as yet, untitled LP. Sixteen of them are new Dylan compositions, and one of the 14 tunes by others, Willie Nelson's 'Angels Flying Too Close To The Ground', may or may not end up on the finished product. "All that's left to do is the song sequencing, and then we'll slip it into a sleeve," Dylan says. The record should be out by September, but he is undecided about touring this year. He walks across the room in thick motorcycle boots worn over black slacks, his white cotton shirt open to the last button, exposing a cocoa tan torso.

Dylan plays another new song that will be on the LP called 'Man Of Peace'. He calls the tune a "slow drag blues". Driven by the rhythm section of reggae's, and now rock's, most sought-after sidemen, drummer Sly Dunbar and bassist Robbie Shakespeare, 'Man Of Peace' builds to a fierce rock climax.

Guitarist Mick Taylor fleshes out the lead track, piling up tension and pressure. Taylor's taut figures are overshadowed only by Dylan's crucial lyrics. 'Man Of Peace' is grounded in familiar Dylan turf, a land where things are not what they seem. The song calls to mind the Thomas Mann novella, *Mario And The Magician*, where manipulation of people and events occurs even under the most attractive circumstances and good intentions. Yet such appearances are wormy with illusions and deceptions. They could harbour facism; they could kindle evil. They might even mask art and freedon.

Likethe sulphur and smoke that lingers after a fourth of July celebration, questions about Dylan's beliefs have been hanging in the atmosphere ever since his conversion. Many will try to sniff out answers on the new record. "People want to know where I'm at," Dylan says caustically, "Because they don't know where they're at."

Dylan often leaves and enters the room next door, where phones are ringing and people are talking. Soon he returns and we continue.

What role did Mark Knopfler play on this album?

This is the easiest record I ever made because of Mark. He understood the songs so well. Of course he's a songwriter himself, you know, and one of the most sensitive guitar players around. He encouraged me to go to the studio when I didn't feel like it, when I'd rather have been someplace else. Actually we are soul mates. As far as guitar playing goes he never steps all over with fancy licks. Yeah, Mark was incredible. He helped make this record in a thousand ways, not only musically, which in itself would have been enough. Brilliant guy, I can't say enough about him.

Are you satisfied with most of the records you make?

No, no, it's unbearable to hear some of them, for me.I hear them, and I want to shut them off. The sound of my own voice . . . I can't get used to it, never have gotten used to it. Makes you wanna hide . . . I like all my records when I make them. It depends on different times. It's not like I sit around and listen to Bob Dylan stuff. I like 'Freewheelin'', and I like my first album. 'Shot Of Love' is my favourite, actually.

Who are your favourite contemporary singers?

Oh, let me see, Joe Cocker, I suppose. Graham Nash can sing. Van Morrison's fantastic. And so is Stevie Wonder, but of all of them, Joe's the greatest.

How has music changed recently?

You know the French say everything changes but stays the same. Actually it has become soulless and commercial. Lot of it is played with drum machines and synthesizers. Personally, I'd rather hear an orchestra and a real drummer. Machines don't have the depth of the human heart. There just isn't anyone home.

A lot of rock 'n' roll stars are being backed by big corporations for their tours. Are you ever going to do anything like that?

When The Clash do it, maybe, I'll think about it.

There's a refrain in 'Man Of Peace' that says, *"Sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace."* People hearing that may take it to mean you are still involved in Christianity.

So what if they say that?

I'm familiar with the expression in a religious context.

You can turn anything into a religious context. Religion is a dirty word. It doesn't mean anything. Coca Cola is a religion. Oil and steel are a religion. In the name of religion, people have been raped, killed and defiled. Today's religion is tomorrow's bondage.

Are there political songs on this record?

I don't write political songs. Political songs are slogans. I don't even know the definition of politics. At one time it could have been a good thing, but right now it's all part of that so-called corruptible crown. Like, you know, the law is a good thing until it's used against the innocent. Politics could be useful if it was used for good purposes. For instance, like feeding the hungry and taking care of the orphans. But it's not. It's like a snake with its tail in its mouth. A merry-go-round of sin. Latin America, for example, this is a political issue. All you hear about are US interests in Latin America.

But what are those interests? You can't find out. Show me an honest politician, and I'll show you a sanctified whore. You know that old story about the murderer who kills the judge and puts on his robe. But he's still a murderer. Corruption doesn't die, men die.

Is our legacy always going to continue to be war after war?

You know the toy manufacturers that make guns and tanks for small children? They are as much to be held responsible for death and destruction of the planet as any important arms manufacturer. They're just doing it for little people. They're the ones that start the assembly line of death. They light the match. In the end there's a supreme judge they'll have to answer to for this. Don't matter how expensive their suit is or how big their playhouses are. Of course, they'll plead ignorance, "Well, I never knew about it," they'll say. But they won't get off so easy, and there won't be no Nixon to pardon them.

What about all we've been reading about your search for your so-called Jewish roots?

My so-called Jewish roots are in Egypt. They went down there with Joseph, and they came back out with Moses, you know, the guy that killed the Egyptian, married an Ethiopian girl and brought the law down from the mountain. The same Moses whose staff turned into a serpent. The same person who killed 3,000 Hebrews for getting down, stripping off their clothes and dancing around a golden calf. These are my roots.

Jacob had four wives and 13 children, who fathered an entire people. Those are my roots too. Gideon, with a small army, defeating an army of thousands. Deborah, the prophetess. Esther the queen and many Canaanite women. Reuben slipping into his father's bed when his father wasn't there. These are my roots. Delilah tempting Samson, killing him softly with her song. The mighty King David was an outlaw before he was a king, you know. He had to hide in caves and get his meals at back doors. The wonderful King Saul had a warrant out on him – a 'no knock' search warrant. They wanted to cut his head off. John the Baptist could tell you more about it.

Roots man – we're talking about Jewish roots, you want to know more? Check upon Elijah the prophet. He could make rain. Isaiah the prophet, even Jeremiah, see if their brethren didn't want to bust their brains for telling it right like it is, yeah – these are my roots I suppose. Am I looking for them? Well, I don't know. I ain't looking for them in synagogues with six pointed Egyptian stars shining down from every window, I can tell you that much. But you know, it's sleepy time down south.

Do you believe in reincarnation?

Yeah – I do. I don't think there are any new souls on earth. Caesar, Alexandra, Nebuchadnezzar, Baal, Nimrod. They've all been here time and time again. Spirit talks to flesh – flesh talks to spirit. But you never know which is which. I'm not seeking the truth – nor was I ever. I was born knowing the truth. Everybody is. Trouble is they get it knocked out of them before they can walk.

What do you think about the current philosophy and modern trends?

You turn a deaf ear to all that can save you while pursuing a wall, a strange mirage. Seeking freedom where freedom isn't, and both your feet are caught in a trap, and you're bleeding to death but you can't feel it, 'cause you're high on the drugs if illusion.

I think that's what people look for in your work and what they'll be looking for on this upcoming record – whether you're still talking about those things and how you're talking about them.

I hope so. But no one's gonna buy anything or talk about anything that they don't understand. My work is understood in the blood of the heart. That's what messes all these people up, trying to talk about it. 'Cause they can't talk about it. The most they can do is try to categorize it. They call it folk-rock or white rhythm and blues or country-punk or religious message music. And it means nothing.

Most people's sensibilities are determined by the newspaper they read this morning, whether it be the *New York Daily News* or the *Wall Street Journal*. It's all the same. They cut down trees to print them all. What's the difference. It's doing nothing to get you into the world to come. No small wonder everyone's walking around insane. That's why I like the Waylon Jennings song, 'I've Always Been Crazy (But it Keeps Me From Going Insane)'.

When you go into a department store to buy an umbrella, your mind is attacked by fictitious sound – The B52's, The Pretenders or somebody – and you kind of end up drifting in and out while the cash registers ring.

I don't remember that being the purpose of music. The purpose of music is to elevate the spirit and inspire. Not to help push some product down your throat. To those who care now where Bob Dylan is at, they should listen to 'Shot Of Love' off the 'Shot Of Love' album. It's my most perfect song. It defines where I am at spiritually, musically, romantically and whatever else. It shows where my sympathies lie. No need to wonder if I'm this or that. I'm not hiding anything. It's all there in that one song. That's all you can ask.

THE LITTLE SCR
COMING TO

Are video games a The fastest growin square-eyed and sophisticated acti "arcade thumb" a teachers. TONY T this computer wor

START

QUITE THE BEST sagas begin with a legendary happening or apocryphal event — there's that drunken meeting between the child McCartney and the callow youth Lennon at a Liverpool school fete, for example — so it's fitting that the Video Game Story has one all its own.

According to the story, one summer a spotty but talented computer engineer and entrepreneur called Nolan Bushnell staggered into a Sunnyvale, Ca., bar called Andy Capp's bearing a coffin sized object fitted with a TV screen and two rotating handles. And a coin slot.

He plugged it in, confirmed (one assumes) his financial arrangements with Andy (or whoever was bartender that week), and cheesed off. The box turned out to be the first working prototype of the **Pong** video game, and before too long one or two curious habitués of Andy Capp's were shoving in the first quarters and twirling the paddles.

Within 36 hours the bar was on the phone to Bushnell. Come and fix it — it's stopped running. No, it hasn't broken, exactly. The thing is, Nolan, the damn coin slot's jammed full and the machine's gone haywire as a result.

Six months later Nolan Bushnell was a millionaire, on paper at least, and Silicon Valley had a new company: Atari.

Well, a lot of pixels have fluoresced since then, and for some years now Atari has been wholly owned by Mr Warner and his Brothers; and last year because they only grew 15 per cent Wall Street lopped 20-odd millions off their share value (they were expected to grow faster); and Nolan Bushnell is very rich and moreover about to start up a new company; and technology has moved on; and the early "arcade" games such as **Pong** have grown up mightily and people now play video games of arcade comparable graphic quality on domestic TV sets (without shoving in quarters for the privilege); and games machines have sprouted keyboards to encompass the later, formerly parallel, but now potentially even more gigantic, microcomputer boom . . . and new ailments have developed, like "Video Wrist" and "Arcade Thumb" (and, more seriously, Video Withdrawal), and sociologists and teachers and others with axes to grind are talking in Serious Tones and pulling the kinds of faces they pull whenever the subject of glue-sniffing comes up . . . and altogether a lot has been going on.

Apropos that last clause but one, the very fact that in video games we have an entity that is, or can be (a) massively stimulating, (b) expensive, (c) thought-provoking, (d) intoxicating, (e) colourful, (f) fast-moving and (g) undeniably bad for you in various ways if carried to excess should make the *prima facie* case that it shares a good many attributes with (h) sex, (i) drugs and (j) rock and roll.

Therefore I submit that if a reader of this distinguished weekly newspaper is not at least partially informed on the subject, it is because he or she is either (k) a snob or (l) a dummy. On that singularly tough-minded supposition, therefore, I shall continue.

IT'S ODDLY comforting that of all the aspects of cathode-ray fantasy, the technology that makes it all possible is, on balance, the least interesting thing about it.

Before people leap to their feet with cries of outrage and point out how many billion juvenile computer-programmers there are in the world today, let me add that computer-programming — games-writing — is not exactly an involvement with hi-tech; it is a technical business, and techniques are certainly involved, but even the very best program-originators need not know any more about the Ultimate Electronics of the machines they write for (or with) than is necessary to operate them.

Games (or software) writing is, after all, just another form of writing, full stop. The programmer wishes to achieve an effect (or combination of other effects, some of them random), which itself may be visual, audible and conforming to certain overriding time or length parameters. But this description also applies to musicians, painters, cinéasts, certain types of sculptor, and above all writers of fiction or poetry.

In each case the random factor is the unknowable input from the beholder, or spectator, or participant, or reactee. The time or length strictures correspond to the natural dictates of the piece of art in combination with its physical (or, alas, commercial) limits. The process of sub-creation is identical. So what we have, ladies and gentlemen, is that rarest of butterflies — a Wholly New Medium of Self-Expression.

So if the uttermost technology is of little interest to all except the most deeply dedicated, what is the area of *most* interest? The writing of computer fantasies and fast-moving video games? Certainly — to a good many. The achieving of perfectionist hand-and-eye co-ordination skills, for no purpose other than the pursuit of individual excellence at *something* (in a society that apparently denies more "legitimate" outlets for energy and determination)? Most decidedly.

The philosophical and social implications of the phenomenon? But of course.

But first, a few useful working definitions.

ACTUALLY, SOME of these are surprisingly difficult to articulate. For example, what are the differences, if any, between *arcade games, computer games* and the most ubiquitous term of all, *video games*?

Superficially, they are the same thing — at least they employ the same essential technology: a cathode ray screen, an internal computer with memory, and devices (joysticks, buttons, paddles) which the operator uses to signal his input to the computer, so that this may be displayed, in so-called "real time", on the screen, interacting with the "built-in" or pre-written program. But while arcade games are clearly only played, by definition, in pubs or arcades, the term *video games* can be used to apply to all three groups, in a general way — while it is *also* true that in a technically pedantic sense, all three are also *computer games*.

What most people have now come to mean by these labels is as follows:

Arcade games are large-memory, hi-resolution, expensive machines found in public place which only perform on the insertion of a coin, and usually only for a period defined by the value of the coin

combined with the skill of the player.

Video games are cheaper, limited-memory games played, via a piece of "hardware", on domestic TV sets; no money required after initial cash outlay. Games come in cartridge form, plug in, and can be played immediately, as many times as one whishes.

Computer games are games played on an actual microcomputer.

To confuse matters, many games are available right now in all three "formats" — and sometimes in formats *within* the formats. Take **Defender**. It started life, like so many do, as an arcade game; that means over 100 kilobytes of computer ROM memory (I'll explain this jargon in a second — for now, just think of it as "a lot"), a hi-resolution (more pixels to the square inch) screen, and ultra-heavy-duty joysticks. And a coin slot. So successful was it among the Heirs of the Pinball Wizards that Atari did a licensing deal with the originators and marketed a **Defender** cartridge to fit their standard, and now ageing, 2600 VSC dedicated domestic games machine. They also later made another version to fit their 400/800 series of home computers. Now, you can get free **Defender**-type programs in computer magazines, and dozens of small software companies in the USA and the UK market versions.

But some games are born and die on the arcades. Others are purpose-written for domestic VCR-type machines (and sometimes computers) and never hear so much as a single quarter rattle into a tin box. Some only exist in computer-software catalogues, and never come near a VCR or an arcade.

The games themselves differ wildly in content, style, method of operation and physical format. Arcade games are often (if not always) "shoot-'em-ups", with time penalties, score bonuses, and lots of sound and fury. Video games can be licensed arcade titles, and therefore with time penalties and scoring; or purpose-built "fantasies", such as **Advanced Dungeons And Dragons**, which does have a certain shoot-'em-up *ingredient* but cannot be said to depend on the quickness of hand and eye so much as on reasoning and nerve.

Computer games can be all of these, and often more: especially the "adventure" games which are superficially dry as dust and austere to the point of self-abnegation (no pretty graphics, you see), but which challenge the intellect exclusively and are therefore, wait for it, educational or at least self-improving as well as being intensely enjoyable. (Adventure games are only playable on computers because you need to do a fair amount of typing input.)

Methods of operation can be paddles, as in the original tennis based **Pong** game, or buttons (as in the earliest versions of **Space Invaders**), or most frequently, joysticks. There are also disc systems (Intellivision), or so-called "trackballs" — simply the best possible input device for certain types of game, such as **Missile Command**, in which a cue-ball is rotated at speed in a socket, the result being the instant reaction of the operator-controlled screen graphic.

Nor must one forget keyboards of the QWERTY variety, such as exist on all microcomputers and are now beginning to be available, as a bolt-on extra or "peripheral" (jargon), for hitherto-dedicated games

REEN MEN ARE O GET YOU!

serious threat to your health or just your wallet? g leisure industry in the world, it can make vid kids go delirious in front of their own TVs or with the more on in Amusement Arcades. And the side-effects of nd "video wrist" have already alarmed sociologists and YLER investigates the men, machines and money of ld. Photography: TOSHI YAJIMA.

machines, such as the VCS, the Intellivision, the Philips G7000, and especially the "third-generation" of games hardware such as Atari's new 5200 and CBS-ColecoVision's superb console.

In fact, yet another area of confusion lies in the rapidly-blurring difference between a down-market microcomputer and an up-market games machine. Not least in price — the cheapest micros cost far less than the best games machines.

IT'S TIME to unload some of this detritus of jargon that's beginning to weigh us down.

As briefly as possible, the quality (plot, graphics, different screens, etc) of any game depends above all on the *memory* of the computer on which it is designed to "run" or work. Memory can be measured either in Read Only terms (ROM), or Random Access (RAM), but comes down to the same thing in the end.

Still more specifically, ROM means what is stored, permanent, unalterable, and RAM means what the operator does, or what is temporarily stored. Memory is measured in *bytes*, a byte being eight "bits" and a "bit" being a 0 or a 1 in machine code, though a *kilobyte* or "K" is actually more than a thousand bytes.

Cartridges are ROM; programs "loaded" via cassette tape or disc are RAM, and vanish when power goes off. The obsolescent but ever-popular Atari VCS 2600 has 4K of RAM. The Philips has about 8K RAM — Intellivision has around 10–12, plus rather more ROM. The new Coleco machine has 16-plus RAM plus an astonishing 32K ROM — which explains Coleco's arcade-quality graphics. Home computers are at least 16K RAM, and may go as high as 64K (or even higher). I hope you all feel better for knowing that.

Game programs — the "software" — are manufactured by everybody, from the giants like Atari, Mattel (Intellivision), Philips and Coleco, to established software concerns like Activision, Imagic, Spectravision, etc — all large US corporations. Though nowadays these companies make their software fit all the completing hardware formats, not so long ago this was rare, and every time anybody tried it the writs flew. (This still happens.) But a vast mass of software — not all of it games — is also created and published and marketed by much smaller companies — a lot of them UK-based.

There's Imagine, and Bug Byte, two companies in Liverpool actually making a profit. There's the only real British giant, Thorn-EMI, who have a thriving games division, and do the best job of packaging of anybody.

Other record companies, perceiving the vital but essential truth that computer/game software is closely akin to audio software — and can easily be sold through existing outlets — are now rapidly getting interested. Virgin Games, recently founded under the aegis of the pleasant Nick Alexander (ex-Thorn-EMI), has just launched its first bouquet of eight computer games, for Sinclair Spectrum, Dragon 32 and VIC-20 home computers. Alexander firmly intends to make the record connection idea as decisively as possible, and with that in mind plans to do what Activision and Imagic, the US software giants, already do (but which Atari and Mattel, worried about head-hunting, decline to do) and publicise his programmers in the grand rock-artists manner. You can see the logic.

Games may be written in BASIC or other "high-level" (ie inefficient but relatively easy) computer laguages, but the high-coloured, multi-graphic, fast-moving action games — shoot-'em-ups, maze games, space games, sports games — are normally created in "machine code" — 0s and 1s — sometimes via a ROM device called an "assembler", itself the closest thing to SF's long-postulated "interpreter widget". Often, key programmers — like Imagic's Rob Fulop (**Demon Attack** and **Fathom**), or Activision's David Crane (**Pitfall**) — will collaborate with a graphic artist or illustrator; a crossover with standard animation techniques.

The quality that makes any game playable is often indefinable, though for some time now certain programmers' devices have become well established.

The cursor that moves horizontally along the bottom of the screen, shooting upwards, is an old one, first employed in **Space Invaders** and later **Galaxian**, but later incorporated into many other games. The spaceship that can move in two axes and fire in either is a feature of **Defender** and its clones. **River Raid** is a classic "scrolling shoot-'em-up". Above all, **PacMan** exemplifies the ubiquitous "maze game", with its hundreds of variants, copies and rip-offs.

Climbing obstacle games are typified by **Donkey Kong**; video adventures by Atari's **Raiders Of The Lost Ark** and **ET** games (both, incidentally, bomb-outs in the US but relatively successful here); Tolkienesque games by Intellivision's wonderful **Dungeons And Dragons**, or Imagic's **Dragonfire** and **Ice Trek**. **Pitfall** and **Smurfs** (Coleco) are scrolling action games; and as for the vast number of war games, has anybody seriously tried to count?

These range from tin-can stuff like **River Raid** or **Chopper Command**, to near-simulations like Intel's **B-17 Bomber** or Thorn-EMI's **Submarine Commander**, or Avalon Hill's astonishing Roman Army *kriegspiel*, **Legionaire** (for computers only). Perhaps with this uneasy fact in mind, latest trends have moved away from over-realistic war simulations, and as a result oddball "strategy" (as in chess or *go*) games have reappeared.

Atari produce the weird **Qix** for their 400/800 computers, and the arcade-originated **Q*BERT** has now appeared in domestic formats. Imagic's new **Fathom** is a fantastical under and over-sea adventure, with anthropomorphism available on account of how you can turn into either a dolphin or a seagull, and have to rescue a mermaid. Comic elements can be found in the **Kong** games, and in **Smurfs**, You can be whoever you like — a space pilot or jet jockey, a fireman, a dolphin, an heroic adventurer and dragonslayer, a footballer, an Italian workman, a dot-eating dot, Dracula, or a short-order cook.

Games have hitherto had a two-dimensional look about them. That's all over: on the way — already here — are so-called "3D", actually perspective-effect, games, like Intel's **Treasure Of Tarmin**, or the fabulous race-car simulation, **Pole Position**, an Atari arcade hit now available on all their formats. Perspective is used in a three-quarter effect in **Zaxxon**, now available on ColecoVision.

Atari also make a gadget that lets you give *verbal* instructions, one of several exotic "peripherals". Intel's synthesiser keyboard plugs into their newest game machine — as does a computer keyboard and a useful amount of extra RAM. Already, arcade machines such as Astron Belt are using a combination of computer program and laserdisc, to intercut filmed sequences on a select-option basis, to enhance the fantasy and expand the player's involvement.

AND AS THE machines grow more powerful and fascinating, and the player's grasp on the outer realities tends to slip, inevitably some people are going to succumb and display psychoses directly attributable to the power of the medium in which they now find identities more rewarding in every way than their own. And it is *perfectly true* that these sorts of disturbances might be, in some cases, more destructive of an unbalanced or vulnerable personality than any mere inhaling of adhesive substances.

To deny this — to claim that the cathode ray revolution really *is* (yawn) The Millennium and contains no evil — would be specious and immoral; and you wouldn't believe me anyway (I hope).

Funnily enough, most people's idea of the computers-are-bad-for-you syndrome centres around the old, old idea of the Creation taking over from the Creators: the Hebrew golem legend, *Frankenstein*, *2001*, *Tron* — and now, *War Games*, which though a great movie (folks) in every way, is actually little more than a restatement of an earlir apocalyptic plot, *Fail Safe*. The simple and more likely possibility of common old brain damage resulting from video games and computers does not figure highly in the genre's fiction, which so far has been fairly limited.

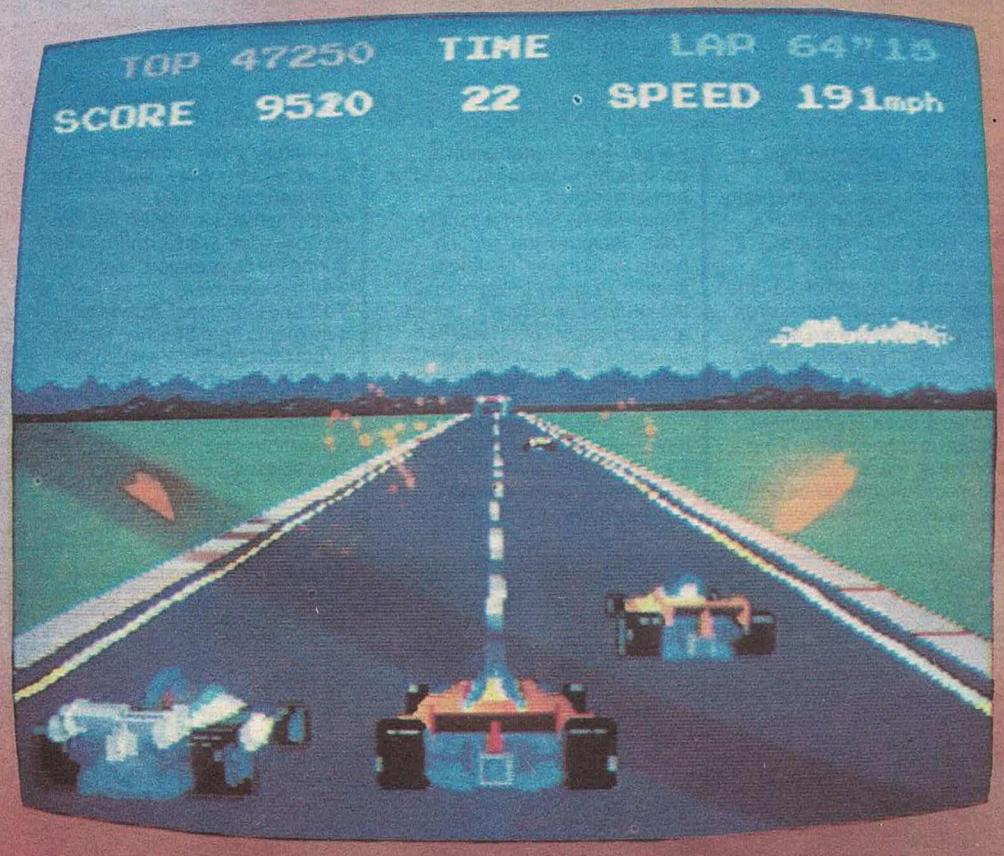
There are other slightly worrying signs. Although nominally I applaud the computers-for-schools programme which has been going on (largely unapplauded) for the last few years in the UK, my own barely-healed schoolday memories (I am 74) tell me that an object with the BBC logo all over it, introduced by Officialdom into Schools and taken as an O Level Subject, somehow lacks the desired panache.

Never mind — others are on a worthier track. The 17-Year-Old Who Makes Thousands Writing Game Programs for a (never specified) software company is known to all. Whizz-kids are always good copy, if poor company. Yet kids like this do exist — especially, it seems, in the UK. Not all of them have spots. Some even have girl friends. Quite a few make a nice living and have excellent prospects — if not the millions of repute. Some do make the millions of repute. The business alone is worth billions of dollars per annum, with America the largest market and Britain the most computer-literate society per head of the population.

Whatever else is involved in the cathode ray tube boom, money isn't the least of it. I myself expect to get at least 35 quid for this article, and possibly even more.

That proves it: you don't *have* to have spots.

GAME OVER



State of the art video visuals snapped at Frankie Bailey Jr's Arcade in sunny Clacton-On-Sea. Main pic: Sega's ASTRON BELT, which combines computer graphic spaceship with laserdisc back projection, costing either 20 or 40p. Above: Atari's POLE POSITION, a thrilling 3D Grand Prix game in which you can be Alain Prost for 20p. Cover Shot: Nintendo's RADAR SCOPE, a typical space-age shoot-'em-up game, and the laser beam's yours for 10 or 20p. Are you prepared to qualify?

LPs

LONG PLAYERS

TOM TOM CLUB

Close To The Bone (Island)

1981's Tom Tom Club was an erratic bouncy ensemble who wrote one good song, 'Genius Of Love', and then veered from the pithy 'Wordy Rappinghood', to the embarassing, 'Booming And Zooming'. Apart from 'Genius' it seemed that Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz were unable to successfully pick up the residue of ideas left behind from Talking Heads studio time and translate them into something substantial.

1983's Tom Tom Club follows the same course on a much lower level; sloppy and childish, weak and uninspired. Most of the time on 'Close To The Bone' they sound like Bananarama or grown adults playing five year olds for the day. It's not a pretty sound.

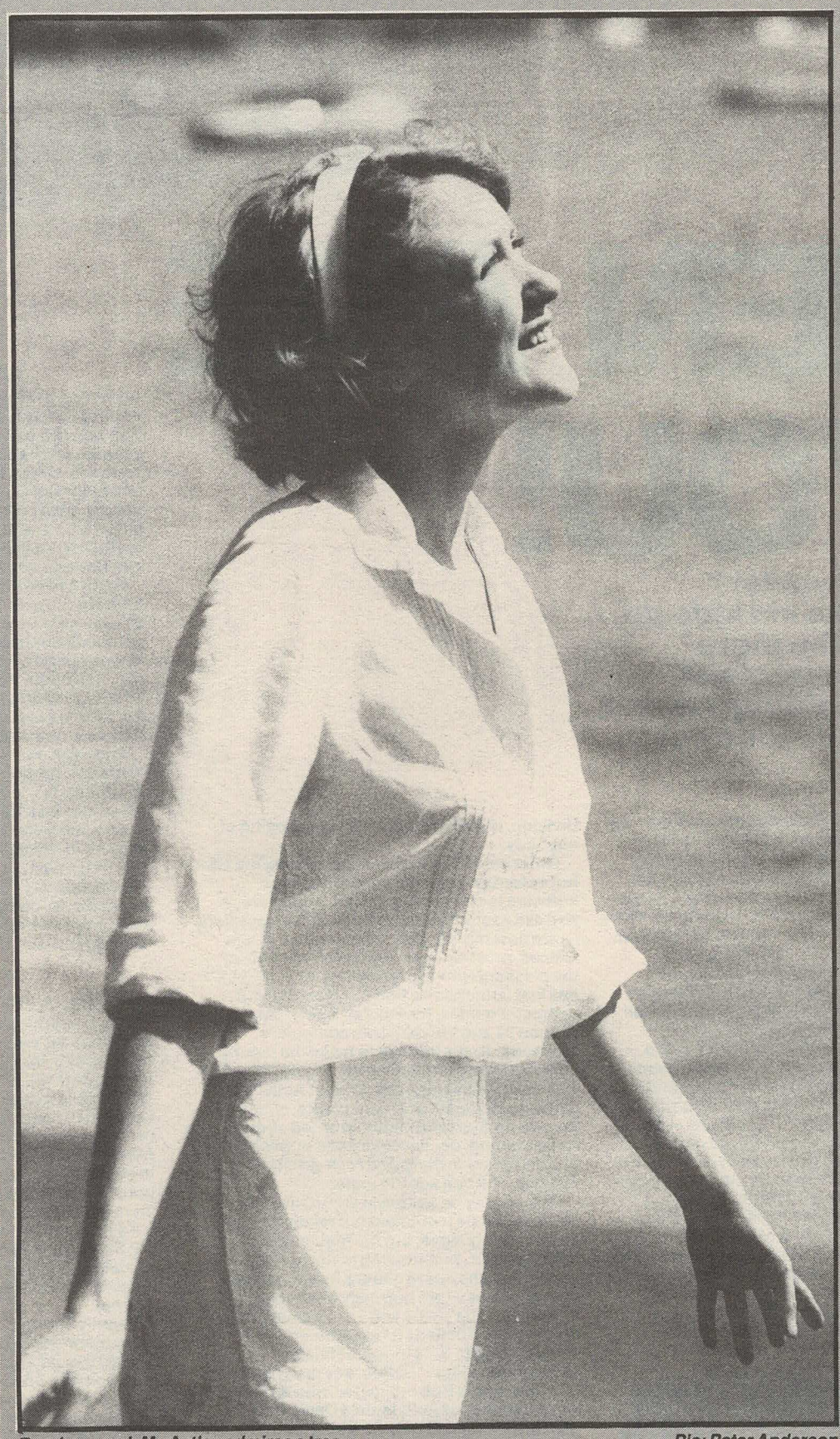
They try to act the cute funksters on 'Bamboo Town' and 'The Man With The 4-Way Hips' but end up merely trite. They try to deliver optimism on 'Atsababy (Life Is Great)' but succeed only in gaining blushes from the listener as their poorly constructed funk (which now sounds oddly dated) limps out of the speakers.

All the qualities that this music begs for – instinct and drive – are AWOL, leaving 'Close To The Bone' a flat exercise in rhythm and melody. Perhaps the trouble lies with the Club's vision of the world as a multi-racial world disco (check the cover) in which the sun shines every day, everyone loves each other and strife and abuse are banished from the land; a hippie's dream that is badly translated into their music, or any music come to that.

In this month's *Black Music* Betty Carter is quoted saying that "music is about . . . never ceasing to work out who you are". Going by this limp offering, when you apply that wisdom to Tom Tom Club it's not a pretty picture that comes back.

Paolo Hewitt

The Greening of VIRGINIA



Rural renewal: Ms Astley admires a tree. *Pic: Peter Anderson*

VIRGINIA ASTLEY

From Gardens Where We Feel Secure (*Happy Valley Records*)

SINCE FORMING, leading and eventually leaving The Ravishing Beauties almost two years ago, Virginia Astley has hardly been the country's most prolific recording artist. In spite of her work with the likes of Pete Townshend, Richard Jobson, The Banshees and Troy Tate, two Why-Fi EPs and one track on this paper's Mighty Reel' cassette bear meagre testimony to her unique talents as singer, songwriter and instrumentalist. All that, however, can only add interest to this debut solo album.

Produced jointly with former Skid Russell Webb, this record was first cut over a year ago for Zoo's Bill Drummond, a protracted dispute between Virginia and Why-Fi Records delaying its release, through Rough Trade, until now. The long wait has been well worth it.

An entirely instrumental set, 'From Gardens Where We Feel Secure' is unlike anything else around at present. A vivid collection of pastoral tone poems based loosely around a childhood summer spent in the heart of the English countryside, it might not make much sense in the hurly-burly of the pop marketplace, but that is hardly what Astley is aiming for: this record defines its own terms and, within those, is an unqualified success, perfectly evoking the timeless beauty of its rural themes.

In the course of nine tracks, it drifts from dawn to dusk – the first side morning, the second afternoon – Virginia's lilting, tumbling piano spirals and airy flute motifs counterpointed here and there by the sublime clarinet of Kissing The Pink's Josephine Wells and the rumbling acoustic guitar of Webb, the latter wisely used very sparingly.

The dreamy mix is coloured by a series of tape-looped sound effects (twittering birds, cascading church bells, a hooting owl and the dip and tug of an oarsman) and further enhanced by the occasional choral interlude, the human voice used simply as another instrument, helping to convey a mood rather than any specific lyrical message.

As the title and a track like 'A Summer Long Since Past' suggest, the underlying theme is one of remembered innocence and a naive yearning for a better, more carefree existence in some far off land of lost content. It is as close as one could get to an aural equivalent of the poet A. E. Houseman's more melancholy, nostalgia-tinged stanzas.

The mood changes subtly from title to title and then more noticeably from side one to side two: while the 'morning' tracks are permeated by a breezy, almost busy freshness, the 'afternoon' pieces are far more tranquil, eerie even, as the clarity and simplicity of childhood begins to blur into a humid, troubled adolescence. Beneath the sad, reflective veneer, though, there remains an uplifting, idealistic streak and an optimistic spirit that prevents even side two's darker moments from becoming morbid.

So is 'From Gardens' a concept album? It could be, although one thankfully free of the pomp and conceit that such a tag usually entails. It is also a world away from the crass fusion of 'pop' and 'classical' modes that some would have you believe is Astley's forte.

Perhaps not fully indicative of her current and future plans, the LP still possesses a wonderfully understated power and poignancy. It deserves a wider audience and those critics who have already written Virginia off as a jolly hockeysticks sixth form poet simply ought to know better.

Those in search of an alluring new music, one that lives and breathes outside all the modern pop, rock and dance cliches, could do a lot worse than to try Virginia Astley.

Adrian Thrills

DOLLY PARTON

Burlap & Satin (RCA)

AFTER A fortnight my awe at this LP's virtuosity has done nothing but deepen with every listen and its purest moments haven't failed once to send a real shiver down my spine.

Like '9 To 5 And Odd Jobs' 'Burlap & Satin' is a concept album, though a far more ambitious one, attempting to evoke the image of God (like *Tender Mercies*, it is all about defining a state of grace in individual life) and taking on all of nature as well. That includes humanity's mistakes, of course, and, most pivotally, it relies on Dolly's country roots as its touchstone.

Just as she promised, Dolly honours those roots. This album's real point-of-sale single is Eddy Arnold's big 1954 hit 'I Really Don't Want To Know', here a duet with Willie Nelson. Easily the best of the year's rash of superstar-and-superstar C&W combos, it offers proof absolute that Dolly's wish to be remembered "as an original stylist" will be fulfilled.

Another country classic — Hank Locklin's 'Send Me The Pillow That You Dream On' — gets the lushest treatment this side of the pearly gates; Dolly virtually sighs out the song backed by an orchestra *plus* the Nashville String Machine. And her own 'One Of Those Days' takes us right back to the simplest and the best of those Saturday evenings with Porter Waggoner.

Starry fields, stealthy shadows, passionate fountains; Dolly may drop into the shopping mall disco to discover her 'Potential New Boyfriend' but you can feel the implacable face of everyday rural reality behind all the musings here. Nowhere is this more evident than in the postcard pretty evocation of Jesus on the LP's closer, 'Calm On The Water', Dolly's tribute to the rich emotional redemption of old-time religion, impressively rousing on the most straightforward basis: *"There's a light in the darkness/ And joy in his love/It's a wonderful feelin' — lift him up!"*.

'Burlap & Satin' is aptly titled, for Parton is at her best walking a line between the realities of emotion and circumstance and the absurdities of our illusions. For her, half of redemption is confession — but the succeeding half is resolution, personal responsibility and perspective. Take 'Jealous Heart', which builds up to a good ole thigh-slappin' *acapella* delineation of the Green-Eyed Devil but which also choruses: *"Don't you hate yourself for the fool you are/When you're cursed with a jealous heart!"*.

Two other numbers illustrate how acute, if idiosyncratic, Parton's subversively poetic vision remains: the lavish 'A Cowboy's Ways' and the beautifully written vignette 'A Gamble Either Way'. Neither is as truly transcendant as 'Appalachian Memories', inspired by Dolly's father's Northern exile during the Depression. Like 'Hush-A-Bye-Hard-Times' from '9 To 5 And Odd Jobs', it updates sentiments from Stephen Foster — but this time Dolly's writing is every bit a match for his most American of classics, and delivered with the sort of conviction which, these days, *constitutes* a state of grace.

Cynthia Rose

From A Warsaw To A Scream

HOLY TOY

Warszawa (*Uniton*)

*"WARSAW WAS always a centre for Polish resistance and culture that inspired the patriotic movements and lit the fire in youthful hearts. This first thing that the Tzar's soldiers did when they seized Warsaw in the 1863 uprising was to throw Chopin's grand piano out onto the street – the greatest Polish symbol at that time."**

Holy Toy, led by a Polish political refugee currently based in Norway, have resurrected that piano and are playing it very loudly, they are smashing their fists into the bass notes and running their hands frantically up and down the scale. The sound they produce is both awesome and beautiful.

Holy Toy sing sometimes in English with a heavy Polish brogue but usually in their native language which is more evocative of intense betrayal, defeat, oppression and ultimate victory. The vocals howl and scream and evoke memories of 1863, 1944 and 1982 — the three most recent, most zealous and most brutally suppressed Warsaw uprisings.

Wajda's cinematic masterpiece *Kanal* is aurally enacted on the title track, a gruesome retelling of the resistance over a frightening backing of free-form jazz and echoing, dripping synthesizer noise, a wierd and wild concoction.

Although no direct mention is made of Solidarnosc, 'Wojtek' with its talk of "*mental hospitals*" and other modern extremities brings us up to date. It's in the form of a soaringly strong ballad, sung in typically Polish heartwrenching style, that almost waves away the unimaginable, panoramic view of 'state' or 'national' cruelty and exposes and emphasises the suffering of an individual. This is "the force".

Mostly this is a very sorrowful album, but as always there has to be an element of hope, otherwise madness or suicide would ensue. During the blackest and most confused of nights, the moon illuminates a path.

Thus we have tunes ranging from 'Bells', an eerie funeral-paced lament with mourning trumpet and booming timpani, to 'Marmur' which recreates The Doors at their most tuneful and joyous.

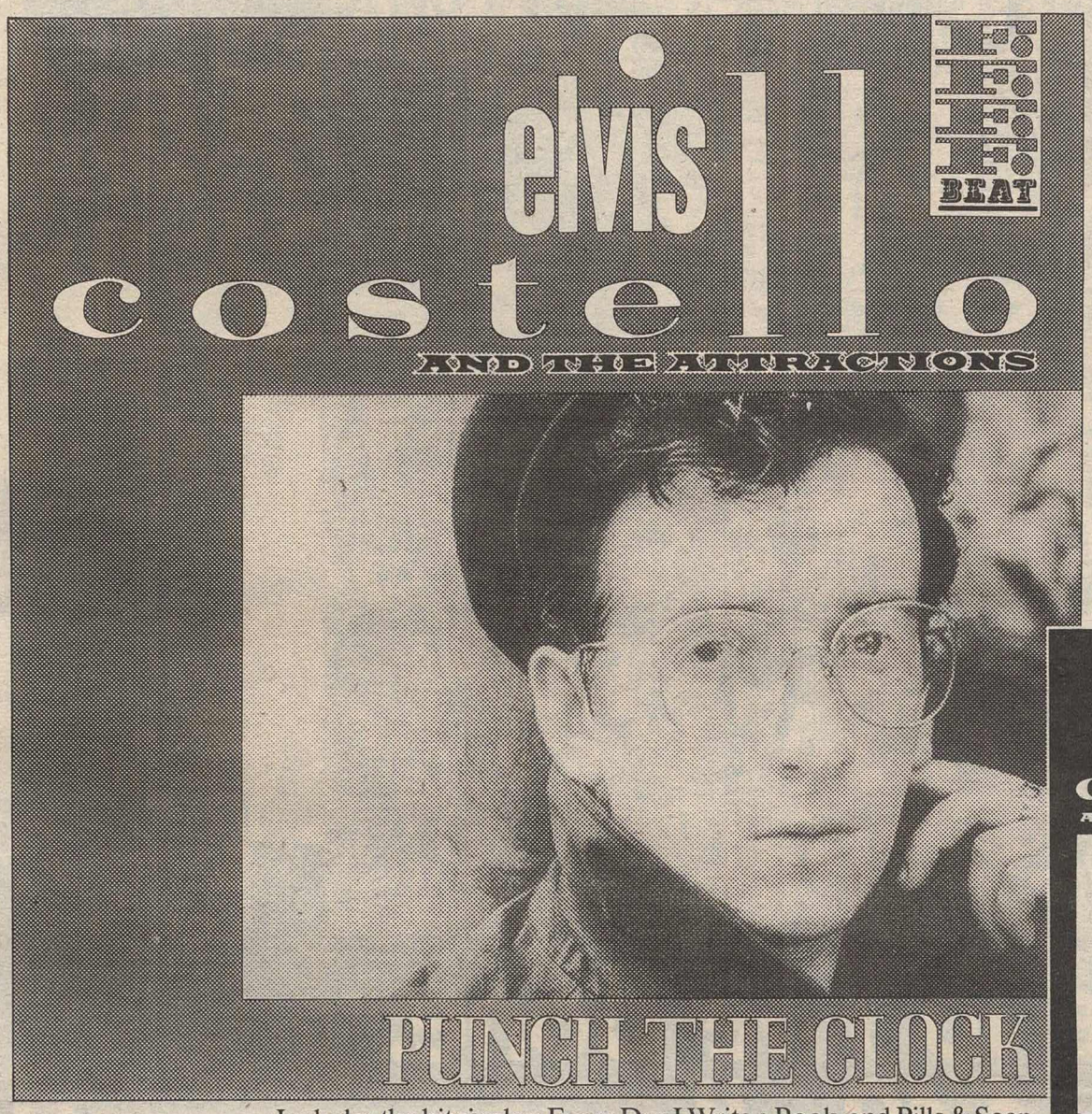
This music sums up the Polish state of mind since the middle ages — the dark stultifying Catholicism, the abject terror and despair of war, the torture and torment of occupation and the blind optimism regarding a final deliverance.

Richard North

**Excerpt from* Warszawa, *a newspaper that accompanies the album*

Holy Toy pioneer 'Lads from the Gulag' chic. **Pic: Peter Anderson**

Just out



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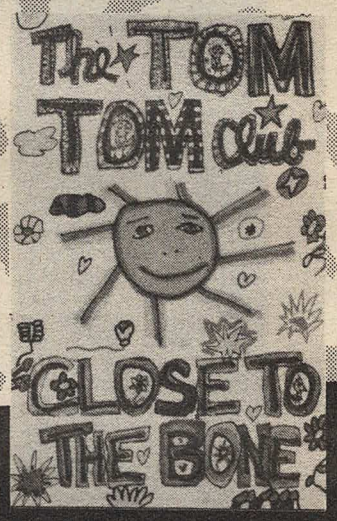
Tom Tom Club.



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KEEPING UP WITH THE NEW CHAMP

WYNTON MARSALIS

Think Of One *(CBS)*

WHAT'S going down here is so single-minded, lucid, characterful, fat-free and unreservedly modern it could almost be mathematical: except Wynton enjoys 'Think Of One' far too much to make such a dry equation add up. It's fire.

It's a cause of some amazement to realise that this cool and extremely knowing fellow has assimilated every plaudit that's come his way these last twelve months and still stuck unswervingly to a calm and inwardly boiling course to a ground where jazz music silences all opposition, no contest, finito.

Marsalis has persisted with the silvery tone, the naked emphasis on hard bop foundations, the language contemporary with his morning paper – the old dues paid in an instant and the new values welcomed with a flourish.

Last year he told me he couldn't hardly play yet, and if the debut 'Wynton Marsalis' has stayed fresh enough to mock such modesty then 'Think Of One' is a crown prince stepping out of a playboy's clothes and into some tougher, scalier work. Dig into the first flush here, 'Knozz-Moe-King' and you can practically touch the sensation of a pristine new music leaping out of old skin – dynamics are shaded as only this timeless sound of two horns and three rhythm can do it, a clever and fine-spun theme that improvisations dance out of with the logic of the spectrum. Sensational!

That it is so determinedly a group record is again to the leader's credit. He settles for only three compositions out of eight, features brother Branford's tenor and soprano as generously as himself and writes arrangements that call for the continuous involvement of all five instruments. He sounds to be, along with George Russell and Gil Evans, one of the few arrangers interested in fashioning untried group sounds from a familiar unit.

In the hundredweight of so-so Monk tributes we've had since the great man's passing none has challenged Monk on his own terms so daringly as Wynton's threading of 'Think Of One' itself: it tiptoes in stealth, darts forward in impudence and lets pianist Kenny Kirkland get mission hall funky, all the time substituting a foxy chuckle for Thelonious' roar of mirth. It's brilliant.

Although the lengthy fresco of 'The Bell Ringer', startling blue sadness of Ellington's little jewel called 'Melancholia' and resilient blow-out (minus excesses) of 'Fuchsia' are scarcely less impressive. Brandford's even-tempered saxophone lines are so exact a foil to his brother's bright flame it hurts. Kirkland is superbly quick to respond to the horns. The instantaneous detail he lights on to underpin the solos on 'The Bell Ringer' makes you ache with pleasure – these perfect, immediate creations!

The trumpeter matches every card his companions put down. Somehow Marsalis has made the record with such care he seems to be playing constantly, a group set attuned to one inspiration. He takes a tremendous risk on 'My Ideal', a difficult ballad (and ballads are his one vulnerable point): it is almost unrecognisable, a vehicle for lyric ideas so abstract as to mould an entirely new song that reneges on the original's wistful spirit.

Appropriate – for nothing here is turned out to be an expectation. 'Think Of One' is all different, all surprise, and all drawn from veins jazz was supposed to have bled dry. It's the sharpest record you could wish for from a very sharp man indeed.

Richard Cook

That's another fine Marsalis you got us into . . . Wynton in the ring. *Pic: Jean Marc Birraux.*

TV SMITH

Channel Five *(Expultion)*

WHEN YOUNG TV Smith was lead singer with The Adverts he was rightly regarded as one of the better lyricists of the 'new wave'. Intelligent social observations such as 'No Time To Be 21' and 'The Great British Mistake' were a welcome relief from the plethora of 'dole queue ballads'.

Neither TV or his music can be considered 'punk' any more, but his words still contain the cutting edge that made hs spikey reputation. Amongst the huddle of introspective or subjective writers (check Kirk Brandon) it's essential to have people singing about what's happening in the world outside, and Smith delivers the goods with insights into vicarious living, with 'On Your Video', the Falklands crisis with 'War Fever' and nuclear experimentation with 'Burning Rain'. All of these subjects are, perhaps, encapsulated by 'Dominator', a song dealing with society's mucho-macho attitudes; *"Your average man looks like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth / Your average man talks politics / goes on drinking bouts / keeps his family fed / pats children on the head / But that man thinks he's a dominator / that man thinks he's a master."*

Fine stuff, but the music, oh the music . . . replacing the sharp guitar base employed by The Adverts or even TV Smith's Explorers (his second musical outing) is an intricate weave of bouncy synth punctuated by some meagre lead riffs. The result is a cross between Depeche Mode and Buggles. Where there should be menace and tension pushing the lyrics along, there is instead a formulated blandness to cushion them. Pop goes the TV, and a shame it is too.

Richard North

LITA FORD

Dinosaurs *(Big Beat)*

SO, we read that The Stingrays are part of London's 'trash phenomenon' . . . It's not hard. The *whole* of London is trash, full of drunks and guys with threatening haircuts and trousers. One of The Stingrays has a stupid haircut. It's the only thing belonging to 1983 they have.

For 'trash' read the kind of American '50s and '60s sources The Cramps tapped and, I thought, had sown up: obscure rockabilly, garage and (very early) psychedelic sound. Reading matter: comics or low pulp. Viewing: anything 'B' (including *Batman*).

Now, The Stingrays are ready for such categorising. They've gone to the trouble to record a short track telling us *they* think we think they sound like a combination of their favourite bands, The Cramps and The Meteors. Actually, I think they sound more like The Nipple Erectors would have if they'd been paranoid Cramps freaks. Their lead singer sounds uncannily like Shane O'Hooligan, which is frightening enough, but add to that zomboid whoops and yelps straight out of Lux Interior's bath-time repertoire, and you've got a bucketful of sick indeed.

For 'sick', of course, we have to read 'trash', and a Stingrays song like, 'Love': *"Lerve. It makes me wanna spew!"* complete with hideous humping grunts. Or 'Ah What', which starts off like a tea-party – 12-strong guitar and soft vocals – and ends up like a flushed toilet: *"Ahm jell-uss! Can't you see the bile coming out of my mouth?"*

Yeah, all good party stuff. Stomp that gunge into the carpet! I can imagine The Stingrays *are* as good live as all the mouths say they are, but someone has rushed them into the studio way too soon. Four of the tracks on 'Dinosaurs' are cover versions, and the rst smack of pure plagiarism, even, unfortunately, 'Joe Strummer's Wallet', where Captain America at last gets – trashed.

Jane Solanas

THE STINGRAYS

Lita Ford *(Phonogram)*

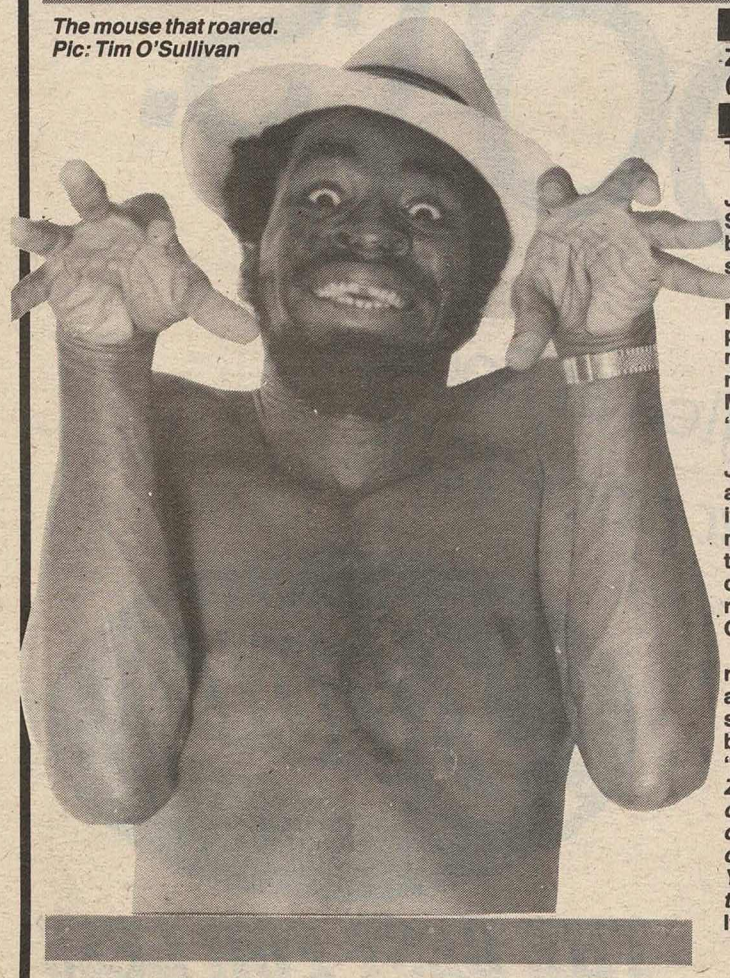
LADY ROCKERS who hurl the epithet *"sweet thang"* at their listeners do everything for me that over-friendly taxi drivers accomplish – or Chrissie Hynde live at the Palais pretending to wipe her ass with a pocket handkerchief before tossing it down to the supposedly slavering hordes. I mean, she just KNEW they wanted it.

Well, sweet thangs, the first point ex-Runaway Lita Ford makes on *her* solo debut is that she's 'Out for Blood'. And the way Lita – just like Pat Benatar, Wendy Williams and Dale Bozzie – sees it, she's got one thing and one thing only to offer in exchange. And it ain't her voice.

Briefly, Lita is the same slick chick who sang / wrote exactly three songs during her tenure with The Runaways, tho' now she's re-costumed á la Bowser Boutique, all PVC and studs. The album's press release explains that, after the Runaways, "all Lita wanted was to play and have fun . . . it was a time of rebuilding." In a recent interview, however, Lita expanded a bit: "I wasn't working so I had plenty of time to get fucked up . . . I did blow, smack, I drank like a fucking fish". Possibly true, possibly not – but it's certainly the sort of *thang* Lita would like you to believe.

And that's the story behind the album too. For me the big fun was finding out that Lita is ENGLISH (so forget all those stock Benatar / Styx / Speedwagon aspersions on the American listening public: Lita's stated heroes are Jeff Beck, Sabbath, Led Zeppelin and Motorhead). On works of similar heart with titles like 'Die For Me Only' or 'Ready, Willing And Able', she's assisted by bassist Neil Merryweather (who also happened to co-write and produce them) and drummer Dusty Watson (a Merryweather recruit). And the album sleeve is Deep Purple – making it an easy *thang* to spot and avoid. Save your curiosity and salvage your self-respect.

Cynthia Rose



The mouse that roared.
Pic: Tim O'Sullivan

YELLOWMAN

ZUNGGUZUNGGUGUZUNGGUZENG *(Greensleeves)*

EEK A MOUSE

The Man And The Mouse *(Greensleeves)*

JUST AS Big Youth declared 'Every Nigger Is A Star' so Yellowman proclaimed YELLOW is beautiful. From rags to riches; from outcast to superstar.

The yellow peril has swept through Jamaica, New York and now London, winning himself a place in the impressive gallery of Jamaican musical and lyrical giants. On the one hand his name is mentioned in the same breath as Bob Marley but on the other he's regarded as a "feisty lickle dundus raas".

He is the latest in a long line of bizarre Jamaican supa's and though it was his appearance that initially won him a reputation, it's been his innovative lyricism that's maintained it. There are always contenders for the title and who knows, maybe he'll lose his crown to the deaf and dumb geezer who recently won a round in JA's National Deejay Competition.

Yellowman's relentless lyrical output has resulted in a dozen albums in the last two years and infectious is the only way to describe his singalong style and if you find yourself bursting into a chorus of – *"Zungguzungguguzungguzeng, Zungguzungguguzungguzeng . . ."* or *"Who can mek the dance ram, who can mek the dance ram, who can mek it cork, who can mek it cork, no other Deejay inna dis island ongul Yellowman can, Yellowman can. Who can mek the dub play, night and day . . ."* don't worry. It's completely normal. Isn't it?

Seven of the ten tracks are in combination with his nasal sparring partner Fathead. Yellowman tackles the traditional task of relegating most other deejays to the second division with verve and they move into overdrive when boasting of their supposed sexual prowess (usually measured by the number of yellow babies around). Girls feature heavily in Yellowman's lyrics; he philosophises on the battle of the sexes in his rendition of Derrick Harriot's 'Solomon', waxes enthusiastic about them in 'Take Me To Jamaica' and on 'Rub A Dub Play' declares *"Seh, me a dozen girls want fe rape."*

Yes, you read it correct. For a deejay who proclaims that he's the only one who doesn't "run down 'ooman" it's pathetic. Rape is a serious thing and Yellowman's slackness seems to reflect the festering, ignorant dark side of what's inanely posed as tongue in cheek or a bit of a laugh. No other major recording artist would get away with it – why should he?

'The Man And The Mouse' is the latest set from the offbeat warbling giant Eek A Mouse. Strip away his unique chinese style vocal – probably gleaned from watching too many kung fu films – and you've got one of JA's most serious song writers.

Set against yet another predictably sparse set of Radics rhythms, produced by Linval Thompson, you can't help but he moved by dread tales like 'Stadium Hot' or 'Struggle' or grin at his meeting Mickey Mouse in Disneyland. Onstage Eek A Mouse projects a dread persona but his songs possess a humility which is not common within the deejay community.

This is his third album and enjoys an almost identical production to the previous two so I'll stick to buying his singles until he comes forward with Eek A Mouse inna different style.

Paul Bradshaw

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THE ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE

Live in Yugoslavia *(I.D. Records)*

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Kids Are United *(Music For Nations)*

DOBRO JUTRO, you already Zagreb? We're The League and we'd like to thank the students of Ljubljana for inviting us over to play. Yeah, we know you'd rather have had The Rolling Stones, but what d'you expect for this money? Anyway, as you might have noticed, we've learnt a few new tricks ourselves. We're not cretins anymore y'know, and we got another guitarist now and he can actually play. You want proof? Alright, we'll do 'Paint It Black'. . .

. . . See? Backing vocals, gritty dual guitar riffing and lots of expensive equipment. But still pretty mean, huh? We keep shouting *"fuck"* and *"shit"* in between lines because that's what it's all about. You don't get kids in the west going round saying *"damn"* and *"and!"* This one's called 'Let's Break The Law', and we want you all to go out and smash a few windows while we get pissed in the hotel. Hur hur.

What? You expected a different League? With synths and girls? Get stuffed! They're not the real symbols of western decadence. They're Conservatives churning out mindless disco garbage for boring nowheres, people with no ambition and no future, apart from mortgages and HP and nagging wives. They're nowheres, they're the reason we got a band together, to show people what real life is. This is Animal talking, we are the antidote and this is for Phil Oakey, 'Wreck A Nowhere'.

Yeah, we were sitting in Winston's bedroom in Tunbridge Wells one Friday night, drinking tea and having a smoke and listening to Hawkwind records . . . well, we were bikers then. We didn't have time for Art School wimps like The Clash. We got bored so we went out onto the local green with some guitars and shocked a few people. They had to call the coppers out to remove us, but the damage was done, we'd made it.

We've done it all. We've upstaged The Damned, had thousands of records destroyed because the establishment thought they were obscene, and now we've surpassed everything by being the first band to release a record recorded in an Eastern Bloc country. Impressive, or what? Our record company bloke says that we've been a chronicle of notoriety unparalleled in recent rock'n'roll history . . . and he should know, he's got hair down to bastard here. Mind you, that's OK 'cos we're supposed to keep punk out of the conversation these days.

We're much more into yer rock'n'roll these days; you've got to be, the punk market's up shit creek. Wally Bushell's been telling them what an army of young rebels they are for so long, they actually believe it. And now they're too busy forming bands to buy records.

Punk? Nah, sod all that. We've got to make a living out of this and a hooligan Stones looks as safe a bet as any in these hard times. Have you heard our latest single, 'For You'? Even your government likes the lyrics to that one. Bit mature, what?

Yeah, we figure if we can clean up the language, we're really gonna clean up good. Just watch those pound notes climbing up that Hoover, man.

Goodnight Zagreb, we love you and we love your president.

Amrik Rai

A happy Nowhere family, busy destroying the ozone.

BLUE ZOO

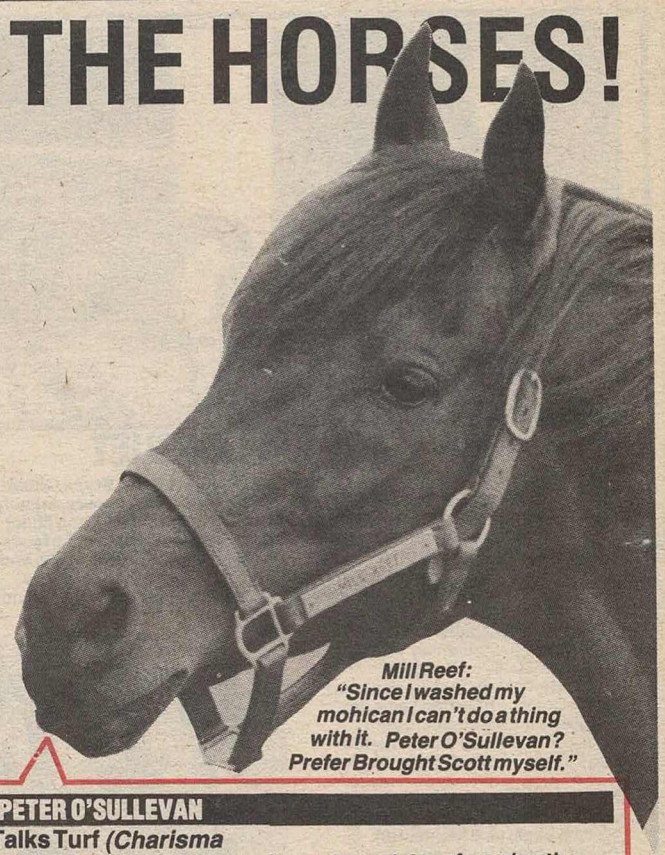
2 By 2 *(Magnet)*

THIS ROCKING little disc contains ten songs; among them are 'Cry Boy Cry', the Zoo children's big hit, and '(I Just Can't) Forgive And Forget', their current chart contending thing. If proof of Blue Zoo's shift in emphasis he needed, here it is. 'Cry Boy Cry', which I think is FAB, like X-Ray Spex trying to cover 'To Cut A Long Story Short', leaned towards Typical David Jensen Show Music, occupied for so long by Tears for Fears. Young Andy O wracked his eyebrows like he was Billy Idol and it was clear that these boys were New Wavers.

And with 'Forgive And Forget', the emphasis is on their tasty looks, and the lyrics have suddenly acquired a curious clarity. No more *"This distraction/ turns me sideways"* weirdness! It's straightdown to basis – *"I thought I was the only one to take you where you wanted/Then it turned out that you tricked me all along"*.

'2 By', for whatever reason, crashes resounding between several stools. It's by no means unpleasant, but it sounds like, ooh . . . half of Western Europe. Lyrics are generally on the cliched side – all twilight zones and love moving in strange ways; the usual sort of thing, really. According to the press release, a new single is out in July – wait till August, you'll be able to get it for 57p in Woolworths.

David Quantick



Mill Reef: "Since I washed my mohican I can't do a thing with it. Peter O'Sullevan? Prefer Brought Scott myself."

PETER O'SULLEVAN

Talks Turf *(Charisma*

O'SULLEVAN OBE is the racing commentator of royal notice whose nasal drone regarding nags making ground, putting in a strong challenge, running on and coming up on the stand side is a familiar television noise. These are his smug reminiscences.

Here's an example of scene setting during a stable tour in France. "The seven o'clock breakfast *en route* was delicious country *pate*, hot French bread and, you may agree, a slightly unorthodox carafe of Calvados set between us." Ho-ho.

"You know," he says, "confidence is the most vital ingredient, whether you are riding, training or tipping horses. When things are going right you're so much more likely to make the right decisions. During the Lincoln of '54 I spotted a horse who clearly needed the run . . ."

We hear how he napped the 1956 Derby winner Le Vendome as a two year-old when the price quoted against the horse was 50-1. It won eventually at 7-1. We hear the stories of the Nationals: Merryman in 1960, Red Rum's victories thrice, Aldiniti, last year's winner Grittar. Of wonder horse Ribot from Italy who won 16 times in as many outings, including two Arc De Triomphes and the prestigious King George & Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot in this country. How he tossed a coin with the head of the BBC for double their original salary offer to him against half of it and won! Old pals with the Crazy Gang. Meetings at the Ritz. His Lester Piggott impersonation.

Penny Reel

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AM CND

THE THREE-PIECE CALLED DUET

DUET EMMO are, in fact, a trio – comprising Graham Lewis, Bruce Gilbert and Daniel Miller. The first two have worked together for six years, initially in Wire and subsequently in the non-synthesiser band Dome – and Miller runs Mute Records, where he's produced hit records with Depeche Mode and Yazoo. They issued their first single 'Or So It Seems' in February, and now comes their debut album with the same title, issued this week – by Mute Records, naturally. If you're wondering about their name, you'll find that Duet Emmo is an anagram of Mute and Dome.

● **Gene Loves Jezebel** follow their recent indie hit 'Screaming' with a new single issued by Beggars Banquet tomorrow (Friday), 'Bruises'/'Punch Drunk'. Out on the same day and label is the debut album from Greek guitar virtuoso **John Themis** titled 'Sirens' – his first single 'Goblins Of Sherwood' is already on release.

● **Keywi**, a boy-and-girl London duo, release their debut single 'Let's Get It Right' on Virgin next Monday (8). They are fronted by Jayne Bullen, and the song was written and produced by Joe Williams, formerly a member of Light Of The World.

WOOF, WOOF!

RECORD NEWS proudly announces the first-ever single to feature a pedigree Cocker Spaniel on back-up vocals and percussion. He (she/it?) is apparently a member of London band **The Sun**, who've just signed to independent label Chevy Records. The single in question is 'Start The Countdown'/'The X-Factor', released on August 19, through IDS.

● **Flexible Response** is a musicians' co-operative based in Bradford, and the brainchild of Aky (ex-Southern Death Cult). As part of their plan to make Bradford the recording mecca of the north, they've bought a five-storey warehouse, which is being fitted out with a recording studio, rehearsal rooms and demo-tape recording facilities – and they plan to start their own label. Interested parties contact Philip Edwards on Bradford 729436.

● The debut album by Derby four-piece **The Enemy** is finally issued this week, after being delayed by sleeve problems. It's on Fall-Out Records (through Jungle) and the title is 'Gateway To Hell', with a maximum retail price of £3.49.

A PAIR OF GLOVES

THE GLOVE are, like The Creatures, another Banshees offshoot – in this case, featuring Steve Severin and Robert Smith. And they have combined to write and produce the single 'Like An Animal', which appears on The Banshees' own Wonderland label (through Polydor) on August 12. It's coupled with 'Mouth To Mouth', and there's also a 12-inch format featuring an extended version of the A-side. The Glove are not planning any personal appearances, but there's an album in the pipeline for the arly autumn.

● **Yabby U** (alias Vivian Jackson) releases his first new album for three years – titled 'Prophecy' it's on the W.L.A. label, through Jet Star, Rough Trade and Ruff Lion. It features two other artists, **Michael Prophet** and **Wayne Wade**, with two tracks apiece – and the inevitable Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare are among backing musicians.

RECORD NEWS

THE KIDS FROM FAME release their fifth album this week on RCA in conjunction with BBC Records. Titled 'Sing For You', it contains 12 songs from the present series on BBC-1. Although Lee Curreri (Bruno) and Lori Singer (Julie) are leaving the show, a further 24 episodes will be filmed for the 1983/84 season, so you can expect still more albums in the future – and the group are also hoping to play some more British dates.

ZZ TOP are the latest act to have a release to coincide with their appearance in the Castle Donington 'Monsters Of Rock' event (new singles by Whitesnake and Twisted Siser were announced last week). In this case, it's a re-launch of their US hit 'Gimme All Your Lovin', taken from their 'Eliminator' album and issued by Warners on August 19.

DAVID ESSEX, who's just started a nationwide tour, releases a new single through Phonogram this weekend, coupling 'Tahiti' and 'Hell'. Both titles are taken from the new musical version of *Mutiny On The Bounty*, in which he will star as Fletcher Christian in the New Year.

TOM TOM CLUB – the band fronted by Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz of The Talking Heads, also featuring four other star musicians, plus Tina's sisters Lani and Laura on back-up vocals – have their new album 'Close To The Bone', recorded at Compass Point in Nassau, issued by Island this week. A single from the LP, 'The Man With The 4-Way Hips', is already on release.

The cover of the new MADNESS single

MADNESS are back in potential chart action on August 12, with the release of their 16th Stiff single 'Wings Of A Dove', again produced by the Clanger/Winstanley team. The B-side is 'Behind The 8 Ball', and it's also available in extended 12-inch form or as a limited edition picture disc. The group are shortly off to the States, and there's no news of any UK dates for them – but they'll have a new album out before the end of the year, and that's usually the signal for a tour.

UB40, newly returned from a lengthy American tour, launch another attack on the charts with their new single 'Red, Red Wine'/'Suffering' – produced the band, it's released next Monday (8) on their own Dep International label, distributed through Virgin. For a change, there's no bonus track on the 12-inch format, though there are extended versions of both songs.

Y&T (Yesterday & Today) will have their new A&M album 'Mean Streak' issued on September 2. It's preceded this weekend by a single featuring the LP's title track, coupled with 'Straight Thru' – also available as a 12-inch, containing a bonus track and a free poster of the San Francisco band.

DIO, the band fronted by Ronnie James Dio, have their first single released by Phonogram on August 12 – it's the title track from their current album 'Holy Diver', coupled with the previously unissued 'Evil Eyes'. The obligatory bonus track on the 12-inch format is 'Don't Talk To Strangers', also from the LP.

THE SPECIMEN are back in the studios this week, recording their second single for the London label – the title is 'Syria', and it's due out at the end of August. They'll be setting out on another Batcave tour to coincide with its release, details to follow.

KURTIS BLOW, regarded by many as the best rapper on the scene, releases his new single 'Party Time' on the Mercury label. Like so many singles today, the drawback is that the coupling is an instrumental version of the A-side. It's also available in extended 12-inch form.

IAN GILLAN BAND, the predecessor of the group who broke up at the end of last year (Gillan himself now fronts Black Sabbeth), have a live double album released by Virgin on August 8. The previously unissued set is called 'Live At The Budokan (Volumes I & II)', and it was recorded in Japan in September, 1977.

URIAH HEEP's new single 'Stay On Top' is released by Bronze this weekend – it's taken from their current album 'Head First', though the B-side 'Playing For Time' is previously unissued. The first 10,000 copies will come in a special gatefold sleeve containing a free EP, featuring four classic Heep tracks from the early '70s – 'Gypsy', 'Easy Livin', 'Sweet Lorraine' and 'Stealin'.

GREG LAKE (remember ELP?) releases his new album on Chrysalis this week. It's self-produced and contains ten tracks, and the title is 'Manoeuvres' – in his case, boh orchestral and vocal!

● Abstract Records release a compilation LP called 'The Beerdrop Explodes' on August 12, featuring acts currently working the pub'n' club circuit – **The Firm, The Chapps, The Toy Dolls, The Gymslips, Frankie & The Flames, Dumpy's Rusty Nuts, Laurel & Hardy, Jim Davidson, The Downbeats, Stagestruck, Derek Wade** and **Beergut 100**. And The Gymslips have their own single 'Robot Man' issued the same day.

● **Automatic Slim** are an Essex-based R&B four-piece, much in the mould of Nine Below Zero, and they've just signed to Square One Records who'll be releasing their debut single 'Julie B.'/'Tame Man' on September 1. The band are currently rehearsing for a promotional tour.

● **Kewi University Of Swing** are a Dutch group "specialising in the eclectic and the bizarre", and their debut single 'Biggles'/'Nurse' – out this week – is appropriately on Idiot Records (through WEA). Among other newcomers this week are **Beau Leisure** with their first single 'American Beat'/'The Exist'on World Organisation Records (through Pinnacle).

● **The Destructors** have signed to Criminal Damage Records, and will have their six-track 12-inch mini-LP 'Cry Havoc And Unleash The Dogs Of War' issued at the end of this month. Upcoming from the same label are a three-track 12-incher 'Punk With Style' by Scottish band **Twisted Nerve**, and a mini compilation LP 'Bloodshed And Butchery' in aid of the Animal Liberation Front and including a contribution from Beki Bondage's new band **Ligotage**.

● New albums out this weekend on the Elektra Musician label (through WEA) are 'Sprint' by **Red Rodney & Ira Sullivan**, 'Island Breeze' by **Eric Gale**, 'New York Improvisations' by **Lennie Tristano** and the double-LP 'Griffith Park II' featuring the combined talents of **Chick Corea, Stanley Clarke, Lennie White, Freddie Hubbard** and **Joe Henderson**.

● Insane Records, formed by the group The Insane, release their first LP this week – though they aren't featured on it. Titled 'Demo-lition Blues', it's a compilation of 18 punk bands – including **The Oppressed, The Deceased, The Drill, Epidemic, Devoid** and **Aborted**. It costs just £2.99, and distribution is by Jungle and The Cartel.

● 'Sunkissed'/'Dealing In Silver' is the new single by Scottish group **Friends Again**, for Phonogram release on August 12. The 12-inch format carries an additional extended version of the A-side.

● **Alien Sex Fiend** have their debut single released by Anagram Records on August 12 in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter with an extra track. The A-side is 'Ignore The Machine', produced by Youth.

● New London independent label Very Mouth release their first compilation cassette this week. Titled 'You, The Mouth & The Music', it features **Games To Avoid, Greeting No.4, The Megastars, The Exploding Seagulls, Poor Bachelors, Carved To A Noise, Slush Fund, Stitched Backfoot Airmen** and **Live Sex**. It costs £1.50 through Rough Trade.

● Critically acclaimed singer-composer **Annabel Lamb** releases her new A&M single on August 12, and it's her version of The Doors' classic 'Riders On The Storm' – with original Doors members Ray Manzarek contributing keyboards. Also available in 12-inch form with a free poster.

● **Steve Walsh**, formerly a member of Manicured Noise, releases a new single this weekend on Innervision Records (through Epic) to whom he has just signed. It's the self-penned 'Letters Of Love', with a remixed version on the flip side, and available in both 7" and 12" formats.

EMI's 2-FOR-1

EMI next week launches a series of "two for the price of one" reissued albums. Two single albums, in their original cover artwork, will be put together as a double-LP package – and sell for the price of one album. The first four are by *Cliff Richard* ('When In Rome'/'When In Spain'), *The Shadows* ('The Sound Of The Shadows'/'Dance With The Shadows'), *Helen Shapiro* ('Tops With Me'/'Helen Hits Out') and *Manfred Mann* ('Mann Made'/'The Five Faces Of Manfred Mann'). Further releases in the near future will include albums by *Cockney Rebel* and *Be-Bop Deluxe*.

● **Kit Hain** has a new self-penned single released by Phonogram this weekend, on which the A-side 'Fire In His Eyes' is a foretaste of an album due out in September. The coupling is 'You Are The One'.

● **The Twinkle Brothers** have a new 12-inch disco single out this week, 'Dont Jump The Fence'/'Let Jah In', written and produced by Norman Grant. Dub versions are also included, and it's on the Twinkle label (distributed by Jet Star, Rough Trade and Ruff Lion).

● Former LTD vocalist **Jeffrey Osborne** has his second solo album 'Stay With Me Tonight' issued by A&M on August 19. It' preceded this weekend by his single 'Don't You Get So Mad'/'So Much Love', also available in 12-inch with the bonus track 'New Love'.

TOUR NEWS

Summer specials

10CC AT ST. IVES

10CC will be special guests in the first Penwith Festival, to be staged on a 40-acre site near St. Ives in Cornwall on Tuesday, August 30. It will be their first UK appearance this year, although an autumn tour is in the pipeline.

As announced last week, the show is headlined by Meatloaf – and as reported at the front of this issue, it's expected that Chuck Berry will be a special added attraction. Renaissance are already set, and both Aswad and The Opposition have been confirmed during the past few days. Just to re-cap, advance tickets at £10 are available from Artina Records Ltd., P.O. Box 30, Penzance, Cornwall – enclose SAE, minimum size 8" x 4".

The organisers said this week that there are confident of the event being a big success, and they are already making plans to extend it to three days in 1984.

GLC LOOK TO '84

THIS SATURDAY's Peace Festival at Hackney Victoria Park (with JoBoxers, Orange Juice and Pauline Black) marks the end of the Greater London Council's summer season of open-air rock shows. They have all been well organised, due mainly to the GLC having brought in an experienced promoter specially to cope with them – and very favourably received by the public, more especially for being free!

But now that the council has proved itself capable of large-scale promotions, will it continue with this policy in 1984? A GLC spokesman commented: "We did a lot of shows this year to mark our Peace Year, and we were delighted with the results. No decisions are made yet about '84, but my guess is that – subject to financial restraints – we would want to continue next year, probably with a different theme."

EDINBURGH EXTRA

ANOTHER attraction in Edinburgh during the city's International Festival, in addition to those reported last week, will be the Circuit '83 presentations at the Hole-In-The-Ground, Castle Terrace. This is virtually a tented village, with no less than 36 different companies performing in five marquees (seating 270, 148, 250, 148 and 120 respectively) during the period August 19-September 11.

Highlights include The Bouncing Czechs with their new show *Go South Pacific* in Tent 1 (August 19-September 10 at 6.30pm), a new musical called *Cora* with Dana Gillespie in the title role in Tent 4 (August 21-September 10 at 11.30pm), highlife and reggae blended in *Rock Tartuffe* with Carol Grimes among the artists in Tent 1 (August 22-September 4 at 12.15am and September 7-10 at 10.30pm) and The Joeys in Tent 4 (August 20 to September 10 at 10pm).

There's also cabaret with Benjamin Zephaniah and Christine Ellerbeck (Tent 1, August 19-September 4 at 10.30pm) and Jenny Lecoat and John Hegley (Tent 3, August 21-September 10 at 11pm). Tent 2 will be devoted mainly to off-Broadway productions.

PAULINE BLACK FOR COVENTRY

PAULINE BLACK, who is one of the stars of this Saturday's GLC event in London Hackney Victoria Park, takes her 20-piece gospel band to Coventry Belgrade Theatre next Monday (8). This show is part of the week-long Coventry Festival, and another date of interest in that event is Lenny Bruce and Harvey & The Wallbangers on August 9, also at the Belgrade Theatre.

GARAGE FESTIVAL

DAVE STEWART & BARBARA GASKIN (of 'It's My Party' fame) are the special guests in a four-hour event at St. Albans City Hall this Saturday (6). It's billed variously as "A Summer Psychedelic Experience", "A Technicolor Dream" and "Get Me To The World On Time", although the promoters prefer to describe it as the first-ever Garage Festival. The bands involved are The Prisoners, The Milkshakes, The Sting-Rays, The Escalators and local group The Remayns – and there's also a disco, lights and bar. Tickets on the door are £3. A regular train service runs to St. Albans from London St. Pancras, the last return train leaves at midnight.

ELECTRONICS FAIR

UK ELECTRONICA 1983 is a 12-hour event being staged on Saturday, September 3, at Woughden Campus in Milton Keynes, featuring some of the best synths and electronics musicians of the day. Highlight is a special appearance by Dave Brock, Nik Turner and Harvey Bainbridge of Hawkwind, and other performers include Chris & Cosey, Ian Boddy, Ron Berry, Paul Nagle, Jasun Martz, Mark Shreeve and, from Germany, Question Mark and Robert Schroeder – plus videos.

The main object is to enable those attending to talk to the musicians involved and, when not actually performing, they'll be circulating around the many stands and stalls. Advance tickets are £6 (day and evening combined), £2.50 (day) and £4 (evening), with £1 reduction for UB40 holders – by post from Lotus Records, 23 High Street, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs ST5 1QZ. The venue is within easy walking distance of Milton Keynes the main line British Rail station.

TRAVELLING TO DONINGTON

TRAVEL arrangements have now been finalised for the Castle Donington 'Monsters Of Rock' event on August 20. The site is halfway between Nottingham and Derby, and there will be an extended rail service to both those stations with special late trains (phone Derby 32051 or Nottingham 46051 for more details), with a shuttle bus service to and from the concert. There will also be additional trains the following morning. For those travelling by car, there is direct access to the site from the M1, and drivers should take Exit 24.

WHAM! 19-DATE STAGE BONANZA

WHAM! this week announce details of their major autumn tour, plans for which were revealed by *NME* four weeks ago. George Michael, Andrew Ridgeley, Shirley and Dee are going out under the banner of 'Club Fantastic', playing 19 dates nationwide – with the possibility of more being added later. Their stage production, on which they've been working for some time, is described as "an extravagant bonanza combining the excitement of club life with the spectacle of a show".

The venues have all been chosen for their suitability for dancing – and with this in view, Capital Radio DJ Gary Crowley will open the show each night, playing an hour of the latest dance records. Then Wham! will take the stage – complete with a rhythm and brass sections, backing singers and dancers.

The date sheet comprises Aberdeen Capitol (October 10), Edinburgh Playhouse (11), Glasgow Apollo (13), Lancaster University (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Liverpool Royal Court (18), Sheffield City Hall (19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (21), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (22), Bristol Studio (23), Swansea Top Rank (24), London Hammersmith Odeon (27), Brighton Centre (30), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (November 1), Poole Arts Centre (2), Crawley Leisure Centre (3), Leeds University (4) and Birmingham Odeon (6).

Ticket prices range from £4 to £5, and they go on sale at box-offices and usual agents this Saturday (6) – except for the two university dates, for which details will be announced later. Tour promoter is Harvey Goldsmith, and this outing should finally put paid to rumours that the group are splitting up!

Rock supershow not rolling

MANY readers have been phoning *NME* about an alleged two-day rock event at London Wembley Arena on September 17 and 18, called "Legends of Rock 'n' Roll". It seems that handbills have been circulating, announcing the show — and listing such names as Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, Fats Domino, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Duane Eddy, Danny & The Juniors, Freddy Cannon, Chubby Checker, Carl Perkins and several others.

After a phone call from Jerry Lee Lewis' manager, insisting that he definitely wouldn't be appearing in the event, *NME* contacted the promoters Showstoppers. They explained that it won't now be happening on the dates stated, for the very reason that two or three of the listed names won't be available at that time. But they added that they are now planning to put the show on in 1984, and hopefully fairly early in the year.

TICKET OUTLETS FOR MANILOW

BARRY MANILOW tickets for his open-air concert at Blenheim Palace on August 27, previously only available by post, are now available to personal callers at a number of outlets – they include Apollo Theatres (Coventry and Oxford), Dominion Theatre (London Tottenham-Ct. Rd.), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Cyclops Sounds and Odeon Theatre (Birmingham), Way Ahead (Nottingham and Derby), TLCA (Liverpool) and HMV shops in Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester, Coventry, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Enfield, Lewisham, Luton, Sutton, Cardiff, Guildford, Southampton, Brighton, Gloucester, Bristol and Bedford. They cost £16, which is 50p more than by mail order.

A number of pre-concert attractions have been laid on to entertain the crowds during the afternoon, including sky diving, mime artists, jugglers and (wait for it) brass bands – and a top name act will shortly be announced as Manilow's special guest for the show. Meanwhile, Manilow has a new single released by Arista in both 7" and 12" formats, titled 'You're Looking Hot Tonite'.

The Comsats are back!

THE COMSAT ANGELS are back in business after an absence of 21 months, and they make their live return at London Victoria The Venue on August 23. The reason for their lengthy absence is that they've been busy writing new material and working with their new producer Mike Howlett (of OMD, China Crisis and Flock Of Seagulls fame), and the first result of the partnership is a new single 'Will You Stay Tonight?'/A World Away' released on August 12 by Jive Records, to whom they've just signed – also available as a 12-inch with an extra track 'Shining Hour'. They'll feature the new single at The Venue, as well as their new member Paul Robertson (guitar and keyboards), who'll be working with them on live dates only – and more gigs are expected to follow shortly.

– so are The Stray Cats

THE STRAY CATS play their first London date since December 1981, when they fly in to headline at the Lyceum Ballroom on September 18 – a show which will aid promotion of their newly released Arista single 'Sexy & Seventeen'. All tickets are £4, and the promoters are Head Music.

EURYTHMICS READYING MAJOR AUTUMN TOUR

EURYTHMICS will be undertaking a major tour in mid-autumn, the most extensive they have yet undertaken in this country. RCA confirmed the outing this week, and said they expect to be announcing dates and venues shortly. The group will also have a new album released to coincide with their schedule, the follow-up to their smash hit 'Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This)' – which at present ranks as the fourth best-selling LP of the year in Britain.

● JUDIE TZUKE will be touring extensively in September and October. The outing will be preceded by a new single, and her latest album will be issued next month by Chrysalis, who hope to announce her tour itinerary next week.

● BIG COUNTRY, who completed a UK tour only last week, will be going on the road again after only a short break. Dates are currently being finalised for September, to be announced next week.

● SUNRISE FESTIVAL 83 takes place in Mulhouse, France, on September 10 and 11 – with Blue Oyster Cult, Black Sabbath, Twisted Sister, Diamond Head, Fargo, Anvil, Mama's Boys and others. Two-day tickets at 180 French Francs (or information) from Sun Concert Promotions, Department 'Sunrise Festival 83', 35 rue des 3 Rois, 68100 Mulhouse.

NEW BOWIE FILM OPENS

DAVID BOWIE's latest movie *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* – which, as reported last week, has its gala premiere at the Edinburgh Festival on August 21 – will open simultaneously at five London cinemas on August 25. They are ABC Shaftesbury Avenue, ABC Fulham Road, ABC Bayswater and Plaza Camden Town, plus one other still to be named. And there will be a special preview at the National Film Theatre on August 24. The film will open in key cinemas around the country a couple of weeks later.

TWO MORE BY NIGHTLIFE

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE have now confirmed the two London dates which will climax their current UK tour, reported last week, coinciding with the release of their new Epic single 'Native Boy' – they are at the Empire Rooms in Tottenham-Court Road on August 19 and 20. Now down to a seven-piece, the group are augmented on the outing by three special guest stars, who are Gaz Veteron, John Critchenson and Dee C. Lee.

R&B JAMBOREE IN TOWN

LONDON Camden Electric Ballroom recaptures the West Coast jazz-jump blues scene of the late '40s and early '50s with a special show on Sunday, August 28 – it features tenor sax giants Big Jay McNeely and Chuck Higgins, together with pianist-vocalists Young Jesse and Willie Egans, and they're supported by British bands Red Beans & Rice and Juice On The Loose (tickets £6.50 in advance, £7.50 on the door). Two days earlier – Friday, August 26 – the renowned Slim Galliard Trio appear at the 100 Club in Oxford Street, supported by the Tommy Chase Quartet (tickets £3.50 on the door).

THE SWINGTIME CLUB will be operating every Friday from August 26 at London Brixton Frontline Theatre, each week presenting two new bands with the emphasis on excitement and innovation. Those interested should send tape, photo and details to Swingtime Music, c/o 44 Braxted Road, Streatham, London S.W.16, together with SAE for return of the tape.

THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS are playing a couple of dates before leaving for a series of support spots with The Stranglers in Europe. They are at Birmingham Tin Can Club this Saturday (6) and London Marquee Club next Monday (8).

DR. JOHN is back after his recent indisposition, which forced him to withdraw from the Glastonbury CND Festival in June – and which, incidentally, was not nearly as serious as the media was led to believe. He's already played a couple of London gigs and is now in Europe, returning next week for dates at London Deptford Albany Empire (August 8) and Manchester Band On The Wall (9 and 10).

THE MEKONS, who re-formed earlier this year and have recently been touring Europe, play their first British date in over two years tonight (Thursday) – they are the opening attraction at a new venue called Red Dance Platform in Newport, Gwent. They also play London Elephant & Castle Duke of Clarence this Saturday (6), and other gigs are being confirmed.

THE SMITHS are upset (nay, uptight) with Altered Images – and, it seems, with good reason. The Manchester group had been advertised extensively as a support act on Images' show at London Hammersmith Palais on July 24, but were dropped at short notice – because, it's claimed, Images didn't want them to play. No announcements or apologies were made prior to the gig or to the audience. Very odd!

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN – Some Bizzare's latest signing whose name, incidentally, means Collapsing New Buildings – are to headline at the Acklam Hall in London W.11 on Friday, August 19. They also play Leeds Warehouse (August 10) and Manchester Hacinenda Club (17), and are special guests of Cabaret Voltaire at Liverpool Royal Court on August 12.

CHURCH CONGREGATIONS

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH, the four-piece led by Stiv Bators and Brian James, undertake a mini-tour this month to preview their second album – it's due out later in August on the IRS label (through A&M). Dates are London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (tonight, Thursday), Colne Francs (Saturday), Sunderland Barbary Coast Sunday), Leeds Bier Keller (August 9), Liverpool Venue Club (10), Sheffield Leadmill (11) and Birmingham Tin Can Club (12).

NEW VENUE SEEKS ACTS

THE CAVALIER is a new London venue which has just opened at the Railway Hotel in West Hampstead, formerly the home of the Moonlight Club. It operates on Tuesdays and Wednesdays (8pm-midnight), but is desperately in need of performers – groups, artists, poets, dancers or any other entertainers. It's a good showcase for experimental groups – so, if you qualify, phone (01) 794 0970. The venue also has a disco and dance floor, and admission is £1.50.

IN EXCELSIS are a new band formed from the ashes of UK Decay and Ritual and, with negotiations taking place with several labels, they are currently rehearsing for their debut single. They feature guitarist Spon (ex-UK Decay), vocalist Errol and bassist Mark (both ex-Ritual), plus drummer Roxy. They plan to start gigging in mid-autumn.

TO THE FINLAND STATION top a free open-air show this Sunday (7) at London's Clissold Park in Stoke Newington. It's billed as the Hackney & Islington Anti-Nuclear Festival, and others appearing include Supercombo, Cedar Roots, Barney Rubble Band and The London Derrieres. The event runs from noon until 6pm.

BRILLIANT have acquired a new drummer in Mike Foster, who has previously worked in various Brixton reggae bands. He takes over from Andy Anderson who, according to Rough Trade, has left to join The Cure – but although he played with them at the Elephant Fayre in Cornwall last Saturday, there's no official word that he's become a permanent Cure member.

ROMAN HOLLIDAY, enjoying their debut chart success with 'Don't Try To Stop It', play a major London date tonight (Thursday) at The Venue in Victoria. They interrupt recording sessions for their first album to play this show, and they'll be touring more comprehensively when the LP is released in late summer or early autumn.

DUMPTY'S RUSTY NUTS, now featuring new drummer Neil Richards, embark on a six-week club tour next month. First confirmed gigs are at London Fulham Greyhound (September 7), Oxford Pennyfarthing (23), London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head (29 and October 27), Cross Keys Institute (October 1), Newbridge Memorial Hall (2), Banbury Football Club (8) and Ashford Wye College (14).

SON OF JAH and KEITH DOUGLAS are two other acts appearing at London's Acklam Hall – in their case, this Saturday (6). The show is being presented by Natty Congo to celebrate Jamaica's 21st year of independence. Sounds are provided by Diamond, and admission is £3.

THE PASSIONS, just back from an extensive American tour, are set to play their first London date for almost a year. It's at the Marquee Club on Friday, August 12, as part of that venue's 25th birthday season.

THE PASSION PUPPETS, the North London five-piece who recently signed a long-term deal with Stiff Records, headline tonight (Thursday) at London Islington Almeida Theatre – support act in The Hellum Brothers, and tickets are £2. Further dates around the country will be slotted in over the next two months.

TURN TO PAGE 36 FOR NEWS EXTRA

NUMAN'S LONDON EXTRA

GARY NUMAN has added a third London concert to his upcoming 'Warriors' tour, already reported by *NME*, as the result of "very enthusiastic response" to his original dates. The extra show is again at the Hammersmith Odeon, and it's on Saturday, October 15. Tickets are now available at the box-office and usual agents, priced £6, £5 and £4.

CABLE-TV FILMS CLUB

SCREEN SCREAM is the name of a new club operating on Mondays from August 15 at London Camden Electric Ballroom, and it's been set up specially to enable US Cable-TV to film there, as typifying the modern nightlife scene in London. Dress is important ("voodoo" style preferred), the dance floor is large (music from Bowie to Wham), drink prices are low and patrons must be prepared to be filmed for an American TV audience. Entrance is £3, with free membership on the first night.

NO-NUKES BENEFIT SHOW

POISON GIRLS, The Darts and Roy Harper are among acts taking part in a benefit show this Sunday (7) at London's Phoenix Theatre, Charing Cross Road. It's in aid of MEND (Members of Equity for Nuclear Disarmament), an organisation affiliated to CND. Among many others involved are The Actors Choir, Andy de la Tour, Jim Barclay, David Rappaport, Ben Elton and Adrian Mitchell. Tickets at £10, £8 and £6 will help to raise money for the CND National Rally on October 22.

Ronnie Scotts Club
47 Frith Street, London, W.1.
Carmel
Sunday 7th August at 8·00pm
Tickets £4·00 (inc VAT) available from Ronnie Scotts Box Office tel. 439 0747 or: London Theatre Bookings. Premier Box Office. Kieth Prowse. Albemarle. Stargreen. Rough Trade Records. Rock on Records. The Cage (Gear market). Or at door on night.
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The Single –
bad day
Available Now on
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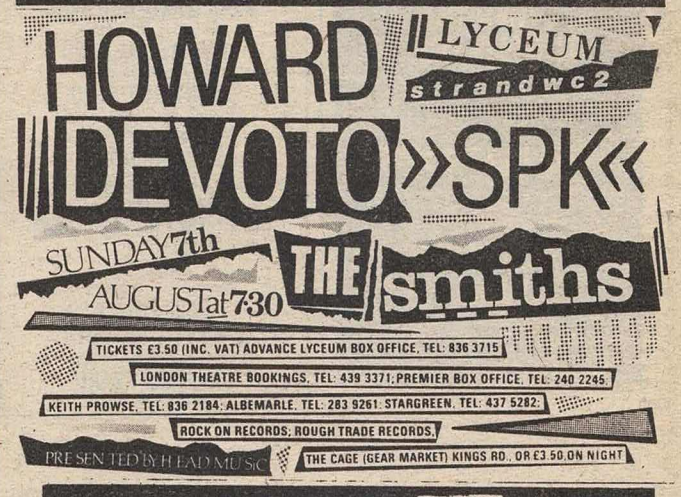
HOWARD DEVOTO
»SPK«
LYCEUM
strand wc2
SUNDAY 7th AUGUST at 7·30
THE smiths
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 836 2184; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;
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PRESENTED BY HEAD MUSIC
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ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD., OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

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Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Monday 8th August (Adm £3.00)

THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 9th August (Adm £2.50)

SIAM
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 10th August (Adm £2.00)

CASE
The Climb & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 11th August (Adm £3.00)

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Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

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BUDDY KNOX
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PLUS SUPPORT BAD TO THE BONE

MON 8
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★ BROADCAST
ETERNAL TRIANGLE
TRUE COLOURS ★

TUE 9
THE SMITHS
THE DAINTEES
TELEPHONE BOXES

WED 10
REGGAE FROM JAMAICA
LONE RANGER SAMMY DREAD

THUR 11
FROM ABERDEEN
DEFINITELY SHOWING UP THIS TIME!
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Wednesday 10th August **EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN**	Monday 15th August **CABARET VOLTAIRE**

LATE BAR 9 – 2a.m Sunday Gigs doors open 7.30p.m – 10.30p.m.

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8 PM. – DOORS £3.50

THUR AUG 18th — **CABARET + VOLTAIRE** The CABARET VOLTAIRE VIDEO SHOW.
8 PM £3.00

Tickets – POST. C.P.O. + SAE) 184. CAMDEN High RD NW1.
OR PREMIER – L.T.B – ROCKON – CAGE → KINGS RD.

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 834 5882
Doors Open 8pm. Main Band on at 9.30pm.
Tickets Advance: Virgin Megastore Tel: 631 1234 On night: Venue

COMING SOON

Thursday 4th August	**ROMAN HOLLIDAY** + Numbers 28	£3.20
Thursday 11th August	**THE ARMOURY SHOW** + Eyeless In Gaza + Virginia Astley	£3.20
Tuesday 23rd August	**COMSAT ANGELS** + Friends Again	£3.20
Wednesday 31st August	**THE FARMERS BOYS**	£3.20

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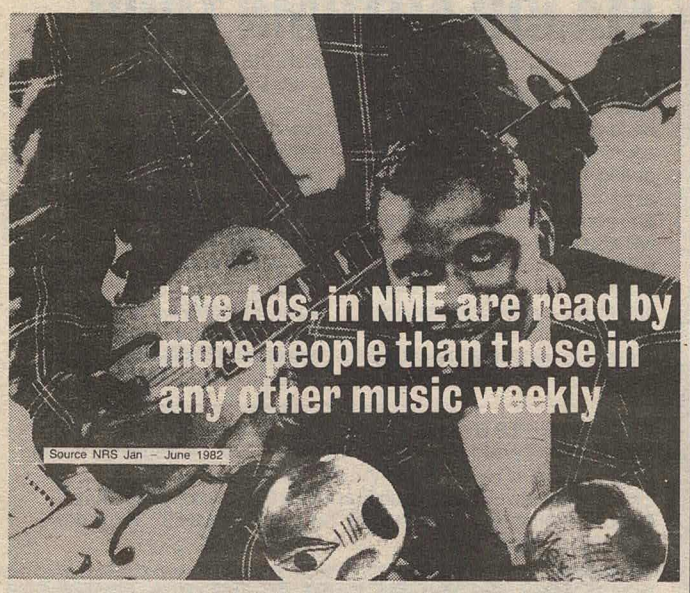
SOURCE NRS JAN./JUNE 1982



THE CASTLE CLUB

452 Finchley Road London NW11 Tel 01-455 3501

Thursday 4th August	Resident Band **STEVE TRAVIS GROUP**	Adm £1.50
Friday 5th August	**LOT 49**	Adm £1.50
Saturday 6th August	**OPPOSITION**	Adm £1.50
Monday 8th August	**SILENT MOVIES**	Adm £1.00
Tuesday 9th August	**CHASE THE FADE**	Adm £1.50
Wednesday 10th August	Country Night **STIR ABOUT**	Adm £1.50

TIN CAN CLUB

OPEN FRIDAY and Saturday Friday 5th August
ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE
Saturday 6th August
THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS
Friday 12th August
LORDS OF THE CHURCH
Saturday 13th August
THE METEORS

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LOST LOVED ONES
Thu Aug 4
Trio who look like the Stray Cats and sound like a head-on collision between The Clash and U2. Potential to be enormous.

New wave soul/dance music

SCREEN III
Fri Aug 5
Placed between ABC and the Famous Flames, their sound is tougher than the former's pop chic and less repitive than the latter's disco funk. 2 sets @ 10 & 11.45pm.

Electro-punk funk

DEKKA DANSE
Sat Aug 6
Five-piece from Aberdeen who've managed to develop a sound which echoes both Roxy Music and the Asbury Dukes. Tour support for Altered Images. Signed to CBS. 2 sets @ 10 & 11.45pm. Recommended.

Sun Aug 7: If The Glove + Dancette

Mon Aug 8: Eko Eko + Jakatti

Tue Aug 9: Shadow Boys + The Alchemists

It don't mean a thing...

TROPICAL FISH
Wed Aug 10
The roaring '40's' – torch/noir/swing – played with a degree more feel than is current in jive bands. With the success of Roman Holiday, the Fish must be contenders.

No-nonsense good-time music:

THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
Thu Aug 11
Mainly 60's inspired songs but played with so much verve and attack that the music is downright infectious. Recommended.

music venue:- IS OPEN 8-00PM till about 2-00A.M. MON. THRU THURSDAY • 8-00PM till 3-00A.M. FRIDAY & SATURDAY AND 7-30PM till 12 MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY. SET TIMES ARE USUALLY 10PM & 11PM. - WEEKENDS ITS 30mins LATER • IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO PHONE BEFORE SETTING OUT TO CONFIRM THE ABOVE INFO! THERE'S A BAR, COCKTAILS, RECORDS, VIDEOS AND DANCING YOU HAVE TO BE 18 OR OVER • **restaurant:-** OPENS 12-00 MIDDAY till 2-00A.M. MON to WEDNESDAY • TILL 3-30A.M. ON THURSDAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AND UNTILL MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY **note:-** YOU GET UP TO **60% off** ADMISSION TO DOWN-STAIRS IF YOU EAT FIRST IN OUR RESTAURANT — WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING AND JAMES STs. OLD COVENT GARDEN. WC2.

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Wednesday 14th September £3.50 Adv
LEVEL 42

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THE CAVE

NEW MERLINS CAVE
MARGERY STREET., LONDON WC1

Thursday 4th August	£1.00
PLASTIC FANTASTIC	
Friday 5th August	£1.50
THE ED DANE BAND ex Frankie Miller	
Saturday 6th August	£1.50
DANCE HALL STYLE	
Sunday 7th August	Admission Free
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT	
Monday 8th August	£1.00
LAUGHING SAM'S DICE	
Tuesday 9th August	Admission Free
MANHOLE	
Thursday 11th August	£1.50
DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS	

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+ GOODNIGHT FOREVER
Thursday 11th August
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Licensed Bar & Food—8.30–12 Midnight
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+ Le Lulus
8–1.00am + DJ

Thursday 11th August
"THE METEORS"
8–1.00am + DJ

Friday 19th August
"LONDON COWBOYS"
+ October Revolution
8–2.00am + DJ

Tel: RAYLEIGH 770003

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93 Lower Richmond Road, Putney, SW15
Tel: 01–788 2387

Thursday 4th August
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Friday 5th August
HANK WANGFORD BAND
Saturday 6th August
TONY McPHEE BAND
Sunday 7th August
MICKY JUPP BAND
Monday 8th, Tuesday 9th Wednesday 10th August
FAIRPORT CONVENTION
Thursday 11th August
MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND
Friday 12th August
INMATES
Wednesday 17th August
DAVE PEGG'S COCKTAIL COWBOYS
Monday 22nd August
DAVE KELLY BAND
(first Birthday Party)

FAC 51 THE HAÇIENDA

Friday 5th August
LYDIA LUNCH
Only U.K. Appearance
Thursday 11th August
CABARET VOLTAIRE
Friday 12th August
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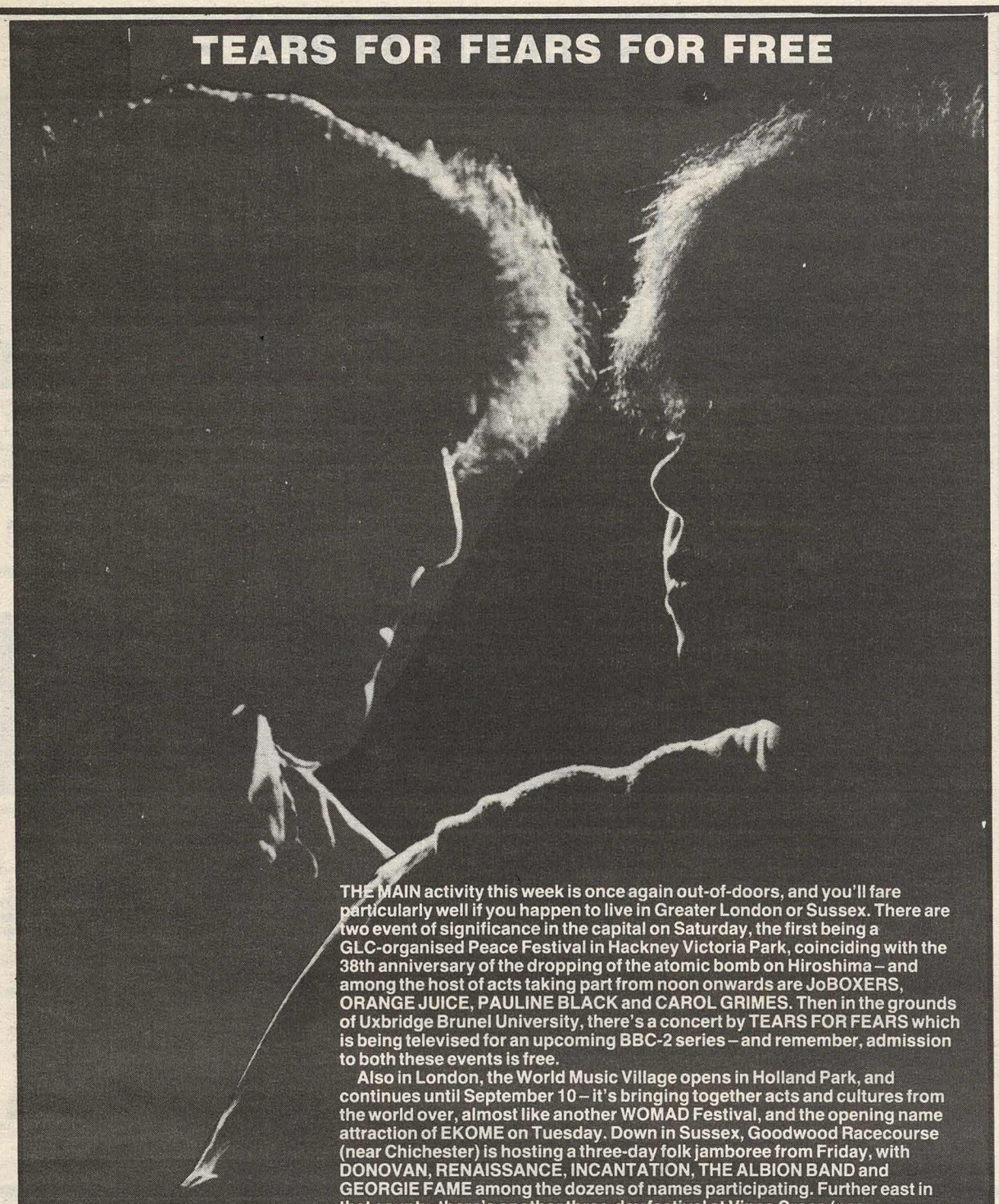

THE MAIN activity this week is once again out-of-doors, and you'll fare particularly well if you happen to live in Greater London or Sussex. There are two event of significance in the capital on Saturday, the first being a GLC-organised Peace Festival in Hackney Victoria Park, coinciding with the 38th anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima – and among the host of acts taking part from noon onwards are JoBOXERS, ORANGE JUICE, PAULINE BLACK and CAROL GRIMES. Then in the grounds of Uxbridge Brunel University, there's a concert by TEARS FOR FEARS which is being televised for an upcoming BBC-2 series – and remember, admission to both these events is free.

Also in London, the World Music Village opens in Holland Park, and continues until September 10 – it's bringing together acts and cultures from the world over, almost like another WOMAD Festival, and the opening name attraction of EKOME on Tuesday. Down in Sussex, Goodwood Racecourse (near Chichester) is hosting a three-day folk jamboree from Friday, with DONOVAN, RENAISSANCE, INCANTATION, THE ALBION BAND and GEORGIE FAME among the dozens of names participating. Further east in that county, there's another three-day festival at Vines Cross (near Heathfield), and this one is more rock-orientated with such groups as HERE & NOW, THE ENID, EXPANDIS and 17 local bands.

On the tour front, DAVID ESSEX is on the road throughout August – he actually opened last week but we omitted to mention him – and he's in action at Basildon (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday) and Blackpool (Tuesday). Also, ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE are undertaking a short tour to unveil their new-look line-up, and THE NIGHTINGALES are playing a couple of dates.

Back in London, HOWARD DEVOTO – who cancelled his originally planned show in the metropolis last month – has now arranged an alternative, and it's at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday. There are also two three-day seasons of note – the SEX GANG CHILDREN are at the Marquee Club (Thursday to Saturday) as part of that venue's 25th birthday season, and FAIRPORT CONVENTION play Putney Half Moon (Monday to Wednesday) as a prelude to their annual reunion festival next weekend.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY 4th

Aberdeen: **Blaze**
Basildon Festival Theatre: **David Essex**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Duma Express: **And Also The Trees**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Buckingham The Mitre: **Precious Little Idols**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Tubless Hearts (until Saturday)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Ex-Directory**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Remaining Nameless**
Dunstable Wheatsheaf: **Anarchist Formation Dance Team/Marx Brothers**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Miraj**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Fair Exchange**
Inverness Ice Rink: **Death Cult/As The Crow Flies**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **G.L.S.**
Kirkaldy Abbots Hall: **Jack Bruce & Friends**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Europeans**
LiverpoolBrady's (at Gatsby's): **Carmel**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **The Websters/Love Republic**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Mixed Blood**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Gymslips/Compulsion**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Eddie Tenpole Tudor/Insane Supports**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lost Loved Ones**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Spirit Level**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **One Force/Benji & The Vibes**
London Ealing Questors Theatre: **Morrissey Mullen/Paz**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Chameleons/Miss Simone & The Mr. Sirs**
London Fulham King's Head: **Isis**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Missing Airmen/Guesswork**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Hazel Williams**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot (at The Clarendon): **Lords Of The New Church/Crown Of Thorns**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Cyril Tawney/Jerry Trimble/Tarbolton**
London Kennington on The Cricketers: **Vamp**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Sunset Club: **The Opposition/Goodnight Forever**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Steve Ross (until August 20)**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Blue Moon Boys**
London Marquee Club: **Sex Gang Children**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Slip Stream**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The London Cowboys/D'Rango Slang**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jazz Sluts**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Fred Hunt Trio**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Band**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.30pm): **Ludus**
London Streatham Crown & Sceptre: **Separate Energy**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roman Holliday**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **One The Juggler**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Plastic Fantastic**
Lyminge Coach & Horses: **Maroondogs**
New Malden Manor Park Pavilion: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/Static**
Newport (Gwent) Red Dance Platform: **The Mekons**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tobruk**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Rayligh Crocs: **Animal Nightlife/Le Lu-Lu's**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Runcorn Cherry Tree: **Saracen**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Enid**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Stirling Avand Garde: **Pop Wallpaper/Wild Indians**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Talk Dark**
Watford Bailey's: **Heatwave (until Saturday)**
Whitley Bay Royal Banqueting Hall: **Club 75**
Whitley Bay Whitley Lodge Algarve: **Suspicions Confirmed/Jet Set Danse**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY 5th

Bath Moles Club: **The Chameleons**
Bathgate Rock at the Park: **Jack Bruce & Friends**
Berkhampsted Old Mill House: **Fractured Nerve**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Dark Room**
Birmingham The Hummingbird: **Winston Reedy**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **Echo Base/Benjamin Zephaniah**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Animal Nightlife**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Buster & Friends**
Cambridge Cat Club: **Rendezvous**
Cambridge Fine Fayre: **Solstice**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Beatles For Sale**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Enid**
Edinburgh Le Metro: **The Wake**
Fetcham Riverside Club: **English Rogues**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Solid Aire**
Glenelg Village Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Good Racecourse(Sussex): **Folk Jamboree with Donovan/Renaissance/Incantation/Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames/Dave Swarbrick & Martin Carthy/Prelude/Arizona Smoke Revue/Roaring Jelly/Skinners Rats/The Home Service etc. (until Sunday)**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Hit And Run**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Montage Real Estate/Compulsion**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers/Hep Cats Go Ape (until Sunday)**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band/Fugative**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Feelers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Buddy Knox**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Screen 3**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Kincade**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Sade Adu**
London Ealing Questors Theatre: **Stan Tracey Septet/John Surman Group**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Conflict/Hagar The Womb/Vex**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Broadcast/Stained Rain**
London Fulham King's Head: **John Otway Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Blind Tennant**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Downbeats/Moonlight by Moonlight**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park Theatre: **Tim Whitehead's Borderline**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Domino**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Marquee Club: **Sex Gang Children**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **The Famous Five**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Earl's Band Wish**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **London Jazz Big Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Andy Colville's Wholley Cats**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fapy Lafertin/John Barnes**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.30pm): **The Bouncing Czechs**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban & Al Maclain**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Carol Grimes Band**
London W.1 (Bond St.) Embassy Club: **Suzi Van Pink**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Lydia Lunch**
Manchester Millstone Hotel: **Ex-Directory**
Matlock Crown Hotel: **Nine 'Play Hendrix'**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **The Meteors/Fireball XL5**
Oakham Springfield Hotel: **Legion Of Lies**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **A Bigger Mercedes**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Wildfire**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Portsmouth Granny's: **King Kurt**
Reading Jock O' Both Sides: **The Surfin Lungs**
Sheffield City Hall: **David Essex**
Sheffield The Marples: **Chakk**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **The Nightingales**
Southend Top Alex: **Seducer**
Stirling Raploch Community Centre: **Joking Apart/Random Rhythms**
Sunderland Mayfair: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Forrest**
Thurso Viewfirth Club: **Blaze**
Vines Cross Festival (near Heathfield, Sussex): **The Enid/Here & Now/Expandis and 17 local bands (until Sunday)**
Whitehaven White House: **Saracen**

SATURDAY 6th

Birmingham Tin Can Club: **The Bollock Brothers/Michael Fagan**
Carlisle Creeps: **Saracen**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colne Francs: **Lords Of The New Church**
Cramlington High Pitt: **The Nerve**
Dudley's J.B.'s Club: **Yes Sir**
Folkestone White Lion Hotel: **Nature Boys**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Raider**
Henley Jolly Waterman: **The Surfin Lungs**
Inverness Caledonian Hotel: **Blaze**
Kingston Royal Charter: **East To West**
Leyland Civic Hall: **Force Nine**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **David Essex**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Taxi**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Ace: **Delroy Wilson/Son Of Man/Family Love**
London Brixtol The Fridge: **Wild About Harry**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers/Bad To The Bone**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Kincade**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Out**
London Ealing Questors Theatre: **Louisiana Red/Ian Stewart Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Screaming Lobsters/Tempa Red**
London Fulham King's Head: **Salt with Stevie Smith**
London Hackney Victoria Park (noon-8pm, free): **Jo Boxers/Orange Juice/Pauline Black/Carol Grimes/The Guest Stars/Orchestre Jazira/Spartacus R, etc.**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Urban Shakedown/Disc Obolisk**
London Hammersmith Starboard Flange Club: **Bad Cats**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Leicester-Square The Jive Dive (at The Subway): **The Rhythm Men**
London Marquee Club: **Sex Gang Children**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Stu Hamer Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Duda Pukwana's Zila**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Isaac Guillory**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Fads Army**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fapy Lafertin/Eddie Thompson/Don Harper**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6pm): **Spartacus R**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Cayenne**
London W.1 (Conway St) Adams ARms: **The Nightingales/Twelve Cubic Feet/The Legend & His Swinging Soul Sisters/Jeremy Chester & His Velvet Soul**
Manchester Thompsons Arms: **Bears From Belle Vue Zoo**
Newcastle (Cowgate) Ord Arms: **Paralax/Play For Today**
Norwich Studio Theatre: **Shake The Nation/Egotism/Ton Ton Taboo/18 Yellow Roses**
Peterborough The Embankment: **Free Festival with Roy Harper etc.**
Peterborough The Postillion: **Low Profile**
Reading Target Club: **Seducer**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Le Lu-Lu's**
Southampton Hoglans Park: **Unicorn**
Southend (Leigh) Grand Hotel: **The Cannibals/The Shakers**
Southend The Cliff Hotel: **Autumn Poison/The Committee/Robert Goodwin**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **East Side Torpedoes**
Torquay St. Marychurch Town Hall: **Chapter 29/Scarlet Downs/Static Activity**
Uxbridge Brunel University (open-air, free): **Tears For Fears**
Wingham Well Eight Bells: **Isengard**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wishaw Heathery Bar: **Jack Bruce & Friends**

SUNDAY 7th

Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Pete Turner Band**
Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel: **Chasar**
Birmingham Liberties: **The Europeans**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bootle Wyndham's Hotel: **Yes Sir**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Colchester Embassy Suite: **Animal Nightlife**
Colne Francs: **Omen**
Doncaster Hawthorne: **The Nerve**
Erdington Posers: **Great Outdoors**
Fraserburgh Station Hotel: **Boys Of The Lough**
Glasgow The Mayfair: **Jack Bruce &Friends**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
Horsham The Park Recreation Centre: **Forrest**
Ipswich Dykes: **Airbridge**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtie): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Blueberries**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Ealing Questors Theatre: **Gil Evans with R.M.S./Carol Kenyon/Alan Clare**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Game/New Set Of Strings**
London Fulham King's Head: **Fast Buck**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Ruthie Smith & Friends**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Nantuck Five**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park Theatre (3pm): **Denny Wright & The Hot Club Of London**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Moving Hearts**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Breakfast Band**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Laughing Sam's Dice**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Higs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Five-A-Slide**
London Putney Half Moon: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Carmel**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Brass Impact Big Band (lunchtime)/Ken Sims Dixie Kings (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fapy Lifertin/Eddie Thompson**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Fufu & The Lightsoup**
London Stoke Newington Clissold Park (noon-6pm): **To The Finland Statin/Supercombo/Cedar Roots/Barney Rubble Band/The London Derrieres**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Howard Devoto/The Smiths/SPK**
London Westminster-Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Tony Shannon & The Playboys**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **London Dixieland All Stars**
Manchester Palace Theatre: **David Essex**
Margate First & Last: **Dave Corsby Band**
Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Misbehaviour**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Alastair Russell**
Rossendale Volunteers: **Street Gipsy Blues Band**
Sheffield The Marples: **Quasar**
Southampton The Alexandra (lunchtime) and Compton Arms (evening): **The Press**
South Croydon Swan & Sugar Loaf: **The Misfits**
Sutton Secombe Centre: **Tony McPhee Band**

MONDAY 8th

Carlisle Micks Club: **Jack Bruce & Friends**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Toucal Trolls**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Broadcast/Eternal Triangle/True Colours**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**

CONTINUES OVER

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Eko Eko**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Carol Grimes Band & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Dr. John/The Electric Bluebirds**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Chaos/The Accursed/Burning Rhythm**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Shoot! Dispute/ Monomix**
London Fulham King's Head: **Space Studio**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Innamanna**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Peech Boys/The Famous Five**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Jeff Dunn & Ronnie Johnson Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Step By Step**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Gil Evans Orchestra (until August 20)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Keith Nichols Paramount Theatre Orchesta**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.45pm): **The Joeys**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Sense/ Party Day**
London W.1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **Le Lu-Lu's**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Laughing Sam's Dice**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Newcastle Gosforth Assembly Rooms: **Sanderson's Sixth Of A Gill**
Ramsgate Sands Wine Bar: **Part 4**
South Shields New Crown Hotel: **Quasar**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Ullapool Community Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**

TUESDAY 9th

Ayr Pavilion: **Jack Bruce & Friends**
Auchleven Premnay Hotel: **Boys Of The Lough**
Barnsley Rebecca's: **Nine Play Hendrix**
Birmingham The Hummingbird: **Talisman**
Blackpool Winter Gardens: **David Essex**
Broadstairs Folk Festival (for three days): **Roaring Jelly, etc.**
Canterbury Miller Arms: **Part 4**
Croydon (Wallington) Digbys Club: **Accent**
Darlington Lucinda's: **Quasar**
Fareham Collingwood Club: **Forrest**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Smiths/The Daintees/Telephone Boxes**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Bonanza Bros.**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Facade/Cut Out Shapes**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Odd**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Spectrum Is Green/Key Club**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park Theatre: **Eavesdropper**
London Holland Park World Music Village: **Ekome Dance Company**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Modern Dance Band/Blaze**
London Kentish Town Bul & Gate: **The Famous Five**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Eggsperts**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Toy Dolls**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Nigel Nash/Dave Suttle Trio**

ORANGE JUICE . . .

London Hackney, Saturday

London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London W.1 (Dean St) The Pipeline at Gossips: **UK Subs**
London W.1 (Jermyn st) Maunkberrys: **RichardGreen & The Next Step**
London .C.1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **The Joeys/Natural Theatre Company**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne-Sid Warren Quintet**
Preston Clouds: **The Nerve**
Reading Fives Bar: **The Surfin Lungs**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Tokyo Rose**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**

WEDNESDAY 10th

Aberdeen Valhalla: **The Chameleons**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Castleford Sandmartin: **The Nerve**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Reactors**
Derby Gossips: **Forrest**
Derby The Birdhouse: **Splat!**
Falkirk Chequers: **Jack Bruce & Friends**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Ah Leu Cha**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Sid Presley Experience/The Legendary Luton Kippers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Lone Ranger/ Sammy Dread**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Blisters/ Hack Hack**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Foreign Flags/Career In Commerce**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Members of Rip Rig & Panic**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Mai Pen Rai**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.1 The Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Undecided**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fiarport Convention**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Alan Elsdon Quartet**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fapy Lafertin/ Tony Lee Trio**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Destructors/The Accursed**
Longleat Oscar's: **The Press**
Manchester Tiffany's: **Saracen**
Newcastle Cooperage: **Quasar**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Bead The Jeep**
Rosehall Village Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Whitehaven Whitehouse Disco: **Yes Sir**

RECORD NEWS EXTRA

●Canadian band **Coney Hatch** have their new album 'Outa Hand' issued this weekend by Phonogram on the Vertigo label. The cassette version features their debut self-named LP on the B-side, so it's a double-play tape at the price of a single-play. The band are hoping to tour here later this year.
●The Steinar label, which has enjoyed success this year with Mezzoforte, has signed **Joe Ericson** and releases his single 'Take Your Time'/'Freeze' this week. The 12-inch format features a special club mix of the A-side, and a different coupling titled 'She's Alright'.
●**Michael Brewer**, previously one half of Brewer & Shipley, makes his solo debut this weekend with 'Beauty Lies' on the Full Moon label (through Warners). It was produced by Dan Fogelberg, and Linda Ronstadt can be heard in the backing.
●Tomorrow (Friday), WEA release a new single by five-piece US gospel group **The Clark Sisters** titled 'You Brought The Sunshine (Into My Life)', which has already topped the New York radio playlists. The 12-incher features no less than three versions of the main title, while the B-side of the seven-incher is 'Overdose Of The Holy Ghost'.
●**Duncan McKenzie**, latest signing to Outlook Records, is literally going overboard to promote his new single 'All Of You Out There'. He's arranged to do a sponsored parachute jump with the Red Devils Skydiving Team, and all proceeds will be donated to the Stuart Henry Multiple Sclerosis Appeal Fund.

HANOI ROCKS (of whom the more extrovert two-fifths are pictured above) release their second UK single on August 12, 'Until I Get You'/'Tragedy'—and there's also a 12-incher with an extra track called 'Oriental Beat'. At the same time, the band's first three albums—not previously available in the UK—are being issued here at £4.99 each, and the titles are 'Bangkok Shocks Saigon Shakes Hanoi Rocks', 'Original Beat' and 'Self Destruction Blues'. These are their last releases on the Lick Records label (through IDS), as the band have just signed a worldwide deal with CBS.

THE SOFT BOYS (above) are included in a batch of ten back catalogue albums, plus one double LP, to be released by Armageddon Records over the next two months—at the price of a single. The first three, issued on August 19, are 'Lope At The Hive' by *The Soft Boys* 'Pincer Movement' by *Jowe Head* (ex-Swell Maps) and 'WNW6 Moonlight Radio' by Various Artists (including *Artery, The Room* and *The Decorators*). The series is called 'Armageddon For Pleasure', and subsequent releases will be on September 16 and October 14.
■MCA release six more cassettes in their Twinpax series, each featuring two albums for the price of one—they are by *Neil Diamond* ('Velvet Gloves'/'Rainbow'), *Steely Dan* ('The Royal Scam'/'Katy Lied'), *Spyrogyra* ('Carnival'/'Spyrogyra'), *Lynyrd Skynrd* ('Second Helping'/'Gimme Back My Bullets'), *Don Williams* ('Visions'/'Harmony') and *Joe Sample* ('Carmel'/'Rainbow Seeker'). And four back catalogue albums—two by *Don Williams* and one each by *Steely Dan* and *The Crusaders*—are now reissued as mid-price albums.
■EXPLUSION Records have launched a subsidiary label called Physical, which debuts this week with the single 'When And If I Fall In Love'/'Light Of Love' by noted US guitarist *Phil Upchurch*, featuring vocals by *Kevin Henry*—and the 12-inch format has an extra track called 'Revelation'. On the parent Expulsion label, there's a new album by Midlands band *Witchfynde* titled 'Cloak And Dagger', also available as a limited edition picture disc. A new distribution deal for both labels has just been signed with IDS.
■RED LIGHTNIN, the East Anglian specialist R&B label, releases the compilation LP 'More Devils Music' featuring tracks by *James De Shay & His Band, Big Joe Williams, Henry Townsend* and *Victoria Spivey*—plus the LP 'Big Time Blues Man' by *Isaac Scott*. There's also the five-track mini-LP 'It's Great To Be Rich' with *Billy Boy Arnold & Tony McPhee, Lester Davenport, Good Rockin' Charles, Bo Diddley* and *Big John Trice*.

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plus The HELIUM BROTHERS
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JOHN OTWAY
Saturday 6th August £1.50
SALT
with Little Stevie Smith
Sunday 7th August £1.50
FAST BUCK
Monday 8th August £1.00
GIPSY BLOOD
Tuesday 9th August £1.00
THE CAPER
Wednesday 10th August £2.00
THE BREAKFAST BAND
Thursday 11th August £1.00
CAREER IN COMMERCE
+ Chase

EUROPEANS
WED – 3rd AUGUST
LAZERS, GREEN LANES, N.8.
THURS – 4th AUGUST
LEEDS, WAREHOUSE
WED – 10th AUGUST
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Hot Club SW9
at the Loughborough Hotel, Loughborough Rd, SW2
Sat, 6th August 1983
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SOUL ASSISTANTS
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Cheap, late bar
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Thursday 4th August £1.00
BARNEYS 50's DISCO
Friday 5th August £1.50
THE DOWNBEATS
+ Moonlight By Moonlight
Saturday 6th August £1.50
URBAN SHAKEDOWN
+ Disk Obolisk
Saturday 7th August £1.00
THE NANTUCK FIVE
+ Guests
Monday 8th August £1.50
From New Zealand:
HULA PALAVA
+ The Famous Five
Tuesday 9th August 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Wednesday 10th August £1.00
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SEPTEMBER
2 – **READING,** HEXAGON
4 – **CARDIFF,** ST DAVIDS HALL
5 – **BRISTOL,** COLSTON HALL
6 – **BIRMINGHAM,** ODEON
8 – **NOTTINGHAM,** ROYAL CENTRE
9 – **MANCHESTER,** APOLLO
10 – **NEWCASTLE,** CITY HALL
11 – **EDINBURGH,** PLAYHOUSE

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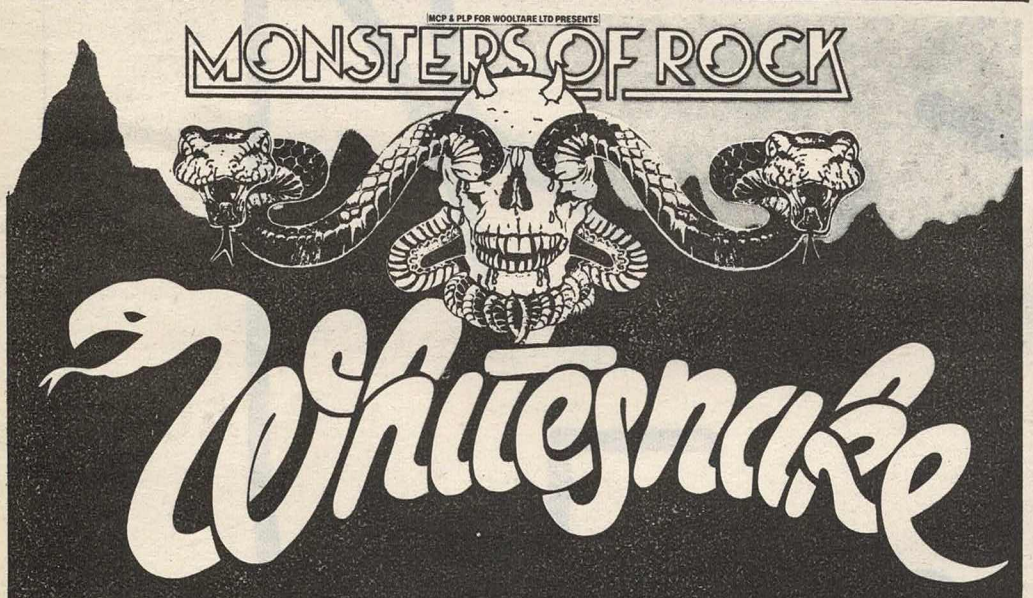

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NEXT WEEK IN NME

TEST DEPARTMENT

Heavy Metal used to be a derogatory term for loud music played by long-haired men with more in their trousers than their heads, but now all that has changed. Mind you, some would say TEST DEPARTMENT are a similar God awful clatter – but others insist that it is '80s art amidst the ruins of Britain's industrial graveyard. **DON WATSON** (yes, you should have guessed he'd say something like that) takes a trip to New Cross and forges links with South London's most creative metal merchants. "Forges links"?!!! We thought he went to interview Some Bizzarre's latest signings . . .

ROBERT SMITH

And from metal to Smiths . . . ho ho ho! **RICHARD COOK** asks an extremely tired Robert Smith exactly how he can spare three hours a day to put on his make-up for TV shows, be a big pop star with The Cure, play with The Banshees and mastermind Glove. Er, Robert . . . "Zzzzzzzzz."

POGUEMAHONE

And if this musical eclecticism wasn't enough, we also discover a revival of traditional Irish music with that infamous – and at one time lugless – scene maker, Shane MacGowan. **GAVIN MARTIN** consumes a vast amount of *poteen* to bring you this amazing cultural information. "So I thought," said Shane, "let's do something completely different, something at least vaguely based on Irish music, because I knew a lot of the songs from my mum and dad and the parties they used to have."
POGUEMAHONE, by the way, is Gaelic for "Kiss My Hole". What strange parties Mr and Mrs MacGowan must have had.

PLUS: **RATTLESNAKE ANNIE** and **PETER CAPALDI . . .**

•REFORMATION•

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Chrysalis

LIVE

FROM THE CAK TO THE CRACK

NEW MODEL ARMY

Bradford Great Hall

BRADFORD IS a city of dead mills, lousy poets, psychopaths and pigeons. There's a lot of shit about, including a thick morass of cotton wool-gobbed students and hordes of pathetic, battered punky types influenced more by Bash. St. haute couture than any menacing, anarchic posturings.

From the cak to the Crack. If New Model Army played sub-Deep Purple parodies and faked an affinity with North American aborigines, they would have by now achieved that elusive 'Cult' status.

NMA are quite the best pop group to emerge from this city's abused nether-regions since the hurricane of 1976 hit here (about mid 1978). They have rejected both the crass ranting of the Kronstadt Kids and the Heebie-Jeebie bollock-talking tribal whine of the Sex'n' Mascara Gumbie Gang. They reinstate melody, rhyme and REASON.

They play the sort of songs that sent a shiver down your spine when you were still woolly enough to be stunned by Strummer or Springsteen — the love song becomes the sort of melotov Costello once wrote plus the Buzzcocks' gawky cynicism. But this is Bradford, home of apathy as lifestyle. The devotees did the dervish whilst the bleak, grey masses sank back in tanked up indifference and worried about their exams.

New Model Army's passion and small 'p' politics are given high intensity support by strong bass-bassed melodies. The Message is clear anti-liberal, pro-direct action clout — as if a sensible Burchill bore Weller's mutant offspring. And 'Vengeance' is the clout that sticks in the craw — a plea for Klaus Barbie to receive the justice he deserves, delivered with fury and received with the wall-eyed timidity of abattoir bound Bambis by the assorted Chemical Engineers, Vicious-struck Devil Dogs and combat trousered para-puppies.

The shit hot preach to the shit. Night night Bradford, pleasant dreams.

Susan Williams

OFF THE RECORD...

CHAKA KHAN WORKS THE CROWD

BUT DOESN'T WEAR THE CROWN

CHAKA KHAN MTUME

New York

TAKE A creation of the studio and put it before an audience and the effect can be like putting a vampire into the sunlight.

The luscious delicacy of James Mtume's creation seems to be such a case — a delicate flower nurtured in air-conditioned privacy that wilted when exposed to the elements of a hot, summer night in the open air.

Tawatha, who sounds so personal, so intimate and seductive on record, sounded like none of these things in concert. She could not project, she could not attempt; she could not create a diversion to grab our attention away from the basic monotony (apart from the single 'Juicy Fruit') of Mtume's material.

The audience is rightly indifferent until the song they want to hear is played, and then they are only mildly appreciative. It's clearly not the same, and with the brilliant original still being heard on the radio almost every few minutes, who needs an inferior live ghost?

Chaka Khan too seems to need the comforts of perfect level settings and microphone placements and the ministrations of Mr Arif Mardin in order to really shine.

She has more stage "personality" to project than Tawatha has yet learned. Put that down to experience, but don't credit it too highly. Chaka looked a bit more comfortable but she didn't give much more of herself — a practiced gesture here, a smart remark there to humanize the proceedings. But basically she seemed less set on making sure we were entertained than on getting through the night with her voice in one piece.

Most of what she did slid by without making the slightest impression. There were covers of 'We Can Work It Out' and 'Got To Be There' (New Edition where are you?) and a Rufus medley to please the oldtimers. I can't say she did these things badly — Chaka has a big, rich voice, she's a singer's singer, and in no way has she completely lost it — but she just did them, and if I didn't trust my memory I wouldn't be sure she did them at all.

Her band fell into the same neutral zone. They were competent, played in time and made the right moves, but they lack any inspiration, and sense of trying to be more than routine.

The show was saved only by the encore. 'Tearin' It Up'. For the first time, band and singer gave performances that improved on the song's recorded version. Suddenly there was push and sweat and urgency on the stage, and just as suddenly there were standing people and dancing in the audience. For five minutes I felt a glow of admiration. Chaka Khan can work a crowd. Chaka Khan can belt a song and make it hit you in the gut. She just took too long to get around to it.

Richard Grabel

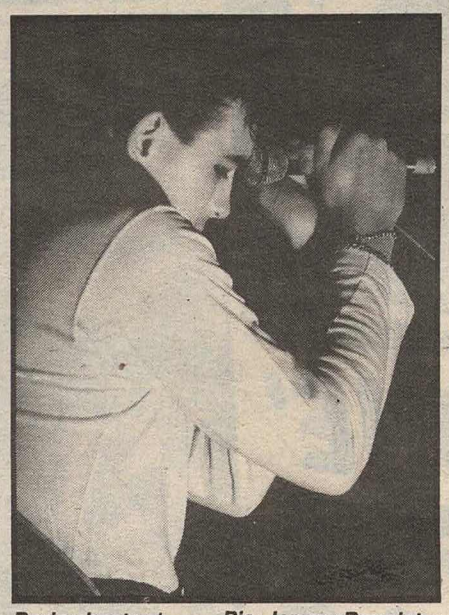
Creatures snoop on The Cure. Thinly disguised in wigs, Siouxsie and Budgie check out the opposition. *Pic: Jeremy Bannister*

AIN'T NO *CURE* FOR THE *SUMMER*TIME BLUES

THE CURE

Cornwall Elephant Fayre

AT £5 a day, the Elephant Fayre gets a better class of reveller. European festival-circuit hippies basked under the same blazing Cornwall sun as did those punkier sufferers who'd come especially to be Cured of their *angst*. The genteel setting and sounds of 'Pornography' wafting over the PA established the mood of a terminally subdued garden-party. After all, what could be more certain to wet-blanket unbridled summer holiday frolicking than the prospect of a set by the funboy Cure? As the shadows lengthened, so did our faces . . .



Boring bastard. *Pic: Jeremy Bannister*

The greatly improved SPK quit the stage to tumultous indifference, and aeons elapsed before the headliners walked on to a rapturous reception from the faithful – they were duly rewarded by a crystal clear, impassioned performance of some of the most banal, pretentious and dreary music I've ever heard.

Robert Smith raises fourth-form poetry to new heights. Here are some of the key words without which a Cure song would cease to exist – *"mouth", "fingers", "eye", "cold", "kiss", "mirror", "die", "cry",* and most important of all, *"I"*. Self-obsessed and self-important, Smith's is the unremittingly tragic whine of the 17-year-old whose girlfriend has just given him the heave. With '10.15' he said it all; since then, Smith's lyrics have become increasingly half-baked and ridiculously overwrought – and therein lies their appeal. What Tears For Fears are to pop, The Cure are to rock: bedsitter downers for the new Cold War.

And they play music to match. Devoid of all drama, tension or variety, a Cure song hangs on one solemn riff or forgettable melodic phrase, usually undertaken at a resounding plod. In this context, the relatively pacey 'Primary' bangs up the excitement ten-fold. But for the main part, a barbiturate litany of 'The Figurehead', 'In Your House', 'The Drowning Man', 'Cold' etc. etc. drones on remorselessly.

"But it always feels the same", whinges Smith in 'Siamese Twins', an emotion ironically shared with the forthright punter who bellowed "Booooring!" after one particularly lugubrious number. The Cure followed up with a song if anything even *more* monotonous, which moved our by now despairing critic to yell "You're *still* boring, you *BORING BASTARDS!!!*". True enough, but not the whole story.

'One Hundred Years' and a couple of others nag their way under the skin – though no further. The new rhythm section of bassist Phil Thornally and drummer Andy Anderson did what they had to do with force, precision and as much invention as they were allowed. Laurence Tolhurst's keyboards brood, as mute as the unimaginatively 'moody' lighting, but as for Robert Smith . . . boy can he play guitar!

Since he joined hands with Steve Severin in The Glove, he's revealed more of his intricately resonant brilliance, but this ability is wasted as mere adornment to The Cure's self-pitying dirges. Smith's talent is being steamed up in a mirror of his own making. He should get out of the bathroom and into the daylight.

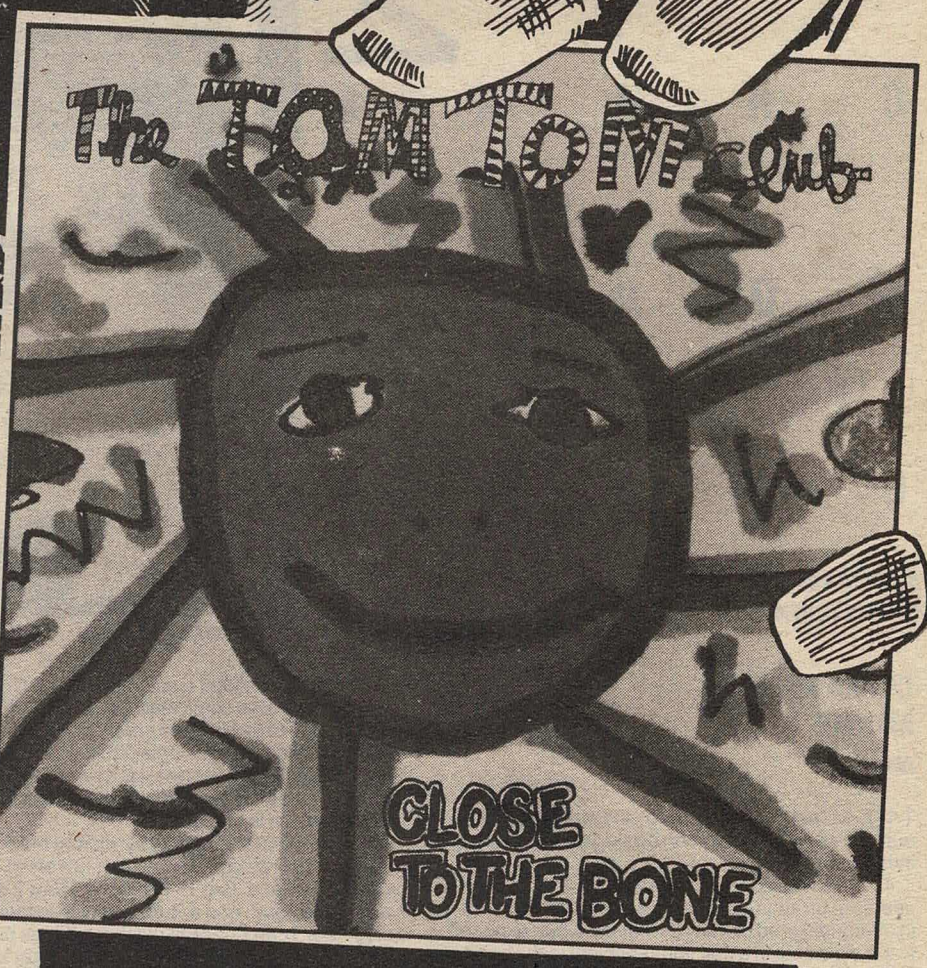
Mat Snow

Push, sweat and urgency, Chaka belts it! *Pic: John Bellissimo*

THE ELIMINATOR

I JUST LOVE THAT RHYTHM

Subject to availability.



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Le Beautles. Pic: Kevin Cummins

FASHION AS A FORCE — THE POWER OF TEEN

DURREN DURREN
Birmingham Villa Park North Stand

POP BUSINESS is business and its business is. . . new markets, old fashions, hard cash from soft punters — teen culture is just the theory of the declining rate of profit dressed up in flash clothes.

At least, that's how the pop boys in big business unwittingly see things, and would probably say as much (tho' not as succinctly) if the Men in Manchester Square had a vocabulary that extended a mite further than 'tastic and soopah.

The post-War years saw the dawning of a new age — the menopausal teen (the rich, not-so-young men of pop who make a killing from the teen industry) — and it's them who've kept the scam running ever since. Manufacturing fashion is no loose whim on their part, it is a logical extension of the role of the record company. The music industry will milk young talent for all it's worth (and usually more). And when there is none to be found, since the all-powerful biz moguls are not blessed with the power of Creation, they must resort to the nearest mortal equivalent. Hype. For a corporation like EMI, a band like Duran Duran aren't a viable teen proposition, they're an economic necessity.

What a fine 30 years for the biz moguls, the menopausal teens! First they discover the 7-inch single, the sound of dollars at 45 rpm; then they discover the 12-inch single — a vacuum stretched over six minutes. Suddenly it is 1983 and there is no need for a group at all, just a collection of Antony Price suits and, wallop, they've eliminated the middle men!

The problem for pop's parasites is the pop audience, those volatile and vainglorious hearts and minds at the other end of the teen culture equation. They fuck up the pop plan something chronic by persisting in turning passive consumerism into active celebration.

The audience at Villa Park were magnificent. They packed Villa's terraces not to witness a lazy performance by Duran Duran but to celebrate themselves, their sex and their youth. No two ways, talking to them it was as plain as the nose on Simon Le Beast's face — they came to *be there*, the human fire behind Durren Durren, the biggest teen phenomenon going at present.

There are many who would sneer at Sharon and Darren Durannie (not least the Men in Manchester Square) but I cannot be a party to the Durren Durren phenomenon and fail to be moved by the nerve of 25,000 euphoric teenage girls and their pals.

If there was any sex in this performance, it was all offstage, outfront; if there was any power, it was their's also.

Granted, it's a shame thy should flip for such plain tarts, but Le Beast and his band of Hooray Henrys fit the equation well. Duran Duran's petty star turns and jif suits are as obnoxius as, say, Factory's styled fashizmo or Peter Saville's loveless plagiarism, but in pop's marketplace both Duran Duran and New Order *deliver* (unlike Kajagoogoo or Spandau Ballet).

Duran Duran have three truly great pop singles to their name, and quite a reputation amongst us boorish commies now that they've been snubbed by that plainest of commodities, Princess Di (the soft-pawn in Fleet Street's circulation battles, the face that launched a thousand bingo competitions). And though at Villa Park they turned in the quietest of performances, the audience found enough in themselves to create an extraordinary, tumultous occasion.

Duran Duran at Villa Park is the nearest those of us born post-Pill can ever get to The Beatles at Shea Stadium. And if only for enabling me to glimpse the inflammatory force that Beatlemania surely was, I'm glad Duran Duran (plain boys to a man) appear so beautiful.

The prefab five, who made a modest noise onstage, had muddled through. But the thousands who made the glorious noise outfront had made the event . . . Now *there's* beauty and power.

X Moore

Le Beast. Pic: Kevin Cummins

A FIERCE, PROUD BREW — THE SPIRIT OF JAMES CONNOLLY

BRAVE BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

WOLFE TONES
Kilburn National Club

IT IS awesome how quickly, how gullibly is established a common *idee fixe*. During the recent debate on capital punishment those with their heads entrenched in Old Testament desert sands are most vehement on the introduction of hanging for "terrorism" – less a crime than a spurious media fabrication of the last decade or so – even as the defining of acts of terror rests also with its greater perpetrators, if indeed such is definable. How complacent these cheap definitions!

The foregoing concert is the most exciting I see since . . . oh, The Doors at the Roundhouse in 1968 or such. The response of its audience, though, is in my experience unique.

The original Theobald Wolfe Tone takes up arms against a sea of "troubles" in the shape of the Anglo ascendancy into which he is born, at the head of the united Irish uprising of 1798. His modern namesake takes up instrument and song for rendering similar republican sentiment as a folk quartet of some standing and body of recorded work, comprising Derek Warfield mandolin, Brian Warfield banjo and harp, Noel Nagle blowing a penny whistle and Tommy Byrne strumming a sturdy rhythm guitar, all four sharing vocal parts. Tonight at the National Club a fifth member joins on bass guitar.

Inside, the prevailing atmosphere is workingman's club: elders, families, couples, children, many youth, any number of excited teenage girls, all intent on serious consumption of Guinness, lager and stout.

And the opening act featuring Johnny St.Peters and his showband is very much standard workingman's club fare, as he performs 'Sea Of Heartbreak', 'Massachusetts', 'Country Roads' and Foster & Allen's 'A Bunch Of Thyme', the song that is to Irish folk of the '80s what 'Merry Ploughboy' is to the '60s. Had only he performed 'Hi Ho Silver Lining', the analogy would have been complete.

The Wolfe Tones enter to jubilant welcome and proceed to justify it with two hours of music in a variety of moods. Rarely do I see a set paced to so authoritative, piquant pitch. Stirring the audience one moment to the next, from rowdy singalong to utter hush as a ballad is told.

The group commence with the familiar 'The Boys Of The Old Brigade', wherein father relates to son his circumstance of enlistment in the Irish Republican Army, and this is followed by the likes of 'Farewell To The Good Ship Ragamuffin' and a song born of the 1916 rebellion 'Ireland Unfree'.

With 'On The One Road' the audience comes into its own, raising pint glasses and outstretched arms to the unity of "*Dublin, Belfast, Cork and Donegal . . .*" and providing lusty vocal accompaniment of the chorus. Similar fervour is also shown on the rousing 'Come Out You Black And Tans', and between whiles the Wolfe Tones render 'Give Me Your Hand', their lugubrious 'Streets Of New York' song and a new ballad in praise of 'Irish Eyes'. A song inspired by the despised memory of 'Sergeant William Bailey' – "who spends his time recruiting boys in Ireland for the army over here" – is also performed at this juncture.

The climax is a new Brian Warfield ballad of epic length dedicated to the memory of 'Joe McDonnell', the fifth hunger striker to die in the Maze prison in 1981:

"And you dare to call me a terroist
While you look down your gun
When I think of all the deeds that you have done
You have plundered many nations
Divided many lands
You have terrorised their peoples
You ruled with an iron hand
And you brought this reign of terror to my land."

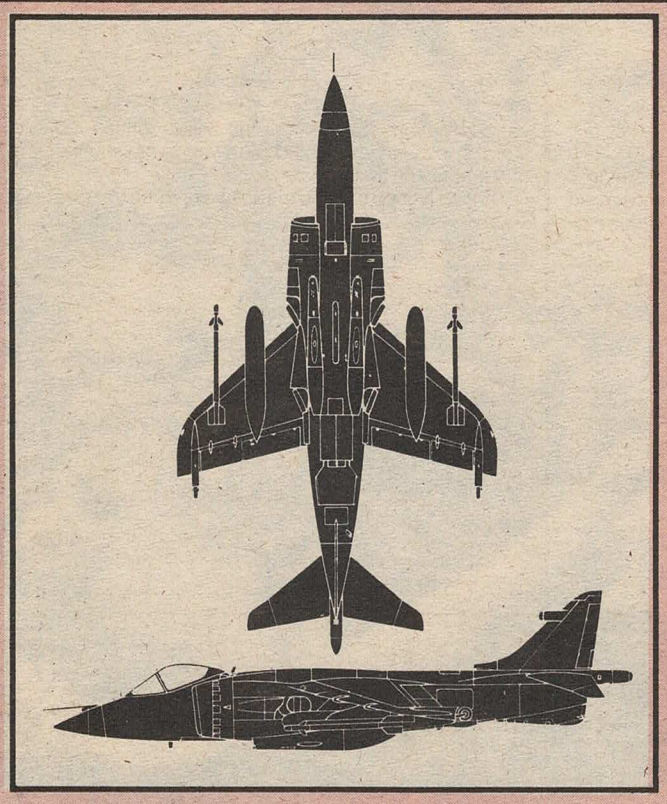
Lighter relief is provided with a series of jigs, at which various braver colleens in the audience take their turn onstage to pace the dance. Further fun is exacted with the likes of 'Highland Paddy' and 'The Travelling Doctor Shop' and a selection of Gaelic lyrics.

Then it is Easter Monday 1916 *"when the blood ran down Sackville Street"* and we hear the 'Ballad Of James Connolly', the labour leader executed by the British, and another in praise of his fellow rebel, mystic poet 'Padraic Pearse', followed by 'Some Say The Divil Is Dead' set to the folk melody of 'Love Will Ye Marry Me': *"Some say the divil is dead, the divil is dead, the divil is dead, some say the divil is dead and buried in Killarney/More say he rose again, more say he rose again, more say he rose again and joined the British Army."*

Finally, we hear the number with which the Prince and Princess of Wales are regaled on their US tour, temporarily banishing the fripperies of Duran Duran from their vacant minds: 'Men Behind The Wire', and the crowd is upon its feet, fists pumping the air, voices raised in defiance of the armoured cars and tanks and guns. . .

I leave feeling drained. Truly, the shamrock is still growing on the grave of James Connolly, the Irish rebel.

Penny Reel



¡Excrementi! Con el Aria, avion experimentale y infernale, los piloti Inglesi guernica nos commandos. Bam-bam-bamba, y todos transformados en fray bentos. Zapata los diablos Bigglés!

A Most Enjoyable Evening At The Royal Tournament

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

Earls Court

AS OUR trusty minibus threaded its way through the elegant backstreets of Earls Court, I could not suppress a shiver of excitement. Were we really about to see the famous Royal Tournament, famous all over the world for its deeds of daring and its magnificent displays? In my mind's eye I was already seated on my steaming charger clad from head to foot in gleaming armour, and bearing the favours of my lady, the fair damsel Rosamund, she of the azure eyes and gossamer tresses (looking suspiciously like Debbie Harry, I must admit!). Yes, I was her secret champion, the mysterious challenger, the man known as the Upstart. I was to break lances with Sir Boulogne de Newhaven-Dieppe, the rotten tyrant they called the Evil Fucker. "Let the tournament commence!" quoth good King Arthur, his stern tones ringing forth above the tumult. A sudden hush descended over the crowd. I raised my visor, and de Newhaven-Dieppe blanched visibly as he recognized my noble features. "Have at thee, Sir Coward," I cried, "Thou wilt rue the day thou laidst thy black gauntlets on fair Rosamund of Townsend-Thoresen. Look to your sword, varlet!" Out of the corner of my eye I noticed my darling Rosamund swooning dead away . . .

Alas, it was not to be. Today's Royal Tournament combines glittering spectacles of military precision with the bang-up-to-date technology and tactics of what is definitely the best army in the world, which is a fact.

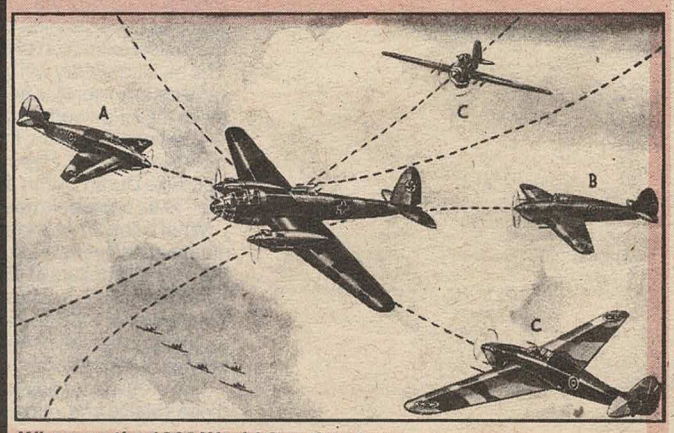
The first item on the agenda was a gripping tug-of-war. Our hearts were in our mouths as the two teams struggled manfully with the rope, pulling it first this way, then that, until at last the knotted handkerchief was hauled over the white line. The Blues had beat the Reds hands down, and I shan't be giving too much away if I reveal that the Blue teams were to thrash the Red teams throughout the evening. I think we can conclude from this that our boys are in pretty good shape to tackle any enemy (and I think you know who I mean) foolhardy enough to attempt any violation of our sovereign territory.

Many interesting feats of military valour drove home this point again and again. An obstacle course of brightly coloured ramps, walls of expanded polystyrene bricks and even see-saws proved no match for our rugged Army motorcyclists; they took it all in their stride and we gasped as they rode their valiant steeds over strategically placed British saloon cars, demonstrating with almost contemptuous ease their superiority over anything the Russians could throw at them. Mr Andropov, please take note!

Next, two teams of sailors vied with each other to dismantle a pair of enormous eighteenth century cannons and carry them, piece by piece, over an imaginary ravine. Certain tortilla-eating gentlemen had better pull their socks up if this is what they're going to be up against. Forget this Exocet lark, there's simply no answer to British ingenuity and determination – where there's a will there's a way!

This theme was further emphasized in a dramatic re-enactment of the raising of the Union Jack over Port Stanley. With unerring skill, crack SAS troops took advantage of the sparse cover afforded by the sand of the Earls Court arena to creep up on a pair of spotlit Argentinian sentries. We should not have known they were there had we not been watching them. Dazzled by the spotlights, these sentries fell easy prey to the deadly Origami blows of the SAS, collapsing instantly with muffled cries of "Caramba!".

Then as quickly as it had begun, it was all over – the flag was hoisted to the deafening cheers of all. This was surely the highlight of the evening, though the sight of a female police cadet clad in shorts struggling up a huge yellow telegraph pole will long remain in my private thoughts. Perhaps she was the same plucky lass who was revealed by a floodlight attempting to reason with a rioting Rastafarian drug-user.



Who won the 1966 World Cup then?

Without warning he attacked, wrestling her to the ground. Our hearts were in our mouths, but using a clever ju-jitsu hold she soon had the better of him. We all hooted as the unfortunate West Indian, yelling with fury, was hauled off to pay for his temerity.

There simply isn't room to mention all the other interesting and exciting things we saw that night – the D-Day landings (simulated), the Battle of Britain and the Blitz (my goodness, we really thought the backdrop of St Paul's Cathedral was on fire. And how we cowered as Nazi "doodlebugs" apparently roared overhead!).

I wish I could describe to you the thrill we had when a squadron of pretend Harriers seemed to land in the arena. If this is how our boys intend to defend the Falklands, then all I can say is *Watch out, Signors!*

Finally, a big thank-you to Mr Spencer for organizing the trip and to Mrs Rimmer who made the sandwiches (corned beef, shame!). At school the next day we all agreed that a good time had been had by all.

John Stalin

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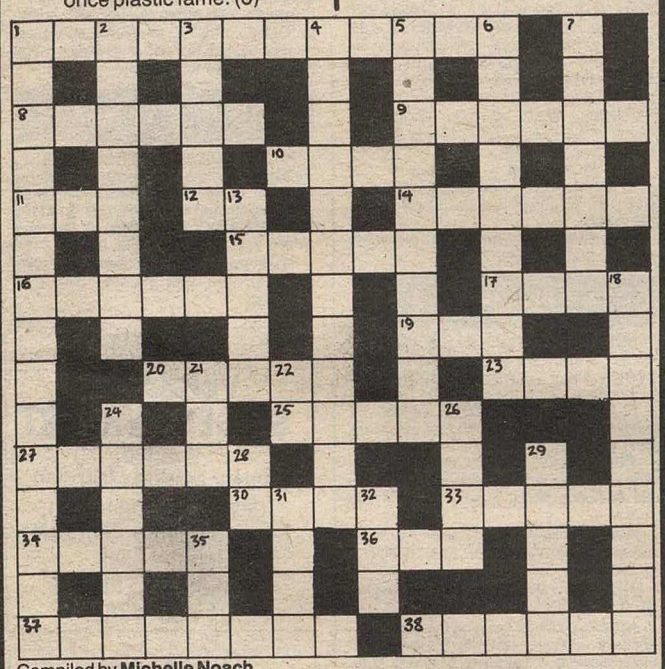
NME CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS

1. The Cabs sign up and become more severe. Exept that they probably don't, (3,9)
8. A road not so much heartbreaking as shocking. (6)
9. What every good boy deserves. (6)
10. A Cherry Red band who had feelings and material. (4)
11. Drop an H for Dorsey's cow. (3)
12. An exemplary label. (2)
14. Bob, of whispering fame, getting old and grey? (6)
15. Perhaps where Bowie was once in residence, temporarily. (5)
16. Tommy's plea (as in rock opera) becomes a question for the man above on another album. (4,2)
17. Basil, of manic movement and mouse obsession. (4)
19. A now peaceful widow of once plastic fame. (3)
20. Don't, said the Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy, but the band with attitudes still do. (5)
23. An oath of action from the Mercury Theatre crew. (4)
25. The label of Mr. 33 Across. (5)
27. Another Cherry Rouge group, this time for the over 18s. (1,5)
30. Three times untruthful to the Twins when once will do. (4)
33. +31D. James Brown, single and multiple, asks you to induce it. (5,2,1)
34. Hot Rods and Sunshine. (5)
36. Tiger organ, but not present in Evelyn Waugh's band. (3)
37. +18D. The Byrne/Harrison team communicate again, this time more obliquely. (8,2,7)
38. Danse Society donate 60 minutes to Radio Four. (6)



Compiled by **Michelle Noach**

CLUES DOWN

1. You've got to say yes to this album. (2,7,6,)
2. Costello's book-writing routine. (5,3)
3. Like 8 Across, but 66. (5)
4. The Banshees' most psychedelic title, forever changing, man. (12)
5. The Cramps are not vegetarians. (3,3,4)
6. The Echo just keeps on, and on, and on. (5,4)
7. The mother and child happening that is only a motion away. And the Beatles won't have one. (7)
13. Have you been tempted to go and live with him? (5)
18. See 37 A.
21. 10cc for money's sake. (3)
22. "—*she really going out with him?*", Jackson. Trick question. (2)
24. Pink Floyd messing with things they shouldn't a long time ago. They're still doing it now, but on a bigger budget. (6)
26. Underground (HA) television. (4)
28. 'Leader Of The Pack' group initials. (1,1)
29. And from the same era, Ms. Black, whose actual name was White. (5)
31. See **33A.**
32. McClaren's oh–so–controversially-named shop. (3)
35. Precedes a mouse in musical circles. (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Martin Glover, 7. Chris, 10. Toccato, 11. Untitled, 12. Cat (Stevens), 13. Mike McNeil, 14. Clair, 15. Ace, 16. Old, 17.+22D. Dig The New Breed, 19. Ann, 20. Drone, 21. Stateless, 23.+36D.+34A. The Air That I Breathe, 24.+39D. Needles And Pins, 26. GBH, 29. Mob, 30. Vado Via, 31. Wham, 32. Roe, 33. NME, 34. see 23A, 38. Pop, 40. End, 41. Ali, 42. see 45A, 43. Oi, 45.+42A. New Order. 46. See 7D.

DOWN: 1. Mr Tambourine Man, 2. Rich Kids, 3. I Was Made To Love Her, 4. Goodnight, 5. Vinyl, 6. Raincoats, 7.+46A. Celia And The Mutations, 8. Red Crayola, 9. Shuttered Room, 18+28D. Helen Shapiro, 22. see 17A, 25. A Bomb, 26. Gaza, 27. High, 28. see 18D, 34. Idle, 35. Rio, 36. see 23A, 37. East, 39. see 24A, 42. OK, 44. I.M. (Ian McLagen).

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REDSKINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

who shook . . . who cracked the bars. The record industry will always be interested in dynamic acts because dynamism equals dollars. Really, I think they're big enough to handle us, or any other act, on our OWN.

The problem comes if other bands start listening, if kids start listening, if we link in with something rooted outside of the bloody pop culture. There IS the chance that you can make the link between working class culture and working class, day to day life or struggle or whatever. The music business tries to separate working class culture from working people's lives, as though they're different. It's the NIGHT OUT which has nothing to do with the day at work. But it's never been like that! It's part of the SAME experience, an extension of it, whether it takes the form of a condemnation of the shit you get thrown at you at work or a celebration of your power, your togetherness. You want to ram popular culture right back where it comes from, which is working people's lives and not let them divorce it.

Do you see the advent of socialism as inevitable?

C: No . . . the CRISIS is inevitable, the crisis of capitalism, but we might get beat! We've been beat a lot of times before. Look at Poland, so close. Eleven million people in one union and they fucked it for various reasons. They had an incredible chance there! The most threatening post-war revolutionary movement and they fucked it.

There's a good chance that in two or three years time, over here, an upsurge of worker's militancy will bring a crisis . . . the ruling class in difficulties. We might come out of it with no arms and legs, completely wrecked and defeated. The confrontation's inevitable but the outcome isn't.

WHATEVER YOUR THOUGHTS on that one, the Skins are such a vastly different kettle of meat from the glut of excitable young hopefuls currently flopping all over the 'scene' that the same thought inevitably recurs when you think about their volatile mix of supercharged dynamism and implacable principles rubbing up against today's lame pop values.

Oh, brother, the confrontation's sure inevitable but the outcome isn't. Best to 'em.

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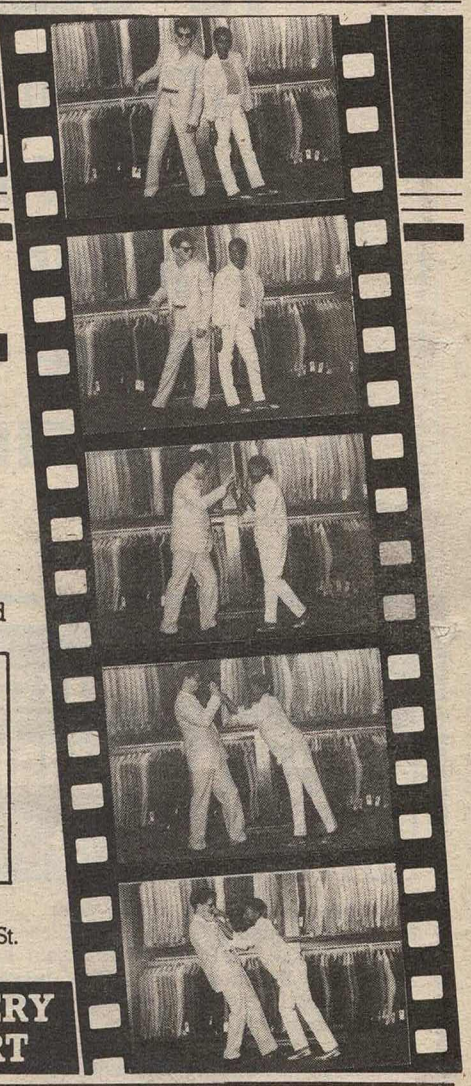

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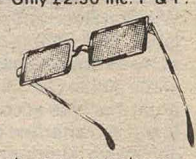

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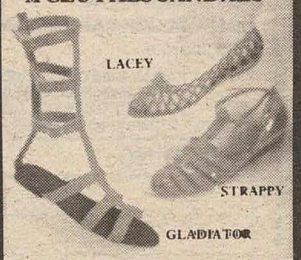

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STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame . . . the latest of Dennis Brown's recordings out of Retirement Crescent are collected on his new A&M album 'The Prophet Rides Again'. Featuring a mix of funk and lovers on the first side with such as 'Jammin' My Way To Fame' and 'Too Hot', DEB reverts to roots on the latter with the title track, 'Shashamane Living', 'Storms Are Raging' . . . **nor peace, nor strength** . . . the third Singers & Players set 'Staggering Heights' is released on the On U label with contributions from a solid posse of musicians and vocal contributions by Congo Ashanti Roy, Bim Sherman, Prince Far I and Mikey Dread, plus new duo Akabu . . . **nor skill in arms or arts** . . . compiled also is 'Jah Children Invasion' from Bronx cornerstone Wackies featuring Sugar Minott, Wayne Jarrett, Junior Delahaye, Max Romeo, Harold Butler, Mill Henry and others . . . **shepherd those herds whom Tyranny makes tame** . . . after three consecutive reggae chart toppers former Cimarons vocalist Winston Reedy now comes forth with the first title on his Inner Light label: 'Moi' Emma-ooh' c/w 'Lend Me' alongside Hard Rock . . . **verse echoes not one beating of their hearts** . . . on the distaff side of the same stable Carroll Thompson warbles 'You Make It Heaven' to drum machine accompaniment via the Carousel imprint . . . **history is but the shadow of their shame** . . . and in the footsteps of Son Of Jah's own 'Memories & Melodies', his Natty Congo label now realises Bev with 'Hold On To Jah Jah . . . **art veils her glass** . . . at Shepherds Youth Club in the Bush every Wednesday 7–10.30 pm and Friday 7–11pm is held a friendly to-getherness dancing to the mighty Jah Observers with Spiderman at the control. Mcs Mr Smart, Ranking D'man and Yabby "U" plus man like Rhino, Horsemouth and the Love Bump posse . . . **or from the pageant starts as to oblivion their blind millions fleet** . . . showcase this Friday from 5pm until 11 with live onstage Gene Rondo, Debbie Ryvers, Angie Wong, Natural Beauty, Mikey Ranks, Leon Blackstones, poet Joel Prophet and dance troupe Poppin Wizard, MCs Daddy Larry & Mr Ruby backed by the Must Dance rhythm posse. Sounds by Unity Hi-Fi at Chats Palace, 42–44 Brooksbys Walk, Chatsworth Road, Hackney, E5 . . . **staining that Heaven with obscene imagery of their own likeness** . . . and at Brent town hall, Forty Lane, Wembley on Friday — 7pm to 1am — is a grand dance featuring onstage The Fabulous Magnets + sounds by Hawkeye International . . . **what are numbers, knit by force or custom**? . . . late scene every Friday from 11pm at the 4 Aces in Dalston Lane featuring Unity Hi-Fi with Ribs the cool operator and DJs Roy Ranking, Jack Ruben and Pupa Chargan . . . **man, who man would be, must rule the empire of himself** . . . at the Ace in Brixton on Saturday — 7pm to 1am — is a 21st anniversary dance starring from Jamaica the original cool operator Delroy Wilson. Family Love and Son Of Man provide support along with the popular sounds of Unity Hi-Fi . . . **in it must be supreme** . . . and from 11pm the same night the ubiquitous Unity describe a night of rub a dub at 87 Abbot Park, Leyton, E10 . . . **establishing his throne on vanquished will** . . . at Acklam Hall in Ladbroke Grove on Saturday from 8pm is live onstage Son Of Jah also Keith Douglas with sound by Diamond . . . **quelling the anarchy of hopes and fears** . . . while in Stoke Newington on the same night from 9pm at the Willow Club, 240 Amhurst Road, N16 is live onstage Keith Drummond, Strecker Decker, Cedar Roots plus guests Jah Roy Asher and Dani Small. Sound by Danny Casanova . . . **being himself alone** . . . finally, at the Commonwealth Institute, High Street Kensington, W8 on Saturday — 7.30 pm to 1am — takes place a gala dance and cabaret arts and crafts exhibition dancing to Moonrocks featuring Joy & Ray Allen plus disco Papa Dex . . .

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GASBAG

ALONE IN THE OFFICE AT MIDNIGHT, ANDY GILL HACKS HIS WAY THROUGH ANOTHER BATCH OF READERS' LETTERS.

ART LOVER

Re *Gasbag*, July 16: Instead of titling and illustrating the page in such a meaningless and boring way, save the effort and space—print more meaningless and boring letters.
Mick, Croydon.
Glad to oblige. The whole visual structure of this page has been altered simply to allow your views to be known.—AG.

HAT HATER

If a picture paints a thousand words, then Morley's review of Devoto's hat at the Hacienda, running at 900 words (or should that be limping?) is made obsolete by the photograph set next to it.

I therefore have a suggestion. Since the photograph did not include the music, since Morley was not writing for the *New Headgear Express* and since the average reader of the review might have had *some* interest in the form Devoto's music now takes after the demise of Magazine, could Morley not have contemplated at least a slight deviation from his fascinating discussion to give it a mention?

Ah, but then I'm being foolish. If Morley started to review the music at the gigs he attends then he'd just be another common hack. At least this way he stands out as being a little different and IPC continue to come up with the cash and the free concert tickets. If he stuck his neck out and tried to write a straight review, Mr Spencer might decide that he wasn't up to it . . .
Pete Marchetto, Crookesmoor, Sheffield.
PS: I once wrote a review running to several thousand words on a limerick to prove a point to an English Literature teacher. I have never considered that that made me a genius, but I do now see that that is the kind of attribute that could make me a writer for the *NME*. Any offers?
Certainly. Analyse the following limerick, in not less than 15,000 words:
There was a young man from Crookesmoor
Whose writing was great, he was sure
He said, "Wow! I'm hot!"
The Ed said, "You're not!"
And showed the poor fellow the door.—AG.

HEY NONNY? NO!

How come that every time somebody famous like Graham Larkbey writes a sensible letter asking a reasonable question about your fatuous coverage of folk music, you give it the Hey Nonny No treatment? That token folk chart you published didn't contain one single hey-nonny-no merchant, neither does the bill for Cambridge Folk Festival as advertised in the same issue as your hey-nonny-noist treatment of the admirable Larkbey.

Get your facts straight, gain a few credibility points, and hey, is that egg on your jowl?
Frank Ingnobody's ghost, Aldershit (a well-known typing error in Hampshire).
No, it's a ploughman's lunch.—AG.

Can't think of a peasant to do the folk coverage? To judge by the standard of *NME* journalism that he publishes, and the quality of hack that he has on the payroll, the Editor should walk it.
John Simms, Taunton, Somerset.
I tried to pass on your message of goodwill to the Ed, but he had his finger stuck in his ear whilst mumbling something about a fair in the north country.—AG.

BLACKMANGE?

Dear Neil Arthur: Tell me, apart from all the propaganda you get fed about South Africa, do you really *know* what is going on here? Do you know what the ANC (African National Congress) stands for? Yes, you say, black oppression and all that.

The ANC is run by WHITE communists. ANC terrorists are trained by the PLO, therefore they are on the same footing as the PLO and the IRA. The blacks have less to do with the ANC than when the movement started in 1912. The principle now is simply to make SA red, not black.

Whose side are you on in Northern Ireland and Israel? When you've decided, think again if the ANC needs a bland, pappy, snotty little pop group's support, and please let me know how you think now.
Susannah J. Bell, Pretoria, South Africa.

An article on Nelson Mandela and an advert for Barclays Bank in consecutive *NME*s—is this part of a policy to represent all shades of opinion on South Africa, or do you just have double standards when it comes to making money?
Stephen Ottewill, Leicester.
Neither. We just believe (or hope) our readers have enough sense to come to their own conclusions on such issues, without being swayed by advertising. Are we wrong?—AG.

CONSUMER AFFAIRS

If A. Martin from Lincoln has got problems with the neckline on a t-shirt, he/she ought to be grateful that he/she has got a t-shirt to worry about. We ordered *five*—yes, five—t-shirts from 'T.I.T.S.' T-shirts advertising through your excellent paper on the 20th October 1982 and have so far received two of them! Help!!
Helen Stansfield, Cheltenham, Glos.

DEBATE GOES ON

Some of the letters in response to Andy Gill's comments on video nasties are disturbing in their ignorance and naivety. 'Anon' (15.7.83—if they want to be taken seriously why don't these people sign their names?) appears to have fallen for the oldest one in any defence brief's book when he blames violent films for creating two rapists. It's quite simple—faced with an obviously guilty villain, the lawyer blames some currently newsworthy fad and receives a useful namecheck in the local paper or even Radio 4 if he's lucky, hence the 'Grange Hill Bullies stole for Space Invaders—Shock' headlines which appear from time to time.

What the whole video debate is really about is *censorship*! The films that are getting flak are not hard-core porn—your average punter doesn't want to see that anyway—but ordinary horror movies. For example, a friend who works in a video club recently showed me a trade paper instructing the removal from shelves of such films as *Possession* and *Living Dead At The Manchester Morgue*, both of which were certificated and had cinematic release. Soon it will be *Evil Dead* or *Basket Case* which gets banned, then perhaps *Battle Of Algiers*?
Dave Webb, Wolverhampton.

With reference to the current debate on Video Nasties and Hard Porn: if everyone was as intelligent, well balanced, and potentially a good conscientious parent as Andy Gill, then there would be no reason to fear splatter movies etc, but this is not a perfect world.

I live in a village with a predominantly 'well educated' Upper Working Class/Middle Class population, and yet in the summer one can often observe school-age kids, some as young as 11 or 12 years of age, hanging around the streets well after midnight. If their parents allow them to do that, do you honestly believe that they would deny them access to video nasties, or after watching *Vietnam* on Channel 4, explain to them the immorality of war and violence? I think not.

About 18 months ago I went through a nervous breakdown, and the fact that I had access to Hard Porn meant that my condition was made worse at the time. Contrary to the belief of some of the hard-line anti-porn lobbyists, it did not turn me into a 'sex-crazed killer', the only person it hurt was me, but the fact that it helped to screw up my head and to some extent my life, and has no doubt had a similar effect on others, is surely reason enough to ban it.
Napoleon the 14th.
Without wishing to appear insensitive, might I suggest that the shortcoming lies with you rather than with videos? If we all banned everything we personally objected to, there'd be precious little left. Responsibility *must* rest with the individual, surely?—AG.

Thank God that amongst all the media hue and cry about 'video nasties', someone has a logical view on the subject.

Good on Andy Gill for striking a blow not so much for 'Nasties' as against censorship—to my mind as disgusting when applied to violent videos as it is when applied to records like 'The Boiler'.

If censorship is imposed, it will no doubt mean that the good (*Evil Dead*, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*) will be thrown out along with the bad (*I Spit On Your Driller Killer Experiment* dubbed from Italian crap). This will mean that those of us who appreciate good horror will be unable to see it, even in the privacy of our own homes. So much for democracy!

As for this rubbish about Nasties inciting 17 year-olds to violence, I am 16 and have seen several "splatter movies" and not been affected in such a way. It really sickened me that "Anon" believes that the Nasties were to blame. 17 year-olds do not think in that way unless they are mentally deranged. As AG says, there is NO excuse for rape.

Meanwhile, whilst everybody gets worked up because an Italian pulls an imitation plastic nipple off a phony rubber breast, there are 3½ million unemployed, we're heading towards World War III (the last one), apartheid still exists in Africa and people are dying in third world countries; and now Thatcher, Tebbit and Co. are on our screens daily, feeding us more bullshit about how everything's 'hunky dory' because inflation's down 1%. Now *that's* the kind of video nastiness that incites violence in me.
David Francis, Reading, Berks.

With regard to A. Gill's "remark" after last week's letters: if, as he states, there is no excuse for rape, then there can be no excuse for its portrayal, let alone glorification, on videos or elsewhere.
Duncan Kerr, Ipswich.
Hmmm. Presumably, you'd ban Hieronymous Bosch's paintings, too. After all, they depict some pretty unpleasant, inexcusable things.—AG.

BACK TO MONO

This week's letters page seemed to be the worse so far. Apart from a few pretentious and sarcastic notes, everything seemed to be about politics and pornography. I thought the *NME* was a music paper. Surely I'm not the only one who finds all these letters a waste of newsprint?

I found the most interesting letter was the 'Ten good reasons for living'. I wish people would all write letters on this subject and give me some ideas, because I can't even find ten.
Deb C, Loughborough.
You want letters about pop music? Try this typical example on for size . . .—AG.

YAH BOO SUCKS!

You bastard Ian McCulloch, you're so damn sure of yourself aren't you? So you hate The Teardrop Explodes. Well I hate you, see.

Don't forget, Ian, Julian was famous while you were still peeing your nappies. Just think back to the time of Eric's when you joined The Crucial Three and couldn't play an instrument, so you had to be the singer (wrong bloody decision in the first place). Also, remember the bloke who introduced you to Zoo records. (Well, nobody else would record anything of yours.)

Remember too, Ian, it was Teardrop you supported at your first gig at Eric's. Let's face it Ian, without Julian or Will you're *shit*.
Julian Cope's bottom lip.

MARKET FARCES

If there's one thing that really bugs me right now, it's all those people queueing to see *The Hunger* wearing their Bowie '83 Tour T-shirts.
Richard Scott, Doncaster(ish).
I think this has something to do with the law of supply and demean.—AG.

NOW THE TRUTH CAN BE TOLD!

Solved! The code of the cuttings on the last New Order LP can now be revealed. Quite clearly when the roulette is held upside down the elongated cutting resembles an erect penis, whilst the circular cut-out is a testis. The dimensions are actual size, suggesting that Peter Saville has a medical problem and being too shy to discuss it with his doctor, has decided to give these clues in the desperate hope that some kind soul will realise and direct help in his direction.
MZ, London N19.

I am now ready to reveal myself . . . But first the New Order cut-outs. As any self-respecting computer buff will tell you, they represent the protective sleeve of a floppy disc. The central hole is akin to that of a record, the small hole is for hard sectoring the disc, the oblong cut-out is to allow the magnetic read/write head of the disc unit to read/write onto the disc, and the small square cut out is to prevent accidental erasure of the disc (akin to plastic tabs in cassettes).

So there you have it, New Order explained—and it only took two letters!
Ian, Islington.

Thanks for the marvellously informative letter from Madame Soleil and Jean le Voyant (*Gasbag*, July 23). However, it must be obvious to anyone with at least half a brain that 'Tone' (*Gasbag*, June 11) had already cracked the code on the back of the New Order LP way back then.

Incidentally Peter Saville (or whoever) *has* got it right. It says 'Corruption', not 'Corruptirn'.

What I am surprised that no-one has noticed is the sequence in which Factory Records have released all the Joy Division/New Order records. *All* of the LP catalogue numbers are divisible by five; FACT 10, 25, 40, 50 and 75 respectively. By the same token, all the singles end in figure three; FACT 13, 23, 33, 53, 63 & 73. Fascinated? Thought so.
Widnes.
Yes, truly astonishing. What's even more amazing, though, is that if you add five and three together, you get eight—which is exactly *twice* the number of people in New Order. Makes you think, eh?—AG.

NEW! IMPROVED! STEVO!

Next time *NME* decides to do an interview with Cabaret Voltaire, could you please concentrate on the band and not some half-baked young upstart who thinks he knows it all? I personally would prefer the words of Mallinder and Kirk rather than Stevo.
Emelia Richmond, Sydney, Australia.
If you'd read beyond the first section or two, you'd have got to them too. Just look on it as an added bonus—AG.

IMAGES

Andy Gill, *NME* July 16, page 26, re Cabaret Voltaire:
"Their two-hour Doublevision cassette is a barrage of images whose meaning derives not from the images themselves but from the montage, from the relationship of the images to each other, the syntax and grammar of their juxtaposition."

Andy Gill, *NME* July 16, page 46, replying to a letter:
". . . all this 'depersonalised, image-related' nonsense is just another abnegation of personal responsibility . . ."

Quote one refers to a video by which AG is impressed. Quote two refers to a letter from a person

who is angry about and offended by other videos—pornographic ones.

Andy, your self-contradiction suggests either confusion or hypocrisy. Either way, please think more carefully before you next exercise your own personal responsibility by committing throwaway comments about the *real* pain and *real* fear of other people to print and thus to the eyes of your many readers.
Richard Woodcock, Leeds 8.
Sorry to disappoint you, but it's more a case of wilful incomprehension on your part. Two meanings of 'image' are involved, the first referring to an image (any image) on a screen, the second to a representation of human style (not necessarily on a screen). Call it the difference between picture and pose, if you like.—AG.

MORE IMAGES

Yes! You are so right!! Why is it that some wimmin argue that it is wrong for the media to create a standard image of the female whilst at the same time they consider all males to be inherently violent, war-mongering misogynists and would-be rapists? Isn't it about time that sections of the women's movement recognized that it is just as inaccurate and sexist to categorize men as it is to categorize women?
RWT, Pendine, Dyfed.

THE PROFESSION OF MADNESS

Once again Julie Burchill drains the sea of superlatives dry in her review of the Bauhaus album. It becomes increasingly clear that a passionate dislike of the whole shallow and frivolous concept of 'music' is the philosophy that enables her to write for *NME*. She doubtless never tires of pointing out to all that will listen, that if all the money spent on records and tapes were given to the Socialist Workers Party, we'd have the ideal society by 1986.

It must also be pointed out that if she had a fiver for every time 'sanity', 'madness', 'assassin' and 'lunatic' are mentioned on the Bauhaus LP, she would in fact be better off to the tune of an astonishing £60. As I am reliably informed that Julie spends that much a week on back issues of *Militant*, I shall from now on be sending my 40p a week to Adnan Kashoggi to assist in his panhandling enterprises, as his need is obviously greater than yours.
Captain Digger, Walton-on-Thames.

NEW ROSES

Dear Julie Burchill, do your remarks on Neurosis in last week's *NME* mean that you have now abandoned your communist principles in favour of a 'Survival Of The Strongest' philosophy? I'm sure the Tories would welcome you into their party anyday.
Alan Parkinson, Ealing.

PUNISHING!

About that animal that's killing all them sheep down south, well it's only good old X. Moore's dog (more commonly known as the beast of X. Moore).
Sherlock Bones, Doncaster.
This has been a communication on behalf of the Society for the Preservation of Truly Awful Puns.—AG.

MURRAY MINT

Has the silence of Charles Shaar Murray on the subject of 'rounding up Bowie sheep' anything to do with him collecting the fattest pay cheque known to mankind for writing the official tour programme?
Jeff.
Sort of. Charlie's too busy bleating all the way to the bank to comment on anything.—AG.

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO: GASBAG, NME, 3rd FLOOR, 5–7 CARNABY ST, LONDON W1V 1PG.

T-ZERS

SADNESS AND SORROW fill the hearts of *T-zers* this week. The uncontrollable lamentations of a heartbroken Dot waft upwards from the lift shaft, and gentle tears stain the typescript of the week's gossip. All around muffled sobs and stifled moans rent the air (Yes, even breathing space comes expensive in Carnaby Street). Outside the sun still shines, birds sing, and children play and laugh, oblivious to our misery, but inside, deep deep inside the soul of *T-zers*, all is overcast and gloomy, the world seems pointless, the future bleak and forlorn.

Whence comes this misery, this bleak and bereft state? Need ye, gentle readers, even ask? Is not the dread news on every lip and tongue in the land? Are thine ears stopped and thine eyes closed? Have you not heard that . . . **Simon** is (gulp) ENGAGED?? *T-zers*' dream of wedding bells pealing out of the chorus to 'Is There Something I Should Know' (12" monster mix version) are dashed, and lay trampled, like the pop pages of yesterday's gutter press. The patter of little sherbert **Le Bon** Bons will not be heard in the *T-Zers* nursery. But enough, even talk of the loss hurts too much . . .

And now back to the pondscum. Or in this case a tale of doubles. Would you believe somebody is impersonating that eminent old Scott, **Jock Macdonald**. It appears to be true – after racking up a few bob in bills at various Kings Road establishments **The Imposter** managed to involve himself in a serious altercation with **Trudi** (drummer with the defunked **King Trigger**) and **Kirkenbuger Brandon**. After a quick two step the phoney Big Mac found himself trammelled under the Aryan's jack-boots. As if impersonating Jock Mac isn't enough punishment . . .

Still, back to that bastion of the slimy move, yes the hallowed halls of **Burning Rome** records where the latest rearrangement of the office furniture resulted in **Hugo Burnemup** getting the kick before he got his sticks. And the latest arrival to the **Destined To Disapper** line up? Why, no other than **Dave Fortune**, keyboard and sax-maniac from **Howard Devoto**'s dodgy band. Of course, this might not be true by the time we get the paper out of the typewriter . . .

After his **Strummer** style holiday **Mike Barson** has finally returned to the nutty camp . . . Oh well, from *Tales Of Ordinary Madness* to the jails of African sadness; whilst visiting his none too well mother in Nairobi, **Dave** 'Rave' **Roberts** from **Sex Gang Children** was slung into the local flea-infested gaol. What hordes of screaming goths want to know is why did they let him out? . . .

Meanwhile the **Let's Bang** tale continues (though not in St Albans where the local council have refused the band permission to play on account of their 'paedophilic' name) with **Andiii** working his little pigtail off with **Marc** 'Sugar' **Almond** as they prepare to release a revised version of their effort from 'The Whip' compilation, Hungry Years' . . . .

If you think that's bad news for the world's aural sects then spare a thought (or three-hundred) for the poor unfortunates in the vicinity of Los Altos, California and are under the threat of a 'Lou-A-Thon'. A 'Lou-A-Thon' you cry! Whassat? If you were under the impression that it was a mass 'movement' (snigger, snigger) then you were wrong. It is in fact Radio KFJC's idea of a joke, the gist of it being 300 versions of **The Kingsmen**'s crusty old classic 'Louie Louie' played back to back. Versions so far include ones from Holland, France, Japan, El Salvador and Mexico, though it's doubtful whether they have the **Joy Division** version that **Curtis** celebrates at the end of 'Sister Ray' (Incredibly Boring Facts From Factory Vol. 3). . .

Poor **Ian Craig Marsh** of **Heaven 17** had to cancel a **Rolling Stone** photo session this week after spotting some unruly tealeaf (no doubt trying to shorten 'The Luxury Gap') breaking into his car. Sadly he caught more than he expected – as well as one car thief his haul included various bruises and one black eye. So no photo session but plenty of steak . . .

One man that likes his meat raw is **Boots Sex Dread** who recently held a press conference in London to promote his single 'Tickle Tune'. But instead of coming face to face with Boots the press entourage had to speak to him via a video camera, whilst looking at a monkey with a vibrator on a television screen. The reason for the secrecy (or so we're told) is that Boots, under another name, is one of Jamaica's 'top reggae artists'. Still as part of his crusade for Trenchtown's gays he intends to come over to this country, adding to one **Dot** that he "Couldn't wait to met some English choc-ice boys." . . .

And now for a real Carry On: in a last ditch attempt to recover their sanity, Cherry Red have asked **Kenneth Williams**, to record for them. Can it really be true that they might ruin his chances by furnishing the man with a song written by **Bid** of **The Monochrome Set**? **Sid James** would turn in his grave . . .

THE SECRET life of pyramids anyone? Flushed with the success of **Gary Byrd**'s 'The Crown' on his Motown distributed Wondirection label, **Stevie Wonder** currently planning to mount a lavish stage spectacle of the same name in Egypt early next year. Meanwhile, the former 13 year-old boy genius is campaigning on behalf of would be Democratic presidential nominee The **Reverend Jessie Jackson** in his efforts to register black voters, or 'lost rocks' as he curiously calls them. . .

And talking of losing your rocks, walrus of love **Barry** 'Right On' **White** has junked his jacuzzi and a stone or two in favour of **Jesus**, and next month embarks on a Holy Land tour with a gospel entourage entitled 'One Nation Under God'. . .

Meanwhile Palace supremo **Rusty Raygun** is smiling all over after producing the all-new **Afrika Bambattaa** single 'Time Zone' and composing the theme tune for the new **Spielberg** movie . . . And to think he used to play with all those dodgy old power pop bands (*And still does.-ED*) . . .

Apart from filing a four and a half million dollar lawsuit against the Milwaukee police for the personhandling she received when being arrested "for obscenely handling a sledgehammer while resisting arrest" (charges since dropped so we'll never find out how to handle a sledgehammer obscenely), **Plasmatics Wendy O Williams** is paying the rent by appearing in a flick called *Hell Camp Of The Gland Robbers* . . .

And if you think that sounds dumb, how about *Hercules Goes Bananas*, an upcoming video starring the extraordinarily shaped **Arnold** 'Pumping Iron' **Schwarzenneger**. . .

Talking of pumping, every posse in Jamaica would seem to be doing the **Water Pumpee**, the nation's latest dance craze and the subject of innumerable reggae tunes that accost the ears of your skanking dots . . .

Another bust-up; **The Members** have thrown in the towel, called it a day, knocked it on the head and otherwise dissolved in a puddle of tears and warm lager. Boredom and lack of commercial success rather than bad feelings are understood to be behind the split. . .

That man **Foetus** (of On Your Breath notoriety) about to embark on an epic release schedule, beginning with a 12-inch single. Three weeks later he will release a second single to be followed three weeks afterwards by a third. Three weeks after that comes the fellow's elpee. *T-Zers* is breathless in anticipation (pass the Mogadon someone). . .

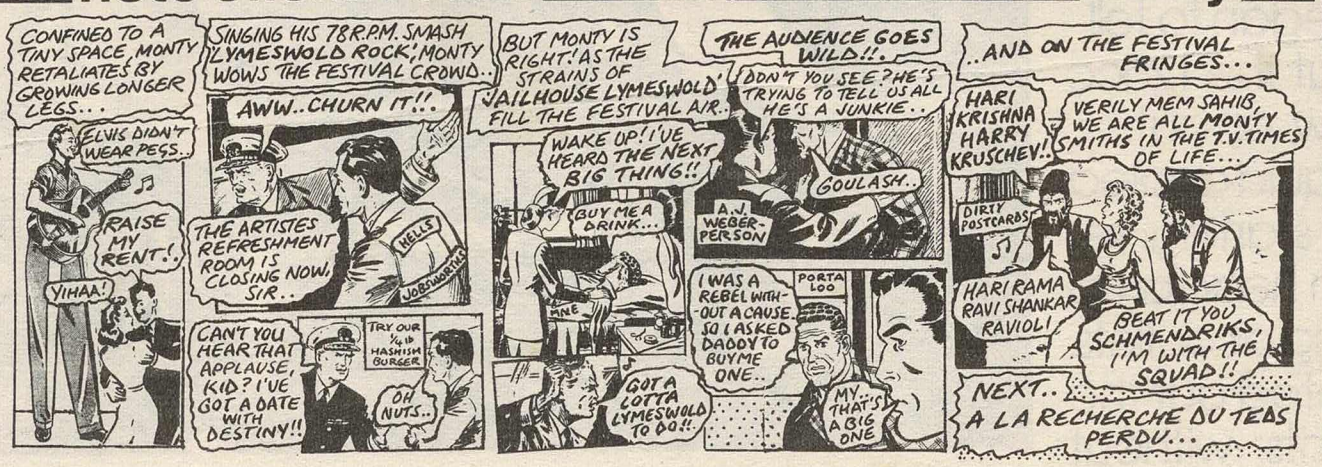
Give bucks a chance: **Yoko Ono**, fuming from the dirt dumping tome on **Lennon** from **May Pang**, is now set to write her own memoirs, with **Jackie Onassis** cited as the potential editor of the two million pound book. . .

"All you need to know about the secret language of the music world," fibbed the *Daily Mirror* of its A To Z Of Rock, N being for *New Musical Express*— "still Britain's most influential music paper after 20 years of its existence". Who are we to argue, even though we celebrated our 30th anniversary last year. . .

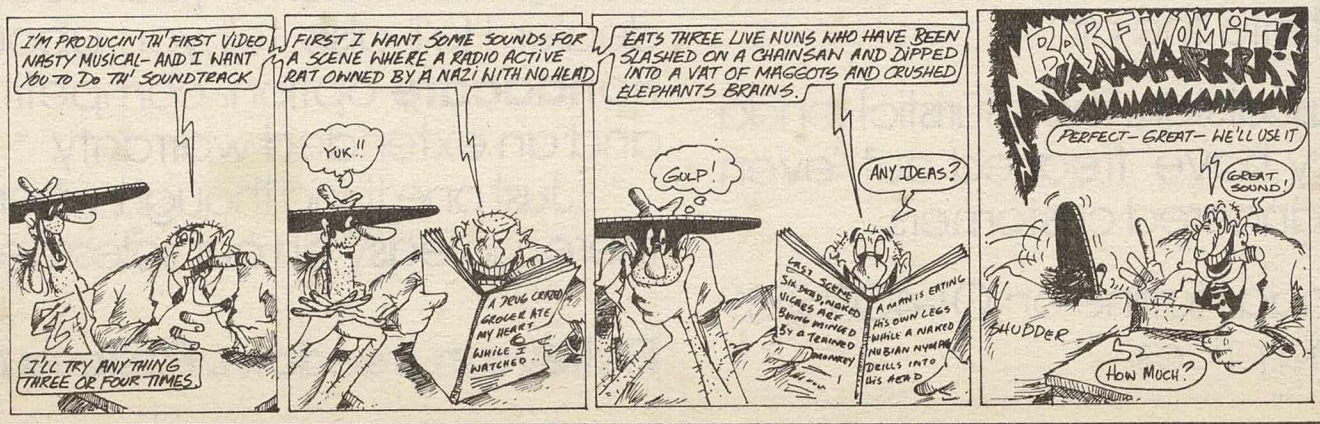
Tut Tut, fancy those nice **Nolan Sisters** going and getting banned from the charts after their fan club circulated a list of chart return shops where Nolanites could cop a free poster with the cuddly quintet's new waxing. We didn't think that sort of thing went on in the music business . . .

Um, lastly, can we say how deeply embarassed, and sorry we are that we keep writing about *NME* personalities in the fair pages of the world's most distinguished music weekly. Actually, we're incredibly modest and would never dream of running features on the likes of **Tony Parsons** and **X. Moore** and his **Redskins** were it not that they are firstly so embarassingly talented, goodlooking, charismatic . . . and (*get on with it–Ed*), and secondly that every other two bit gin joint rag in Grub Street insists on doing the same. **Wally** 'How can I be middle class when I got a well paid media job with an expense account' **Bushell** for example (that fat geezer who writes for *Snouts*) is completely obsessed with our stars. Shucks, *T-Zers* guesses the *Daily Mirror* was right after all. . .

note oilskin base — lowry


CONFINED TO A TINY SPACE, MONTY RETALIATES BY GROWING LONGER LEGS...
ELVIS DIDN'T WEAR PEGS..
RAISE MY RENT!..
YIHAA!
SINGING HIS 78 R.P.M. SMASH 'LYMESWOLD ROCK', MONTY WOWS THE FESTIVAL CROWD..
AWW..CHURN IT!!..
THE ARTISTES REFRESHMENT ROOM IS CLOSING NOW, SIR..
BELLS
JOBSWORTH
CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT APPLAUSE, KID? I'VE GOT A DATE WITH DESTINY!!
TRY OUR YUM HASHISH BURGER
OH NUTS..
BUT MONTY IS RIGHT! AS THE STRAINS OF 'JAILHOUSE LYMESWOLD' FILL THE FESTIVAL AIR..
WAKE UP! I'VE HEARD THE NEXT BIG THING!!
BUY ME A DRINK...
CANE
GOT A LOTTA LYMESWOLD TO DO!!
THE AUDIENCE GOES WILD!!.
DON'T YOU SEE? HE'S TRYING TO TELL US ALL HE'S A JUNKIE..
GOULASH..
A.J. WEBER-PERSON
I WAS A REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE. SO I ASKED DADDY TO BUY ME ONE..
PORTA LOO
MY.. THAT'S A BIG ONE
..AND ON THE FESTIVAL FRINGES...
HARI KRISHNA HARRY KRUSCHEV!!
VERILY MEM SAHIB, WE ARE ALL MONTY SMITHS IN THE T.V. TIMES OF LIFE...
DIRTY POSTCARDS
HARI RAMA RAVI SHANKAR RAVIOLI
BEAT IT YOU SCHMENDRIKS, I'M WITH THE SQUAD!!
NEXT.. A LA RECHERCHE DU TEAS PERDU...

the lone groover — benyon


I'M PRODUCIN' TH' FIRST VIDEO NASTY MUSICAL– AND I WANT YOU TO DO TH' SOUNDTRACK
I'LL TRY ANYTHING THREE OR FOUR TIMES.
FIRST I WANT SOME SOUNDS FOR A SCENE WHERE A RADIO ACTIVE RAT OWNED BY A NAZI WITH NO HEAD
YUK!!
A DOG CALLED GROLER ATE MY HEART WHILE I WATCHED..
EATS THREE LIVE NUNS WHO HAVE BEEN SLASHED ON A CHAINSAW AND DIPPED INTO A VAT OF MAGGOTS AND CRUSHED ELEPHANTS BRAINS.
GULP!
ANY IDEAS?
LAST SCENE: SIX DEAD NAKED VICARS ARE BEING MINCED BY A TRAINED BUDGERIGAR
A MAN IS EATING HIS OWN LEGS WHILE A NAKED NUBIAN NYMPH DRILLS INTO HIS HEAD
BARF VOMIT! AAAARRRK!
PERFECT– GREAT– WE'LL USE IT
GREAT SOUND!
SHUDDER
HOW MUCH?

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